JUL 2 0 '59

The Saturday Evening
POST
July 25, 1959 — 15¢

The Rockefeller Nobody Knows
By STEWART ALSOP

Tony Curtis's Winning Battle
By ROBERT JOHNSON

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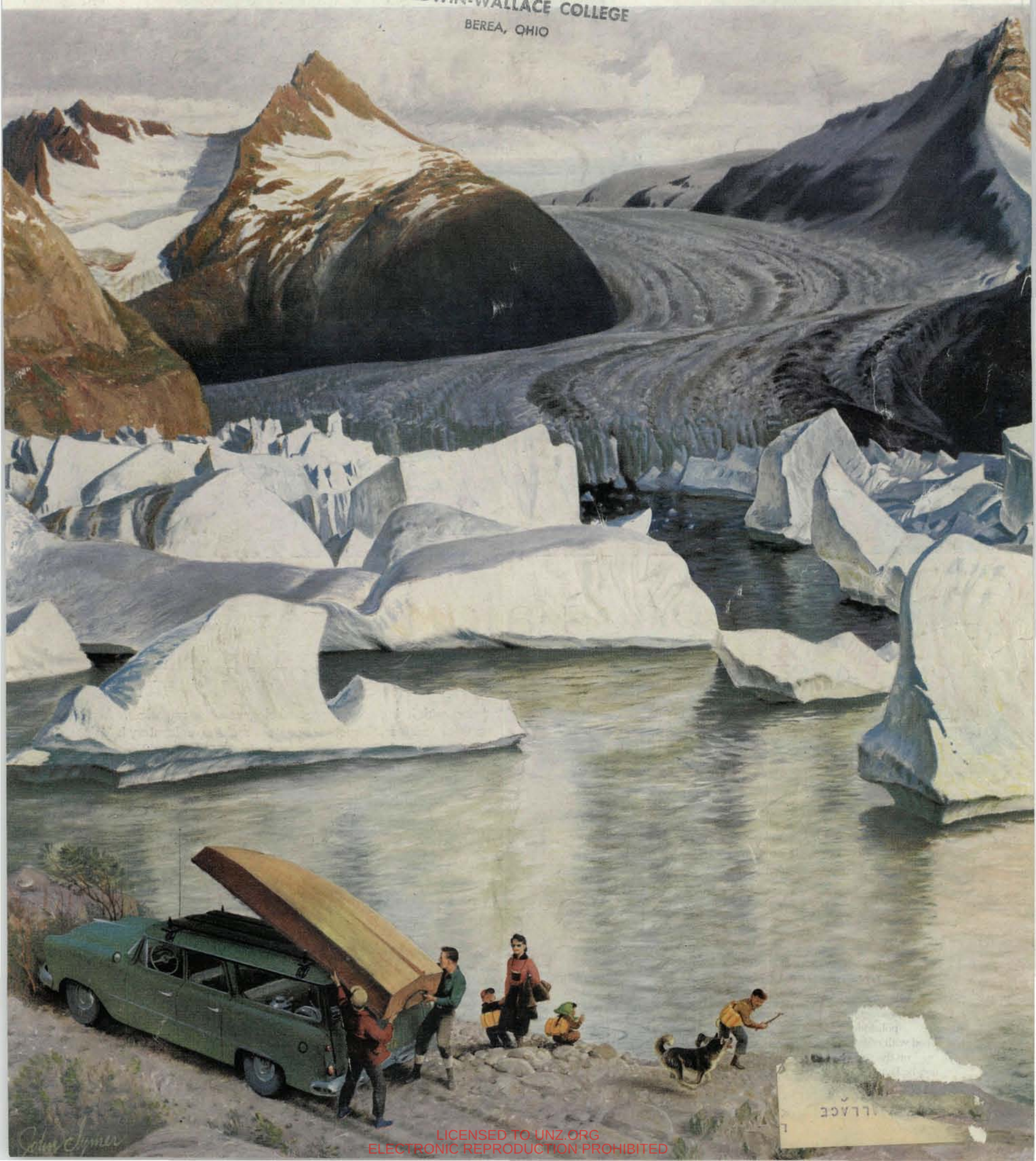

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A dramatization of the "Time Proof" Body by Fisher in the 1959 Buick Electra

As time goes along

YOU'LL APPRECIATE THE "TIME PROOF" BODY BY FISHER

It's a long life and a beautiful one for your car's Fisher Body—sleek and lustrous with its "Magic-Mirror Finish."

Here is color with magnificent new depth in a wider and more beautiful range than ever. Remarkably stain-resistant, it stays fresh without waxing or polishing as miles and months go by.

The "Time Proof" Body by Fisher cradles and protects you with unequaled staunchness and quiet comfort. Vibration and noise are hushed in a body that keeps its new-car tautness longer than ever.

Interiors with living-room grace and elegance give remarkable freedom from wear and tear. Carpets are contour molded, upholstery is "inlaid," deep embossed by Fisher Body's own dielectric process. You get more seatroom, more entrance room, longer legroom. And every window is of Safety Plate glass, with vision increased up to 50% in your Vista-Panoramic windshield.

Many, *many more* are the advantages of your "Time Proof" Body by Fisher. They come only in the "GM Five"—Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac.

Only the "GM Five" give you the Bonus of BODY BY FISHER

YES, THE "MAGIC-MIRROR FINISH" DOES STAY BRIGHTER LONGER!

Two panels took a 12-month "torture test" under the broiling tropical sun, without polishing. The one on the left was finished with conventional lacquer—the one on the right with Fisher Body's new acrylic lacquer. See how the young lady's reflection stands out so brilliantly in the Fisher Body "Magic-Mirror Finish," while the conventional lacquer became dull and cloudy.

CHEVROLET
PONTIAC
OLDSMOBILE
BUICK
CADILLAC

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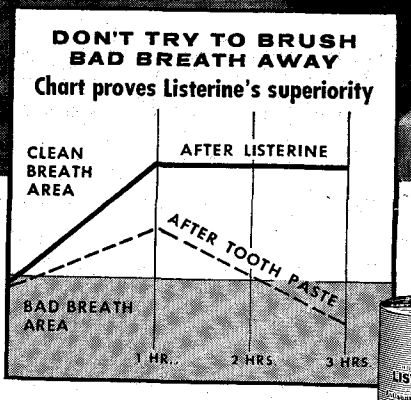
Don't try to brush bad breath away—*reach for Listerine!*

Listerine Stops Bad Breath 4 Times Better than Tooth Paste!



Tooth paste is for your teeth—Listerine is for your breath. Germs in the mouth cause most bad breath, and you need an antiseptic to kill germs.

Always reach for Listerine after you brush your teeth. No tooth paste is antiseptic, so no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does . . . on contact, by millions.

Listerine stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste—nothing stops bad breath as effectively as the Listerine Way.

Reach for Listerine

. . . .Your No.1 protection against bad breath

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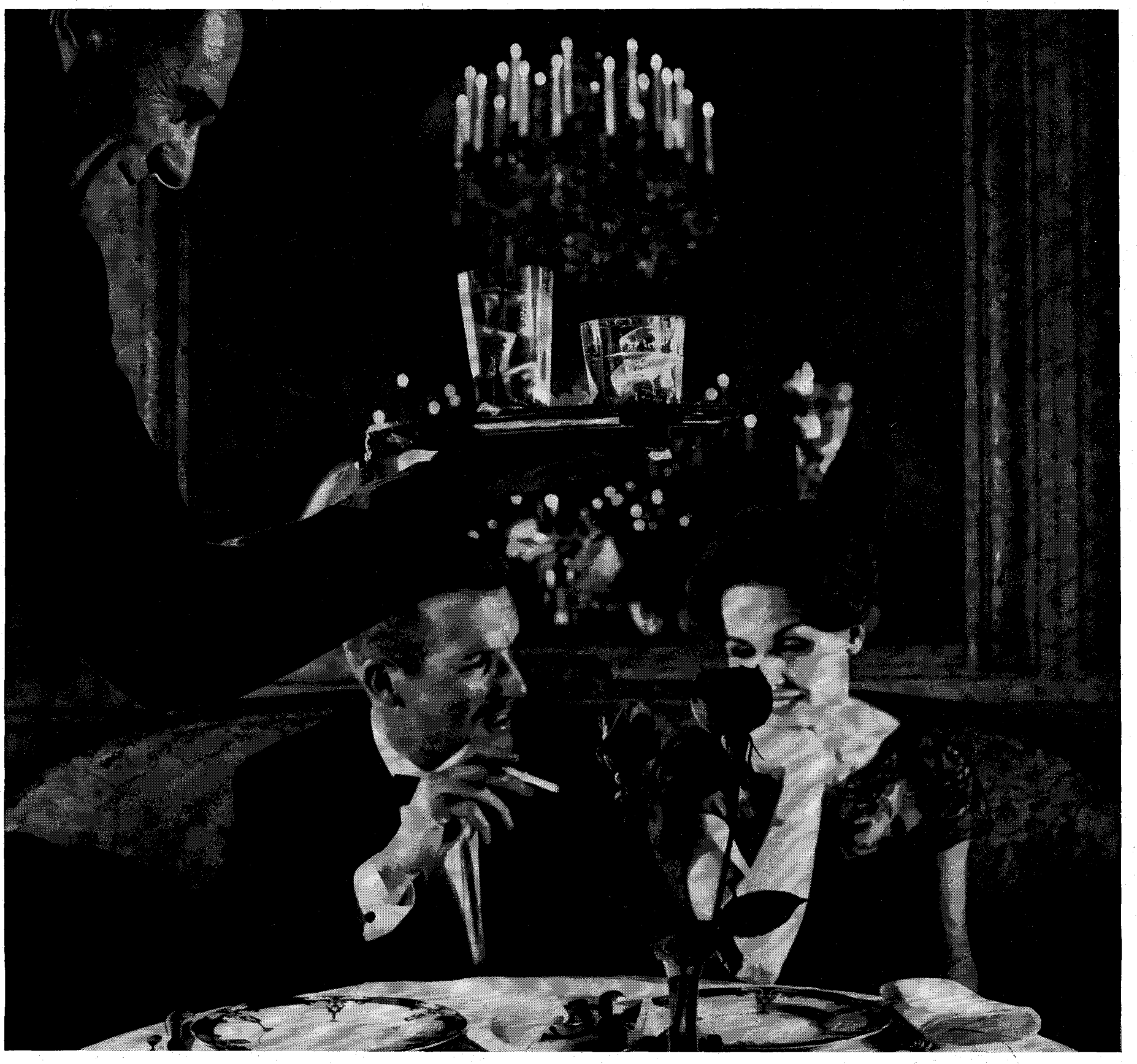

BOURBON...the king of drinks!

Approach old Bourbon with deference, for you are entering the presence of royalty. But also with pride, for Bourbon is part of your heritage—even as Scotch is a glory of the Highlands and Cognac of France.

From native ingenuity it is sprung and the best things of our good earth are in it. The rich heart of choicest corn, rye and barley gives it body. The purest water from deep limestone springs softens it. The white oak cask cradles and gentles it. The languor of American summers sleeps in it. And by an old Kentucky art it is "blooded" with the strain of its ancestry.

This then is Bourbon, the king of drinks! Its soul is a flame that lights it with an amber glow. Its aroma is an incense for your libation. Its taste is seductive. Its caress awakes the senses to delight. And on this planet there is nothing else that so stoutens the heart and lifts up the flagging spirit.

Pour old Bourbon with reverence, remembering that for thousands of years nature withheld its secret from man. Then sip and thank your stars that you were born in the fullness of time—for the Caesars in all their glory knew no such mead as this.

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dedicated to bringing world-wide recognition to a great American tradition

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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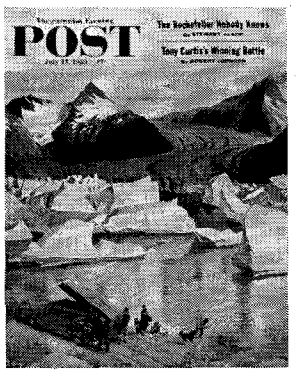

THE COVER

If you want to pin this real cool picture on your wall for the rest of the summer, it might act as an inexpensive air conditioner. In winter take it down. One overheated July day when artist John Clymer was motoring in Alaska he paused at this spot and let the frigid breeze off the Portage Glacier stroke his fevered brow. People came, as you see, and boated around beside the small bergs, a sort of summerfied kind of iceboating. Next day, when John returned to sketch, a change of wind had blown Mother Nature's chopped ice over against the glacier, and the sketching spot was as hot as Tophet. He could have got cool by taking a dip in the ice water; in fact, he could have got pneumonia. The artist says no, he did not go over and take a ride on the glacier.

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Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

New "Once-A-Week" Shoe Shine Lasts 7 Days!

With new Shinola you shine *once*—the shine *stays* on! You just "re-buff" away water-spots, dirt and scuff marks *between* shines—in seconds!

. . . . that's because only new Shinola's patented blend of 4 special waxes contains *Dura-Shine*—to give shoes a *harder* film of polish. It shines on brighter, stays on longer, re-buffs in seconds! Get new Shinola today!

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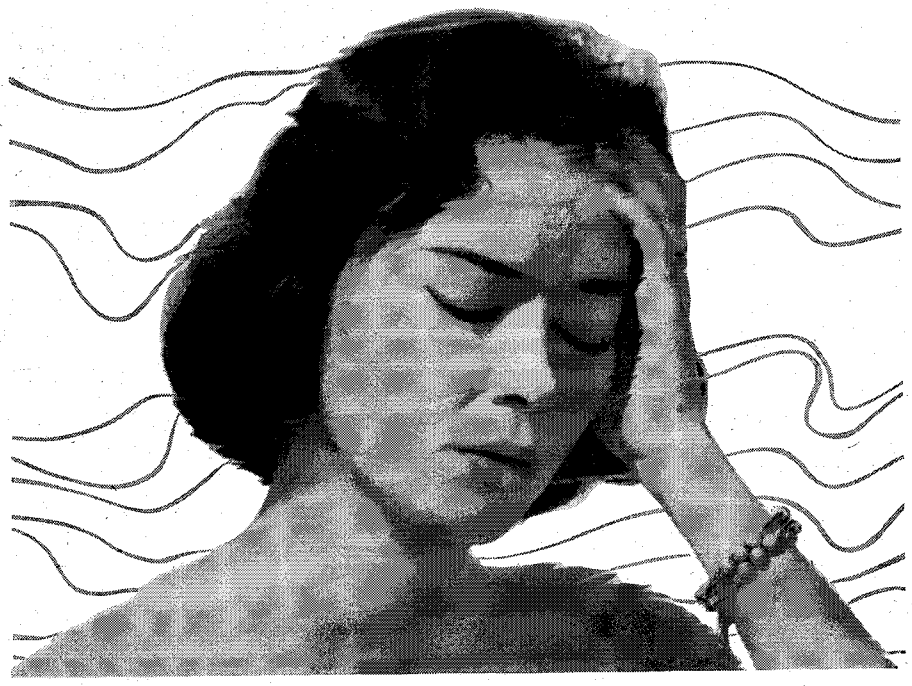
WHEN YOU'RE FEELING
"HEAT-BEAT"
(TENSE, IRRITABLE, HEADACHY)



TAKE A
"BAYER®
BREAK!"

How the "BAYER BREAK" makes you feel better fast!

1. First take two Bayer Aspirin for your headache.
2. Then, relax. Sit down . . . put your feet up and rest for a while.
3. This brief rest plus Bayer Aspirin will have you feeling better so fast, you'll be on the go again in practically no time. Try it!

Take a "Bayer Break" next time you feel headachy, worn down, tense and irritable from the hot sun and high humidity. See for yourself, how in just a few minutes, you can feel like a new person!

BAYER BRINGS FASTEST RELIEF
the fastest, most gentle to the stomach relief you can get from pain!

Letters

Not Knitting

Dear Sirs:

In re the Perfect Squelch in your June 20th issue [below], I suppose when the

When newlywed Alice first came to the sewing group, she widened her big blue eyes on hearing some of the older women casually

knitting circle meets they will all be sewing.

A. E. COCK
Windsor, Ontario

● *Cartoonist Leo Hershfield replies: "This is a free country and I maintain that if ladies want to knit they will not be expelled from the sewing circle of their choice. Let it be known that, to keep its franchise, my sewing group has one lady (third from left) who isn't knitting."* —ED.

Time to Quit?

Dear Sirs:

Re Roul Tunley's article, ARE WE RETIRING PEOPLE TOO EARLY? [June 20]: There are two very specific reasons for oldsters working after retirement:

1. The demanding spouse.
2. The absent pay check.

J. M. STEWART
Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

[The article] covers only those who are fortunate enough to have something on which to retire and who, when tired of stagnating, have the education, skill and personal business contacts to re-enter the business field.

MAY RIPLEY
Spokane, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

How about the retired utility employee, railroad man, steel worker, etc., who does not have the ability and experience of those Mr. Tunley describes? We have our problems of adjustment also—and most of us solve them. However, there is a percentage who have serious problems . . . and badly need help.

GEORGE R. DAVEY
Mechanicsburg, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Our home here in California is in a town where a great many elderly people have settled to spend their retirement years. All around us we see outstandingly clever men and women who have arbitrarily been put upon the shelf because they have committed the crime of having passed their allotted sixty-five years.

NAN M. COMSTOCK
San Clemente, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Does it ever occur to the older people who so tenaciously cling to the most desirable jobs that they are displaying two most undesirable human traits, namely, cupidity and stupidity? When the older job holder won't move over and make room for the young people coming along and needing opportunities to live and grow, that's cupidity. A first sign of intelligence is adaptability, and when people are unable to adapt to changing circumstances, that's stupidity.

Young people need a chance to do something other than fight wars. . . . The young folks need us, but not as roadblocks.

JENNIE BRATLEY
Gainesville, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

The writer is the founder and president of a corporation presently engaged in the design, development and manufacture of precise electro-mechanical components. . . . Reflecting my personal preference up until now, the average age of all employees is in the mid-twenties. The average age of salaried staff employees comprising the engineering, supervising and managerial group is only thirty-two; only six of us are over forty. Up until now, we quoted these statistics with much pride. We felt it implied that our organization consisted of young, vigorous people who were at the peak of their creativity, efficiency and productivity. . . .

Your article "shook me up." Your suggestions that older people are not necessarily "over the hill" were so obviously true that I experienced the most important reversal of conviction I have ever known. . . . Starting immediately, Poly-Scientific will refuse to include age as an important criterion in considering the employment of any person.

JAMES J. PANDAPAS, *President*
Poly-Scientific Corporation
Blacksburg, Va.

Dear Sirs:

In answer to your question, "Are We Retiring People Too Early?"

"No!"

LUCIUS BLANCHARD
Ahoskie, N.C.

Not for Kids

Dear Sirs:

Stanley Hyman's article THE TRAGIC VISION [Adventures of the Mind 29, June 13] points out a connection between tragedy and Negro blues. I am very grateful to know that I am not the only one of this opinion. Too many people feel that blues are "kid stuff," somehow akin to rock 'n' roll.

JANET MAKER
Gardena, Calif.

"Day of Reckoning"

Dear Sirs:

In reference to your editorial on Michigan in the June 20th, issue [MICHIGAN'S RECORD OUGHT TO CURB THE ZEAL FOR SPENDING] please understand Michigan is neither broke, a welfare state, nor spendthrift. Fifty million dollars is available in a reserve fund to meet immediate cash crisis through legislative action. Republican senators can solve the crisis in ten minutes if they want to.

Latest figures of the U.S. Bureau of Census show Michigan ranks 34th in per-capita expenditures for public welfare, 47th in percentage of increase of general fund expenditures during the past 10 years and 31st in burden of combined state and local taxes expressed as

(Continued on Page 6)

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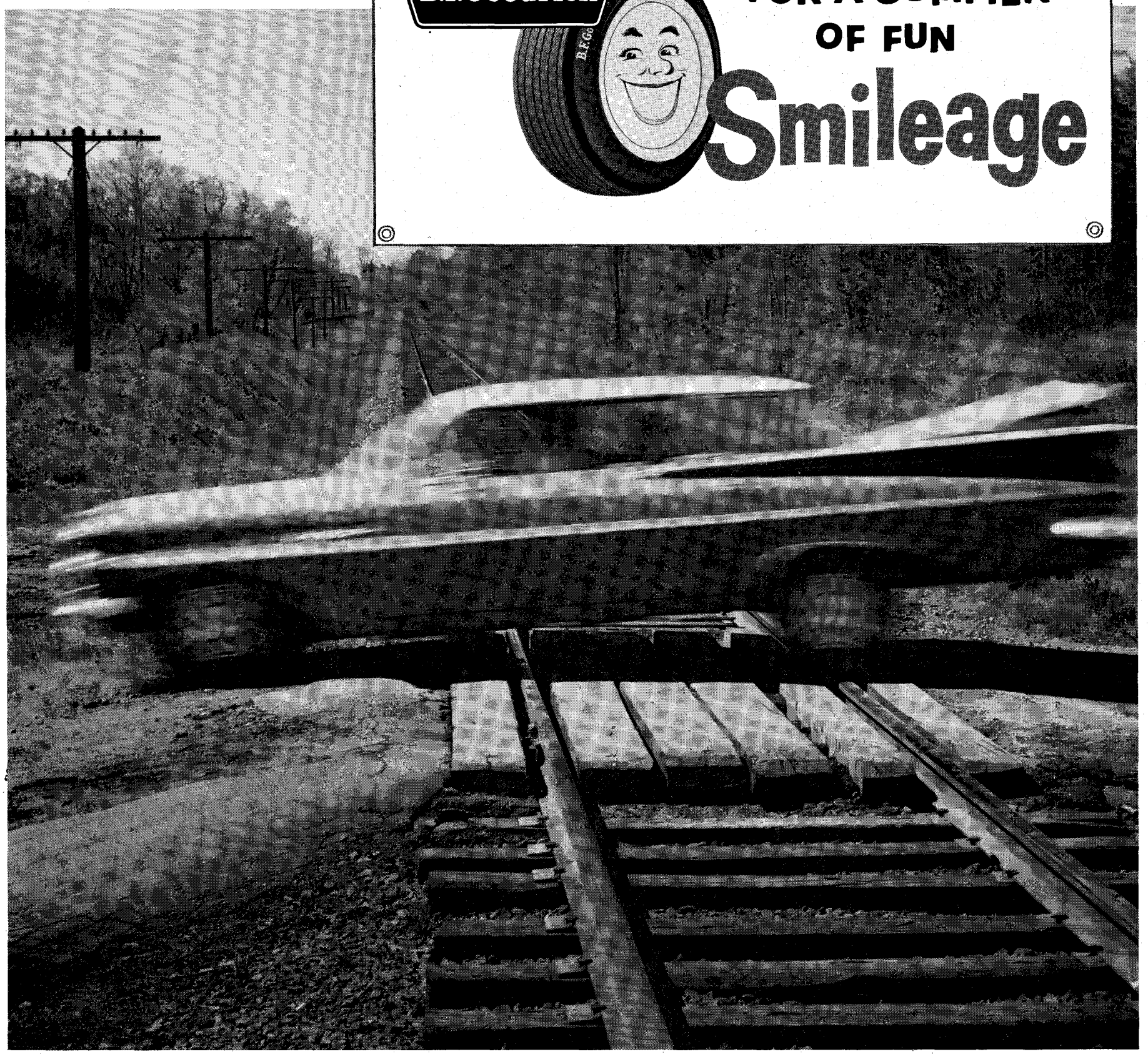
Stop at the sign of the Smiling Tire...

B.F.Goodrich

Silvertown

FOR A SUMMER OF FUN

Smileage



Unexpected bump! bump! bump! over a beat-up crossing—that's when vacationers need Smileage!

Tires never take a vacation but you can! When your car's loaded and you're headed for fun, you need B.F.Goodrich Silvertowns. They're lab-tested, road-tested, time-tested. We do the worrying for you. So have fun, get more Smileage on four quality tires. Only $4 down at your B.F.Goodrich dealer's.

Find your nearby B.F. Goodrich Smileage dealer in the Yellow Pages. The B.F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.

B.F.Goodrich *Smileage dealers*

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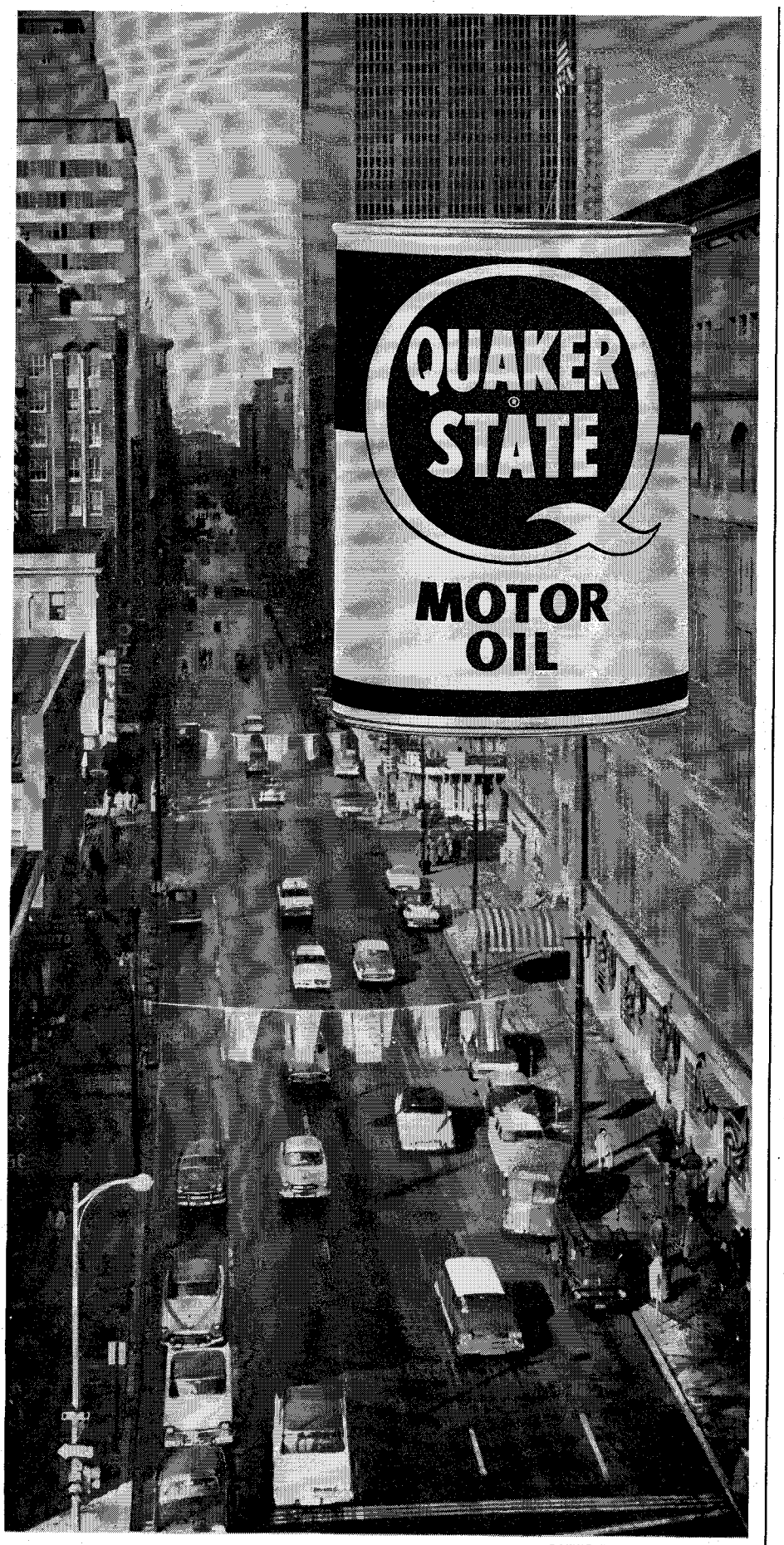

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On tour or around town, Quaker State gives you more for your motor oil dollar because it does more for your car! Here's 100 per cent pure Pennsylvania motor oil that protects against sludge and other harmful deposits, keeping your engine whistle-clean and in top running condition. You get increased gasoline mileage, too. And in the long run, you prevent costly repair bills. Wherever you drive, always ask for the motor oil that gives you more for your money . . . Quaker State!

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PA.

1859—100th Anniversary of Drake Oil Well and Founding of the Petroleum Industry—1959

Member Penn. Grade Crude Oil Assn.

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

percentage of personal income. . . . Michigan has had no major tax increase since 1953.

Michigan is the fastest growing state in Middle West, and of populous states only California and Florida are growing faster than we are. My administration seeks to give this booming population the services, particularly the schools, the people want and deserve to have. The Republicans have controlled the legislature throughout my terms in office, and the legislature alone is responsible for saying how much money is spent, and whether revenues will equal expenditures.

The meaning of Michigan is that we've arrived at the day of reckoning for past years of Republican irresponsibility.

G. MENNEN WILLIAMS, *Governor*
Lansing, Mich.

Avon Addenda

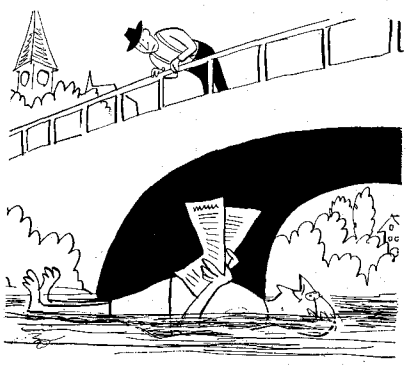
Dear Sirs:

Stewart Alsop's refreshing, heart-warming article, REVOLUTION ON MAIN STREET, June 20, made me feel I had actually visited New England.

MRS. EDWARD H. CALVERT
El Cajon, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Alsop writes a delightful story, but one cannot but wonder if his Mr. Sperry, while floating down the Farmington River and reading his newspaper wasn't



also kicking his feet like mad due to the fact that the town of Simsbury [his destination] is five miles due north of the town of Avon, and that water, being what it is, would naturally flow south.

ROBERT T. TALLBERG
West Haven, Conn.

● *Simsbury is north of Avon, but, nature being what it is, also downstream.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

As one of his seven grandchildren, I want to come to the defense of Mr. Bishop. . . . After reading the article, my mother wrote me that Mr. Alsop's allusion to Mr. Bishop as the man "who couldn't smile" is very unfortunate. To quote mother's letter: "He had a merry twinkle and a very droll sense of humor—a delight.

"I was really moved, however, by the next to last paragraph, where father was so kind to Mrs. Alsop. I first visited Avon in 1909 as a fiancée, the same year Mrs. Alsop went as a bride, so I know exactly what being a 'foreigner' there—and then—meant."

MELVIN THOMAS BISHOP
West Hartford, Conn.

Teens to the Rescue

Dear Sirs:

DON'T CALL THEM BABY SITTERS [by Milton Golin, June 20] is an extremely challenging article. Those teen-agers have solved many a problem for the victims of cerebral palsy. . . . [But] why not monitors for the blind, the deaf and youngsters suffering from other physical handicaps? . . . Why not monitors for the mentally retarded?

MARJORIE E. WELBORN SMITH
Des Moines, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

A few more articles like the one about cerebral-palsy monitors and maybe you will have some people believing that there are some good teen-agers in this world. I've known it for a long time—ever since I turned thirteen [three years ago]. If people, meaning adults, only took the trouble, they would find there are similar programs all over the country. . . .

Teen-agers aren't entirely selfish. They just like to get out and do things. If people would only give us a chance to put this desire into useful action, it would solve a lot of problems.

PAT SCHROEDER
Circleville, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

You may be interested to know that the Greater Boston Association has the same type of program, but with an eight-week orientation, including a visit to a handicapped institution, so that people like myself who are members of the Junior Division may serve as efficient volunteers, not only in baby sitting but in other volunteer service programs.

SUSAN WILCON
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for your fine article. . . . But, just once, I would like to see an article about cerebral-palsy victims when they reach the age of employment. . . . What about those of us (I am a twenty-four-year-old CP who, after obtaining a degree from the University of Texas plus years of study and training, has not been able to find employment.) who have been trained and educated for employment and then are not accepted by employers? . . . What does modern society and the future hold for the CP who is a young adult?

JANE ALLISON
Austin, Texas

● *See* BIG BREAK FOR THE HANDICAPPED *by Milton MacKaye, May 21, 1955.* —ED.

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Reading across pages, then down:

13–John Burns. • 14–The Aegis—Dartmouth College; Two from European. • 15–David E. Scherman; Wide World; United Press International. • 16, 17–Peter Stevens. 18, 19–Cartoons by Henry Syverson. • 20, 21–Ben Stahl. • 22, 23–Don W. Jones. 24–Bruce Bomberger. • 25–George Cook—Baltimore Sun; Larry Keighley. • 26–Gene Lester. • 27–Penguin; Culver; Dick Miller from Globe; Doug Kennedy from Globe. 28, 29–Sam Bates. • 30–Wide World. • 31–Mike Ludlow. • 32, 33–Gus Pasquarella. 37–Mac Conner. • 81–Gus Pasquarella. • 88–Peter Stevens; Myzanwy Stevens; anonymous; Ollie Atkins.

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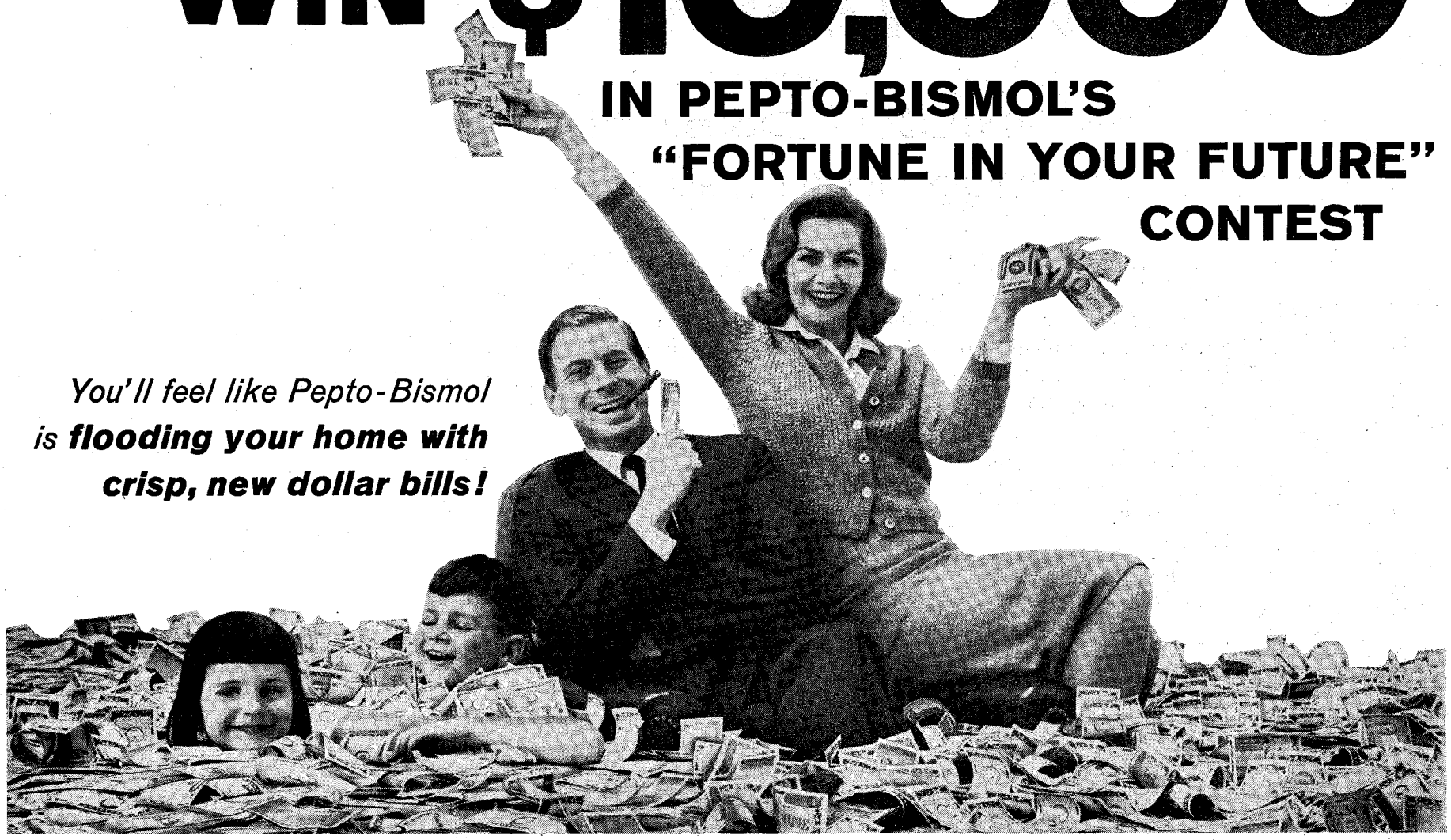
IN PEPTO-BISMOL'S "FORTUNE IN YOUR FUTURE" CONTEST

You'll feel like Pepto-Bismol is ***flooding your home with crisp, new dollar bills!***



It's fun! It's easy! Win one of these exciting prizes:

1ST PRIZE

$10,000

2ND PRIZE

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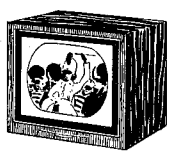
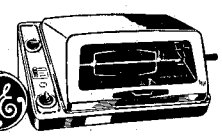


3RD PRIZES

2 RCA VICTOR Portable TV Sets

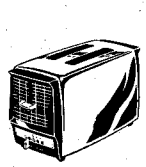
4TH PRIZES

3 Rotisserie Ovens



5TH PRIZES

5 Automatic Toasters



6TH PRIZES

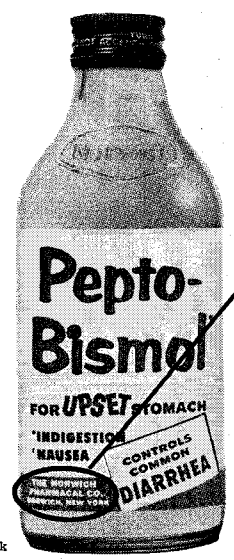
15 Spray Steam and Dry Irons

Quick hints to help you win: Hospital-tested Pepto-Bismol brings lasting relief for upset stomach, indigestion, and that queasy, nauseated feeling. Pepto-Bismol's protective coating action *tranquilizes* the Control Center of your digestive system, bringing lasting relief to both stomach and lower digestive tract—as no soda, alkalizer or 'tummy aid' can.

Take Hospital-Tested

Pepto-Bismol®

...and feel good again!



A Product of Norwich Research

© 1959, The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York

JUST FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES:

1. On entry blank from this page, or plain paper, print or plainly write your name and address and your last line for the jingle. (Sample last line: "How fast relief that *lasts* can be!")

2. Cut "The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York" from base of Pepto-Bismol front label and mail together with your entry to: Pepto-Bismol Contest, P.O. Box 7, Brooklyn 1, New York. Enter as often as you wish. But only one entry to an envelope. Each entry must include "The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York" cut from Pepto-Bismol label. All entries must be postmarked before midnight, September 1, 1959, and received by September 15, 1959.

3. Entries will be judged for originality, rhythm, and aptness of thought. Judges' decision final. Only one prize awarded to any one person. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein belong unqualifiedly to The Norwich Pharmacal Company for any and all purposes. Except for incidental help from family and friends, each entry must be wholly the work of the person in whose name it is submitted, and will be disqualified for outside professional or compensated help.

4. Any resident of the Continental United States including Alaska and Hawaii may compete except employees of The Norwich Pharmacal Company, its advertising agencies, and their families. Contest subject to all Federal, State, and Local Government regulations. Winners will be notified by mail. Winners' list will be available on request approximately two months after close of contest.

ENTER TODAY! Complete jingle, print your name and address, and cut "The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York" from base of Pepto-Bismol front label. Mail to: **Pepto-Bismol Contest, P.O. Box 7, Brooklyn 1, New York.** All entries must be postmarked before midnight, September 1, 1959.

Add last line to rhyme with "see" to following jingle:

What should you do for stomach upset,
When indigestion makes you fret?
Take Pepto-Bismol, and you'll see

_____

(Sample last line: "How fast relief that lasts can be!")

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

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FIRST TRANSISTOR, BATTEF

New PHILCO Safari plays anywhere without plugging in...even in bright sunlight!

You've never seen TV like Safari! Weighing a scant 15½ pounds, less than 17" tall, Safari is the world's first TV you can take wherever you go, including places electricity can't go . . . on picnics, to the beach, on boats, in trains, truly *everywhere!* Safari plays on its own built-in rechargeable battery, and the recharger is built in, too! (Or save the battery, operate Safari on AC house current!)

And wait till you see the picture . . . it's like looking at a theater screen! Exclusive Philco design lets you enjoy perfect viewing, even in the brightest sunlight . . . wherever there's a TV signal, even a weak one!

Safari is the first transistor TV mass-produced for sale today! Reserve yours now at your Philco dealer's!

$250 Rechargeable Battery $5.25 extra

SPECIFICATIONS: 21-transistor chassis, 4 IF stages, 3-transistor, high-gain tuner, 12 diodes, 2 rectifiers, easy-to-service Perma-Circuit chassis design. All controls at your finger tips, reserve-power sound system, built-in Pivot-Tenna, private listening jack for optional ear speaker. Rugged case in natural or black genuine leather with saddle stitching, durable styrene top and collapsible visor, sturdy carry handle, adjustable base. Not available in UHF. *Dimensions:* 8⅜" wide, 16⅝" high, 5⅝" deep. Uses rechargeable battery — has built-in recharger.

See the new PHILCO Mastercraft Collection...
See the new Decorator TV Series...at your dealer's now!

Beautiful new TV cabinet interpretations are now yours . . . at popular prices . . . in the Philco Mastercraft Collection. These models are rendered in the tradition of fine furniture hand craftsmanship.

Now, for 1960, Philco combines authentic cabinet designs in carefully selected hand-finished, genuine hardwoods, with the most advanced engineering and performance. But there's more big news!

Fresh new Philco Predicta TV . . . the all-new Philco Decorator Series . . . gives you the finest performance yet in a TV consolette. And the price is amazingly low! Fashion-right colors, wonderful new features, swivel-screen TV that's ideal for bedrooms, dens, anywhere! Entire unit takes up only 12" x 29" of floor space.

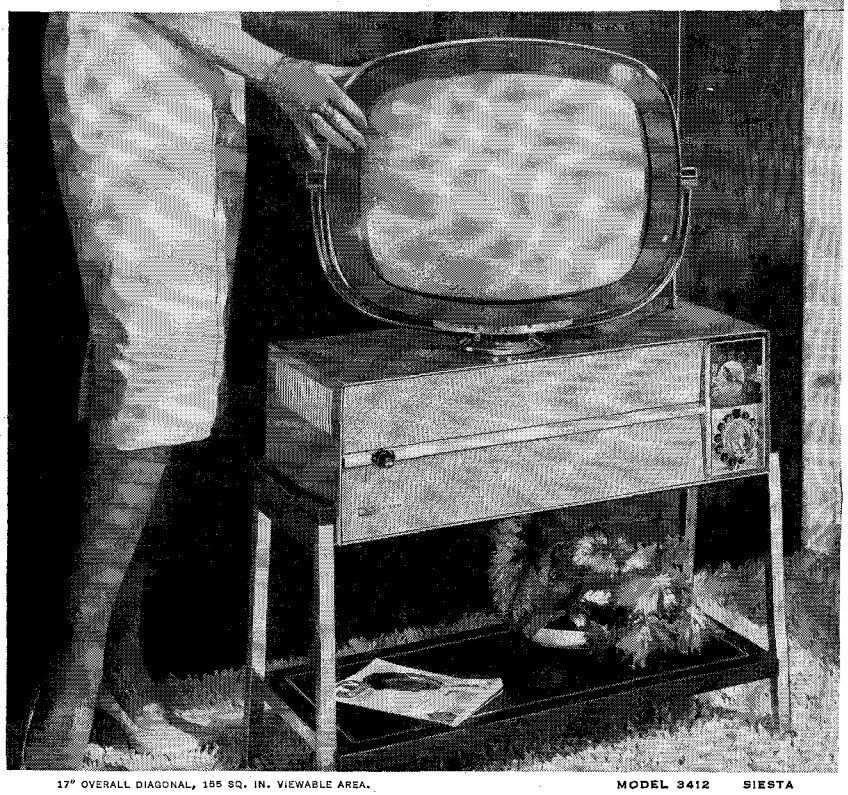
NEW PHILCO
Directa
Wireless Remote Control

A finger's touch turns the set on and off, changes channels, adjusts volume. Just two buttons . . . no wires. No getting up to make any adjustments because Philco Fine Tuning is preset for each channel. Directa Remote Control is TV's most luxurious feature. See it in operation.

21" OVERALL DIAGONAL, 262 SQ. IN. VIEWABLE AREA. MODEL 4698-PR THE RITTENHOUSE

Now! Solid wood cabinetry at popular prices!

Superb new TV cabinet interpretations, hand carvings, flutings, moldings, inspired by the finest craftsmen, all in genuine selected hardwoods, beautifully scaled and finished. This beautiful Breakfront Console is available in genuine mahogany and provincial maple. Has SF picture tube and new Predicta chassis. 10 new performance features. Most fabulous televiewing ever! Directa Remote Control and 4-speaker sound system.



17" OVERALL DIAGONAL, 155 SQ. IN. VIEWABLE AREA. MODEL 3412 SIESTA

New! Swivel-Screen Consolette priced from $199.95

Comes in five fashion-wise colors. Handsome stand has gleaming brass legs and a useful decorator shelf. Complete unit measures just 12" deep! The Siesta, illustrated above, has automatic clock controls.* Turns on your favorite programs; turns itself off at night. The picture tube swivels all the way around, making Predicta Decorator Consolette perfect for use in any room!

*PRICED SLIGHTLY HIGHER

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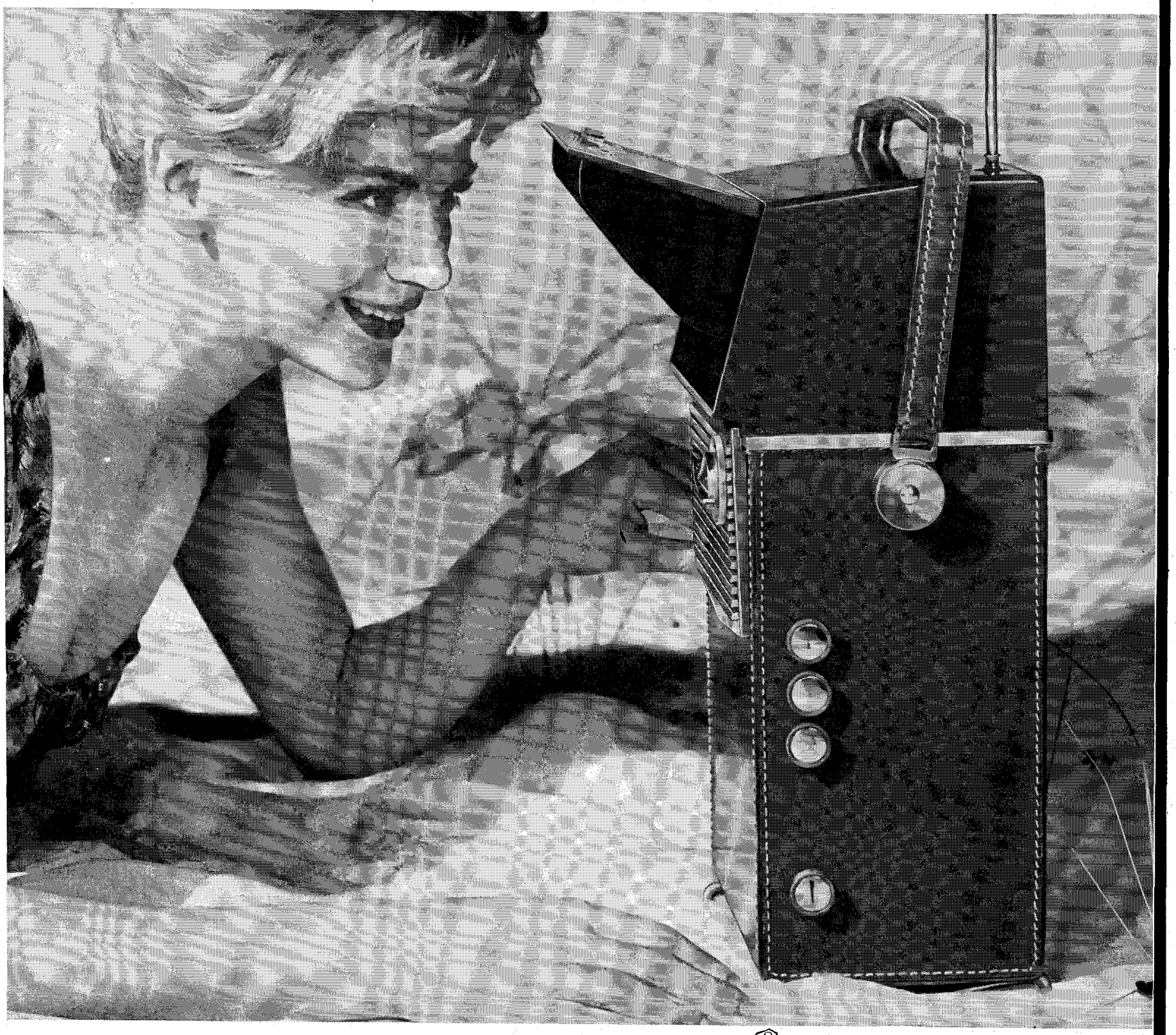
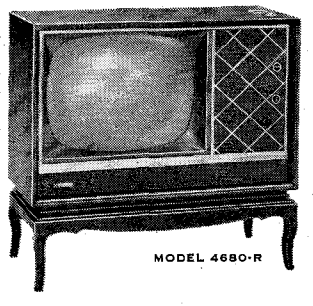
-POWERED PORTABLE TV!

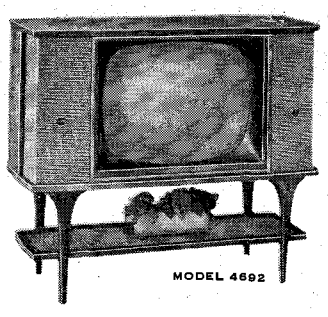




MODEL 4680-R

The WARWICK

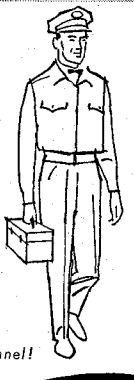
A beautiful 4-speaker horizontal console with cabriole legs. An example of the styling excellence of Philco's Predicta Series for 1960. Has Philco Directa Remote Control.



MODEL 4692

The MONTEREY

From the Mastercraft Collection, a dramatic lowboy console in the Danish tradition. Top tuning. Two speakers. Solid walnut with genuine veneers and textured natural cane.



BEFORE YOU BUY

Ask any TV service man about Philco performance

Informed service men know that Philco sets are built to higher standards than any in the industry. For example: Only Philco checks every part of every circuit with a specially built electronic computer. **Quality First** means you're last to need servicing.

SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

On September 12, Philco brings you the exciting Miss America Pageant – "live" from Atlantic City. Watch your local paper for time and channel!

-PHILCO

QUALITY FIRST!

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Editorials

We Pay Off Everybody for War Damage—Except Our Own Citizens!

Probably most people believe, if they give the matter a thought, that all legitimate claims for damage growing out of World War II have long since been settled. The fact is, however, that some of the most meritorious claims by American citizens are still unsatisfied.

Many of these claims are on behalf of Americans who lost their possessions, or perhaps their health, through Japanese military action in China, Malaya or elsewhere in Asia outside Japan itself. Some of these individuals were businessmen, others were missionaries, doctors, lawyers or other professional people. Their losses, through confiscation or military action, were as severe as those of Americans who were caught in Japan proper. The latter have been paid in full, but in our treaty with Japan the United States waived the claims of Americans in other parts of Asia who had been damaged by the Japanese. Except for partial payment to Americans who suffered damage in the Philippines, none of these claims has ever been settled. Indeed a number of Americans who emerged from Japanese prison camps with nothing but the clothes on their backs are currently receiving bills for transportation back to the United States!

Another group of claimants suffered damage in Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Greece and other areas attacked by the Nazis. The principal hindrance to a settlement of these claims appears to be the insistence of those who want to return the German overseas assets that were sequestered during and after World War II that Americans' claims should not be paid until the German assets are returned. This seems unreasonable in view of the fact that in 1953 the Bonn Government of West Germany agreed to compensate its own citizens for these assets in return for what amounted to a reduction of reparations by the Allies. Thus it would seem logical that the legitimate claims of American sufferers should be satisfied from German assets held in this country.

The proceeds from sale of some of these German and Japanese assets have been paid to certain classifications of American claimants, but there remain a large number of claims by Americans who suffered grievously from the war, but who have up to now been left out in the cold.

Various bills, including one introduced by Rep. J. Arthur Younger of California, have been presented to correct this injustice. Mr. Younger declares that practically "every nation, except the United States, which engaged in World War II has already made some provision to indemnify or rehabilitate its nationals, in every case at the expense in whole or in part of the American taxpayer.... No reason exists why the United States should provide funds for other nations so that they can pay their own damage and we continue to neglect the rightful demands of our own citizens."

German and Japanese individuals and corporations suffered from the seizure of their property by the Allied governments, including ours. However, it seems fantastic to be so concerned over these hardships that the at least equally valid claims of Americans are ignored.

The High Court Makes Some Changes in the "Law of the Land"

The confusion over when Supreme Court decisions become the "law of the land" has been dramatically underscored in recent weeks by the court itself. Thus it is now the "law of the land" that the states may enforce their own laws against sedition, although, after the Steve Nelson decision, the states were considered "pre-empted" from the security field. Again it is now the "law of the land" that the Committee on Un-American Activities has the right to compel a witness to answer questions pertaining to his possible membership in the Communist Party. After the Watkins decision, which made it difficult for a congressional committee to frame a question that would be recognized by the court as "pertinent to the inquiry," it seemed to be the "law of the land" that a Communist could thumb his nose at a Committee of Congress and get away with it.

In view of these contradictions, it would appear wise for Congress to define the "law of the land" by statute where this is necessary, so that today's law may not become void when a Supreme Court justice "follows the election returns," or a new member joins the court.

Some people think that the court has retreated too far from its "liberal" position, and cite the Baltimore rat case as evidence. This case involved an old Baltimore city ordinance authorizing health inspectors to "demand entry" to private premises when there is cause to suspect that a "dangerous nuisance to the health of the city exists." Owners who refuse admission to such inspectors face a fine of twenty dollars.

However, Aaron D. Frank, in the rear of whose place neighbors said they saw a "pile of filth" which was later described as "rodent feces mixed with straw and trash and debris to approximately half a ton," refused admission to the health officers. For this refusal, Frank was fined. This penalty was upheld all the way to the Supreme Court, to which the case was appealed on the ground that the Baltimore officers had denied Frank his rights under the Fourth Amendment, guaranteeing citizens immunity from "unreasonable" search and seizure.

The Supreme Court's opinion upholding Baltimore represents an apparent change in its attitude on one point—namely, the current tendency to extend the constitutional protection of persons accused of crime into fields never contemplated by the authors of these guaranties. As the late Chief Justice Taft complained many years ago, our courts have tended to give these protective amendments "a wider scope than the letter of the limitation seemed to require." Today a man applying for a passport, or even a job in the Federal bureaucracy, is thought to have as much right to "take the Fifth" as if he stood a good chance of being drawn and quartered, instead of merely being required to remain at home from a Communist conference in Minsk!

Of course, it is necessary to be on guard against bureaucratic excesses. Concern for the "general health" could be extended to justify exercises of force not now contemplated. Nothing like that happened in Baltimore, and the Supreme Court, in its retreat to the high ground of common sense, seems justified in finding no denial of "due process of law."

Is it True What They Say—That a Yankee Wrote Dixie?

Most Yankees probably have accepted the fact by now that it was the South which really won the Civil—excuse us, please—War Between the States. Whatever the military verdict, the North came off rather badly in song and story. The late Margaret Mitchell's best-selling book, Gone With the Wind, put the *coup de grâce* to any chance the Union ever had of winning, so far as romance is concerned. And without romance, where are you?

Well, the North does have something. It was a Yankee who wrote Dixie.

Daniel Decatur Emmett, composer of the official Southern anthem, was born in Mt. Vernon, Ohio, in 1815 and died there in 1904. Moreover, he wrote Dixie up North, on a cold, rainy Sunday in 1859 in New York City, where he was working for a minstrel show. Dan, according to the tale, was under orders to produce a "walk-around" with "git-up and style." Feeling the Northern cold in his bones, he really did wish he was in Dixie.

"I jumped up, took my tin whistle, and sat down to the table to write. In less than an hour I had the first verse and chorus," he recalled later. Although Dan Emmett got only $300 for it, Dixie was an immediate hit, especially in the South. Characteristically, Abe Lincoln liked Dixie. On the night after Lee's surrender, President Lincoln asked a military band to play Dixie in front of the White House, as a sign of his desire to forgive and forget.

We hope some Southern editor won't come along with proof that Dan Emmett was secretly devoted to the cause of the Confederacy. The North needs at least this small consolation for its defeat.

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A military messenger that puts red tape to rout

CAN DO

Imagine global communications for the armed forces that *automatically* route messages to the proper commands—give instant priority to emergency traffic. It *has* been done, by Automatic Electric.

How? Messages arrive at Teletypewriter Switching Centers on coded teleprinter tape. The codings determine whether the message has a single or multiple destination, where it is to go, and its degree of priority. Telephone switching equipment selects the proper outgoing lines, retransmits the message to one or more points.

Making machines like this think automatically is AE's business, because they are designed on the same engineering principles that are basic to automatic telephone exchanges. And AE is the largest supplier of equipment to the independent telephone industry.

That is why the armed services and industry can confidently seek the solutions to automatic control from AE. The fact is, *almost every device or system that is operated automatically uses the type of switching and relay units originated or manufactured by Automatic Electric.*

In problems of communications or control, AE is at your command. Whether you need engineering advice, basic components or a control "package," write the Director, Industrial Products Engineering, Automatic Electric, Northlake, Illinois.

We'll be glad to "join up" with you and prove: *AE can do!*

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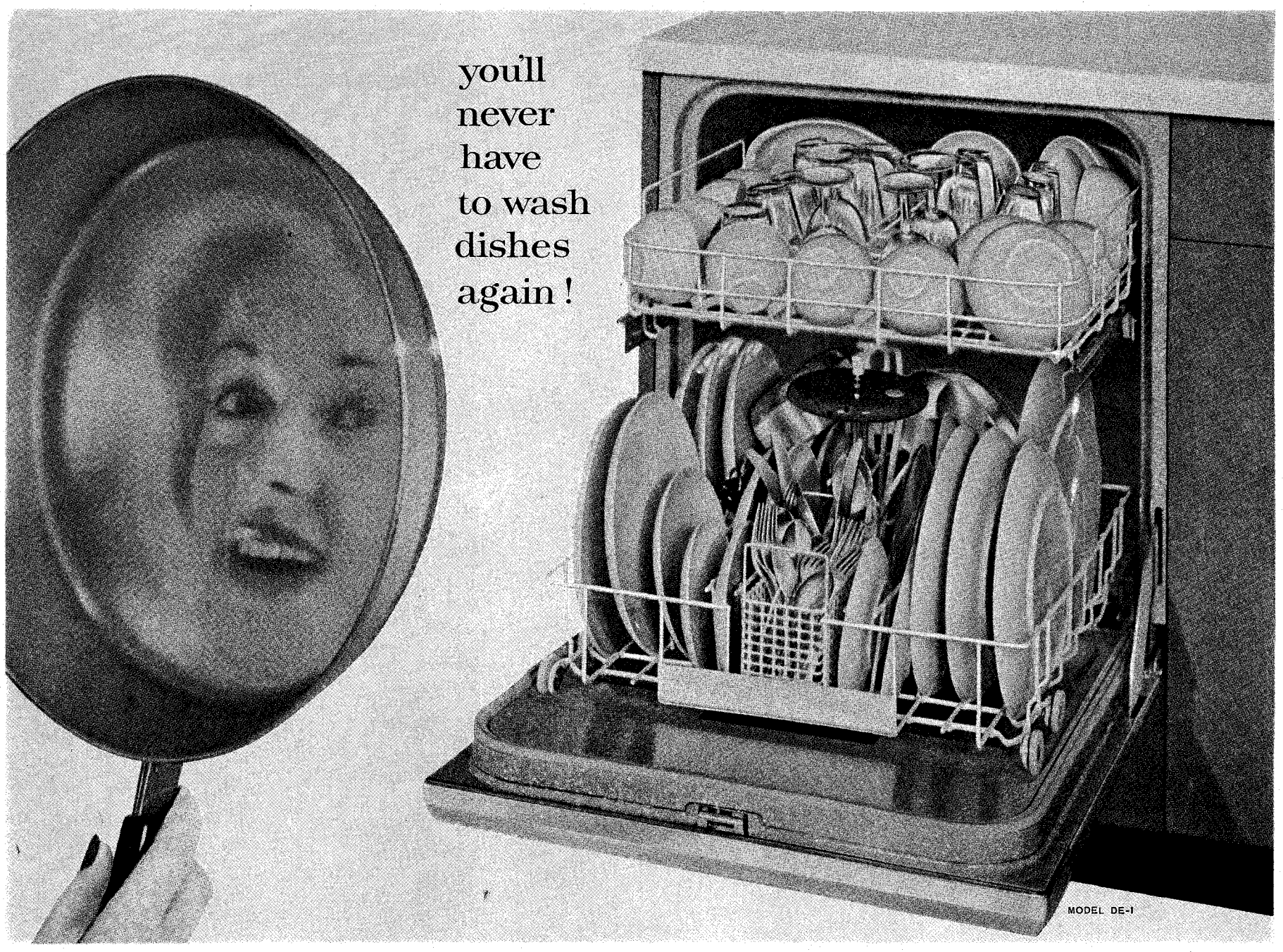
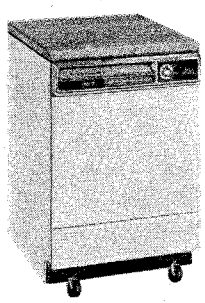


Spotless dishwashing...no pre-rinsing! Hotpoint with DOUBLE-DECK WASHING ACTION



Maple Top Mobile Model DEM-1. Full size, fully automatic, rolls where needed. Plugs in—no plumbing alterations or special wiring. Easily converted for permanent installation.

Here at last is the dishwasher that *does* get dishes spotlessly clean.

Powerful, spinning jets of constantly filtered hot water—from beneath *each* of the two racks—shower every part of every piece, no matter how you load it.

And this Hotpoint actually washes *twice*—with fresh detergent each time—and *rinses* twice. Special second rinse keeps water drops from spotting glasses, silver.

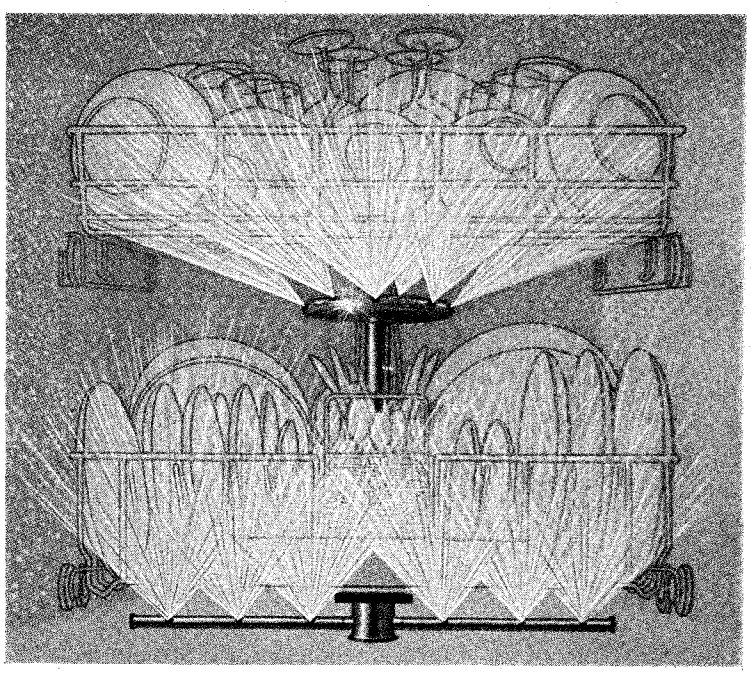
Double-Deck Washing Action is so thorough you don't need to pre-rinse. In *minutes*, your dishes are washed—and dried! Holds a complete service for 12—takes even your biggest platters, pots and pans!

See these handsome dishwashers at your Hotpoint Dealer's *now*. Choice of 4 Colortones or classic white.

LOOK FOR THAT HOTPOINT DIFFERENCE

Hotpoint

(A Division of General Electric Company), Chicago 44



Each tray has its own spray! Double-Deck Washing Action showers every part of every piece with powerful jet-streams.

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The Rockefeller Nobody Knows

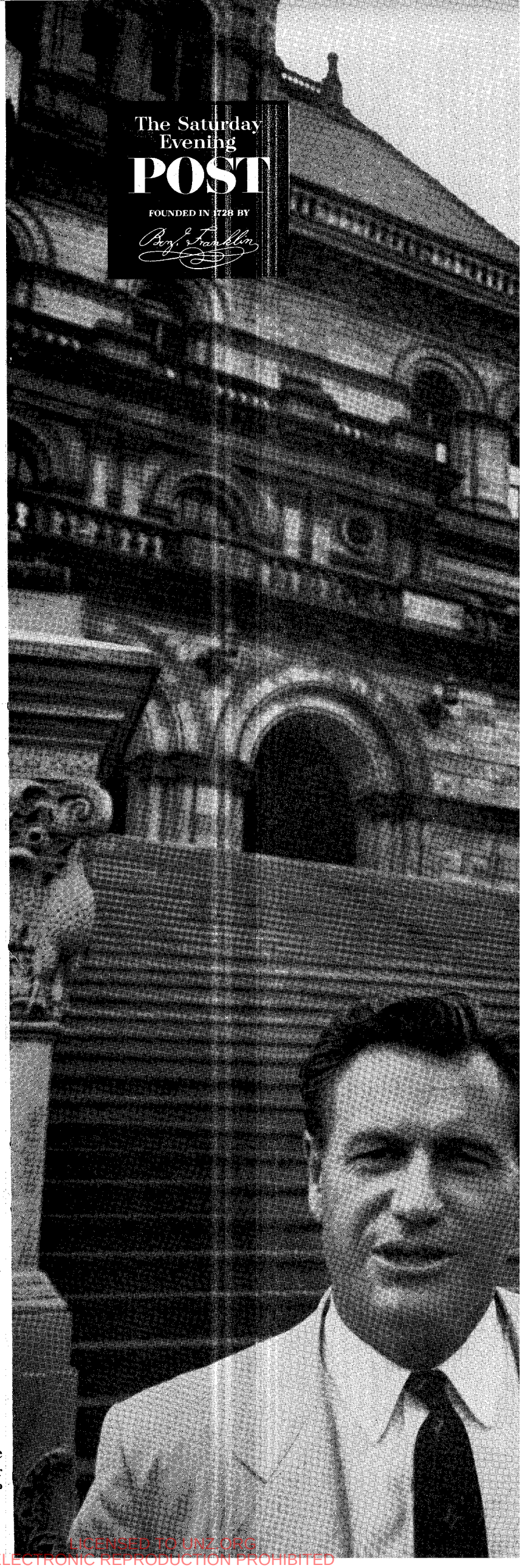
Nice guy. Personable. Rich. Authority on modern art. That's the candidate's public face. But he's also a ruthless infighter, skilled in the political arts.

By STEWART ALSOP

A great many people have known Nelson Rockefeller, Republican governor of New York and potential presidential candidate, at one time or another, in one role or another. It is a curious experience to talk to a fair sampling of these people who have known Rockefeller. For they seem to have known at least three entirely different persons.

Here, for example, is E. Shaw Cole, president of Pitometer Associates, who first knew Rockefeller in the class of 1930 at Dartmouth College: "He is the same wonderful fellow today that he has always been, and we all love him." Mr. Cole certainly speaks for the majority. At least nine out of ten of those who have known Nelson Rockefeller like and admire him. From the time he was barely out of his perambulator, people have been saying, "Nelson's a wonderful guy," often in tones of amazement that one so rich could be so nice. And this niceness, this likableness, is an important factor in American politics today, as we shall see.

But not everybody likes Nelson Rockefeller—which is reassuring, since only a weak man can be universally liked. Here is a former high Government official who came to know Rockefeller well and to dislike him heartily when Rockefeller was President Roosevelt's Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs: "He's one



Governor Rockefeller of New York in front of the capitol at Albany. Did he commit a fatal political error by pushing through a tax increase last spring?

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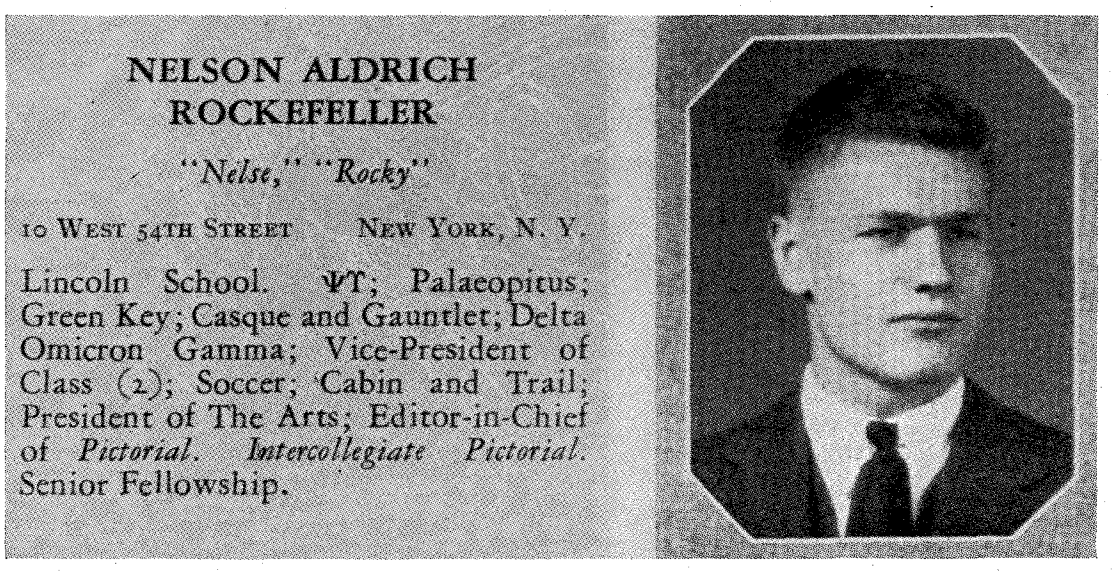
of the most ambitious men I've ever known, and, behind that big smile, damned ruthless." This view is held by a small but articulate minority, made up largely of former officials, mostly from the State Department and mostly Democrats, who knew Rockefeller in the embattled wartime days when he worked for Franklin Roosevelt.

There is still another, and totally different, minority view of Nelson Rockefeller: "He's just a rich do-gooder, a boy scout." This is the view of a handful of officials of the Eisenhower Administration, notably the more conservative Republicans who locked horns with Rockefeller on such issues as foreign aid when he was serving as an adviser to President Eisenhower.

A man who can evoke in different people such totally contradictory reactions must surely be an interesting and rather complicated human being. And it is worth asking whether Nelson Rockefeller really is a wonderful fellow, or a ruthlessly ambitious man, or a rich do-gooder or, just possibly, a bit of all three, plus something else besides. For it is at least conceivable that he may someday—if not next year, perhaps five years from now—become the President of the United States. That possibility automatically emerged when Rockefeller beat W. Averell Harriman for the governorship of the Empire State in one of last year's few major Republican victories.

There are those who contend that Rockefeller does not really have a serious chance to become President—at least not in 1960. They reason that Vice President Richard Nixon is so far ahead in the race for the Republican nomination that Rockefeller cannot possibly overtake him. They may be right. But it is very early in the game to count Rockefeller out.

"They said he couldn't get the nomination for governor, and he did," says one of the devoted band which surrounds him in Albany. "They said he couldn't beat Harriman, and he did. Now they're saying the same things about 1960. But Nelson has a habit of getting what he wants." As to whether "what he wants" is the presidency, a Rockefeller political adviser answers that question by asking another, "You ask a guy like Nelson to play ball with the Yankees, does he say, 'No, thanks, I'd rather stay here in Scranton with the bush leagues'?"


NELSON ALDRICH
ROCKEFELLER
"Nelse," "Rocky"
10 West 54th Street New York, N. Y.
Lincoln School. ΨΥ; Palaeopitus; Green Key; Casque and Gauntlet; Delta Omicron Gamma; Vice-President of Class (2); Soccer; Cabin and Trail; President of The Arts; Editor-in-Chief of *Pictorial*. *Intercollegiate Pictorial*. Senior Fellowship.

At Dartmouth he was one of the most popular members of the class of 1930.

NELSON HAD A PAIR OF SHREWD, TOUGH GRANDFATHERS

Sen. Nelson Aldrich of Rhode Island, Rockefeller's maternal grandfather, rose from farm boy to dominant figure in the U.S. Senate in Teddy Roosevelt's day.

John D., Sr., passing out a shiny new coin in 1923 when he was eighty-four. "My grandfather never broke a law, but a lot of laws were passed because of him," Nelson once said of this "richest man in the world."

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To anyone who knows Nelson Rockefeller, the question answers itself. Rockefeller is not a man to be content with the bush leagues. His friends would hotly dispute the charge of the former official quoted earlier that Rockefeller is "damned ruthless." But not one of them would deny that he is very ambitious indeed.

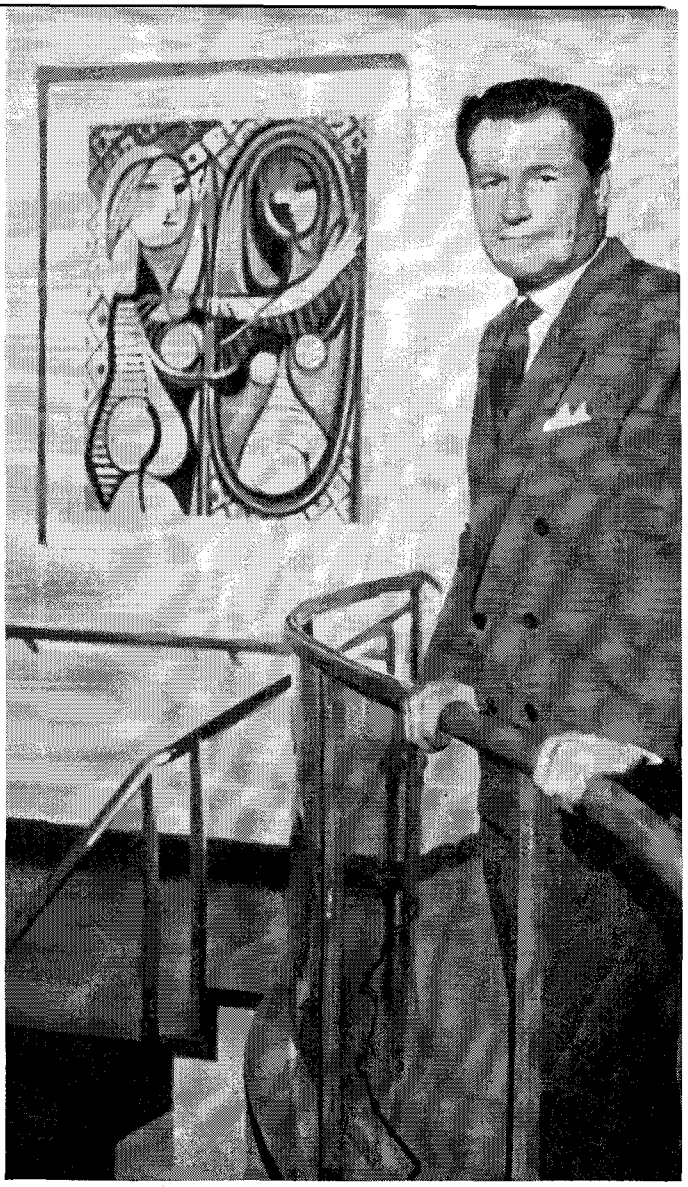
Wallace Harrison, architect for Rockefeller Center and one of the handful of men who know Rockefeller really well, tells the story of a harrowing trip up the East Coast in the Dragon Lady, a former sub chaser Rockefeller bought after the war. The passengers were Dartmouth classmates bent on a reunion, the time was a few years ago, and the destination was Seal Harbor, Rockefeller's summer place in Maine. The voyage had been a very rough one, with two really dangerous storms, and Seal Harbor was still a long way to go. Everyone was exhausted except Rockefeller, who was more exuberant and energetic than ever in his new role as sea dog. The captain, a professional sailor and down-Easter named Henry Conary, hopefully approached Harrison and asked, "Think he'll let us turn in and get a little sleep?" Harrison, knowing Rockefeller, said that it was far more likely that Rockefeller would want to press on to Seal Harbor.

Conary then asked the question which has puzzled a lot of people who have known Nelson Rockefeller, "What's apepperin' him, anyway?"

Something is certainly apepperin' Rockefeller. The man is and always has been a study in perpetual motion. Nowadays, as he charges about the hideous old statehouse in Albany, he is in such a permanent hurry that he sometimes seems on the point of breaking into a trot. He pauses often to shout a greeting, give an order, put a friendly arm over a shoulder or laugh loudly at a joke, but then he is off again, relentlessly, restlessly on the move. A friend who worked with him in the wartime days recalls it as "the most exhausting experience I've ever had. It wasn't just that the hours were long, though Lord knows they were—it was the intensity Nelson brought to the job."

One theory is that what's apepperin' Rockefeller is his money. He has a lot of it. His share of the family fortune may come to around a quarter of a billion. But that is only a guess. Not even Rockefeller himself really knows how much he is worth. How, for example, can you put an accurate price tag on a one-fifth share in Rockefeller Center? At any rate, Rockefeller is not simply rich—he is enormously, stupendously, redundantly rich.

The fact that he is so rich is essential to an understanding of the man. For having that sort of money is a most unusual experience, like having been badly wounded in a war or having conquered the drug habit. Although



Nelson is a genuine authority on modern art, one of his chief interests. He could become the first President to adorn the White House walls with Picasso (left above).

May, 1937: John D. Rockefeller, Jr., with his five sons, awaiting the funeral train of John D., Sr., who died at the age of ninety-seven. From left: John D., Jr., David, Nelson, Winthrop, Laurance, and John D. III.

Nelson with his wife Mary and their family after the gubernatorial election last November. From left are Mary, Steven, their parents, Rodman and his wife Barbara, and Michael (Mary's twin). Not present is Ann.

it has obvious compensations, it cannot be an altogether agreeable experience. This reporter recently suggested to Rockefeller that it must be a bit like having a really huge nose or some other physical peculiarity, and he did not dispute the suggestion. People who meet Nelson Rockefeller are always aware of his money, as they might be of a vast nose or permanently crossed eyes—it is there, but one must not mention it.

At any rate, being rich on a Rockefeller scale is an experience that leaves its mark on a man, which is why most men who have inherited really gigantic fortunes share certain characteristics in common. They have a certain caution—they have so much to lose. They also have a certain inner confidence—they are accustomed to getting what they want. And most men with a great deal of inherited money want above all to excel, to prove themselves on their own. Harold Vanderbilt wanted to excel in bridge, Henry du Pont in the collecting of American art and furniture; and contract bridge and Winterthur are their lasting memorials. Averell Harriman wanted to excel in everything, from polo to politics, and he very nearly succeeded. And the same urge to prove that he is not only a Rockefeller but also a man, and an able man, is doubtless apepperin' Nelson Rockefeller.

It is also likely that Rockefeller is being apeppered from beyond the grave. This is not the place to try to assess the role of his grandfather, John D. Rockefeller, in American history. Nelson Rockefeller himself probably summed it up

(Continued on Page 40)

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A Most Beautiful Model

How a small boy helped an artist solve his biggest problem.

By MICHAEL FORRESTIER

As he climbed the worn, elaborate stairs, Tim was dreaming again about the wonderful box down the street in the window of Rain's Paints and Hardware. It was a small oblong of a box, shiny black on the outside, white inside, with a brush and six of the brightest colors of the rainbow packed in a row of little cups. There were three shallow scoops in the lid. Tim knew you were supposed to mix the colors in those scoops, using the brush and lots of water.

This week Tim's dream of bliss was to mix all those rainbow colors together and make a painting of a rocket ship in flight. There was a cup of just the right vivid red to do the streaks of fire, to show the rocket jets roaring out into space.

Only one thing stood between Tim's dream and its fulfillment: a ticket on the box that said $1. Tim didn't have one dollar. And he must never, never ask for money.

At the top of the old converted house, Tim rapped gently on the door of 4B. He went in and held the knob to keep the door from slamming. Tim couldn't see much of him because most of Mr. Burford was behind the large,

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"Would you mind if I tried one more drawing?" Mr. Burford asked.

tilted drawing table. He could see Mr. Burford's legs, though; the feet in beat-up carpet slippers hooked around the rungs of his chair.

Mr. Burford, for his part, couldn't see who had come in, so he knew who it was.

"Morning, Tim," Mr. Burford said. "How's your mother? In?"

Tim said, "She's wrestling with a murderer, so I have to be quiet. Are you chalking up another ulcer?"

Tim looked out through the window. It had stopped snowing, the sun was shining, and the tree in the back yard was edged with white, so that the branches were like licorice whips topped with vanilla icing. Tim tried to imagine the taste of the two flavors together.

Mr. Burford carefully finished what he was doing before he answered, "A gilt-edged ulcer. A five-hundred-dollar one this time. It should keep the wolf slavering on the wrong side of the door a while longer." Mr. Burford sighed. "That is, if good old George likes it."

Tim looked at the little jars of paint that glowed on the table by Mr. Burford's elbow. He was never allowed to touch those special colors. Tim thought he'd like to have rubies like that—green, blue, red and yellow rubies, and the Rajah's turban to wear them in when he played baseball. Tim said, "Who is good old George?"

"Good old George Dockwra, from the advertising agency of that name, who hires my talented brush."

"Oh." Tim looked next at the reproductions pinned up on the wall. The ones on the left were done by Picasso, those on the right by Norman Rockwell. He looked over at the couch and saw Picasso and Norman Rockwell sleeping quietly against each other.

Tim knew that Picasso was the greatest artist in the world, and so was Norman Rockwell. Mr. Burford had told him so. He knew that the Rajah was a National League batter named Hornsby, an immortal; and that all rajahs wore turbans. Tim knew a lot of things that Mr. Burford told him. Mr. Burford told him that he chalked up another ulcer each time he got a new job to do.

Tim went to look at the new ulcer Mr. Burford was chalking up. Ulcers can look different; this one looked like a grown-up lady in a swim suit. She was reclining on an ice floe, holding up a bottle and laughing with delight.

While Tim stood behind him, Mr. Burford waited with shoulders hunched and hand poised over his work.

"Well?" he said, after a nervous pause.

Tim said, "Won't the lady catch cold, lying on all that ice?"

"Friend," Mr. Burford said, "I'll let you in on a most important fact of life. *You* know she'll catch cold and *I* know she'll catch cold. But then, who are we? Poor ordinary humans, that's who. Now agency men, on the other hand, they're not human. They're geniuses. And of all the geniuses of agency men, good old George is the greatest genius of the lot." Mr. Burford paused. "There should be a lesson there someplace."

Tim continued to stare at the painting. "Her legs look funny."

Mr. Burford groaned. "My pal! Tim, the world's greatest critic. You know you're right, critic? I've been having trouble with those funny legs all morning. Any suggestions? Think hard, critic, maybe you can help me out. Good old George (Continued on Page 66)

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

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Are You a Distance Dummy?

If so, you ought to remember that a chicken is eleven inches long and Gary Cooper (with his boots on) is six-feet-six. Now you won't have any trouble figuring out how far it is from here to anywhere.

By H. ALLEN SMITH

The first time I went over to see Williams I wasn't able to find his house, so I drove back to the village and got him on the phone.

"You pass that tennis court," he said, "and then go about two hundred yards and you'll see my driveway on the left."

"Two hundred yards," I murmured to myself. "That's two football fields."

"What's that you said?" his voice came over the phone.

"Two football fields," I repeated. "I'll explain it when I get there."

And I did. I told him that I have always been invincibly stupid when it comes to estimating distances, whether they be in inches, feet, yards, rods, furlongs, miles, light-years or parsecs.

"The only time I'm pretty sure of my ground," I explained, "is when I have something, like, say, a football field, to fasten accurately and clearly in my mind. When I have a distance that somebody has mentioned to me, and it is a certain number of yards in length, then I can apply the football field, lay it down on the ground, so to speak, and then I visualize this other ——"

"Hold it," Williams interrupted. "I think you've lost me."

"What I mean," I said, "is that a football field is a hundred yards; if something else is two hundred yards long, then I know it is two football fields laid end to end."

Williams said well he'd be darned, he was exactly the same way. He is unerring, he said, on anything that is fifty feet long.

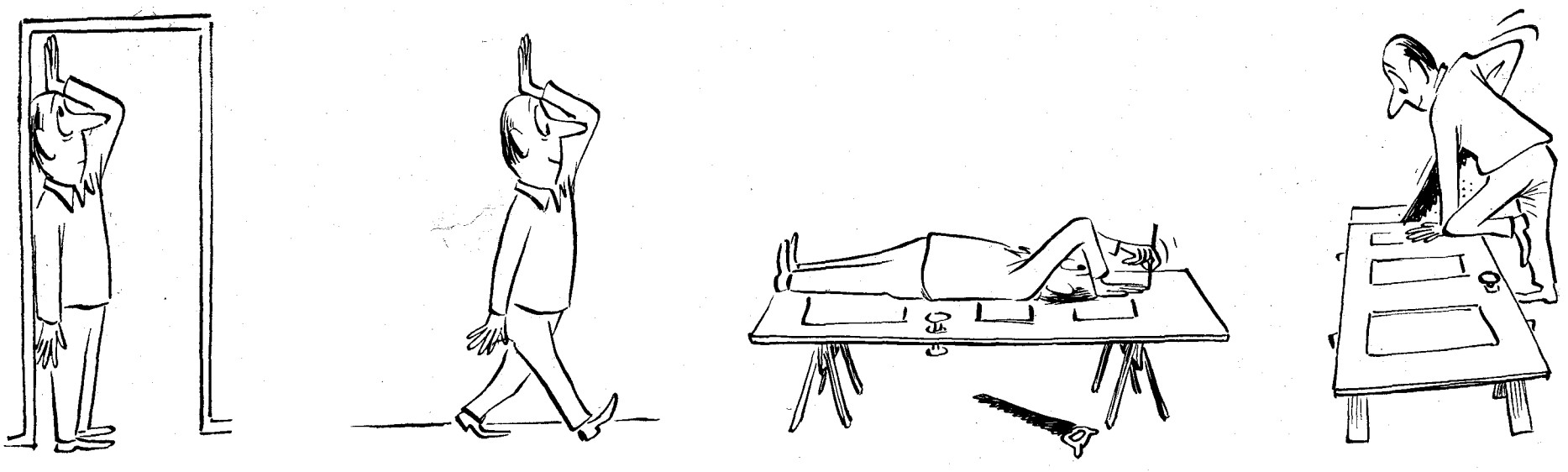
"When I was a kid," he explained, "I won a medal at a rifle meet, shooting at a target fifty feet away. To this day I can measure off fifty feet without a tape and hit it within an inch or two. All other distances have me baffled. That is, except ninety feet. I've learned that one from my son."

Williams Junior is a baseball addict and is acutely conscious of the fact that it's ninety feet from home plate to first base. Around the Williams property, as well as on vacation trips, the boy is forever looking for something that is ninety feet away so he can say that it is. "That stump over there with the bird on it," he'll announce with great authority, "is almost exactly ninety feet from us."

Williams said that since we were both dumb on distances, it ought to be possible for us to broaden the football-field and bird-on-a-stump system. For one thing, we are living in a focusing era, and it is necessary to judge distances in order to take clear photographs. In fact, distance estimating is a kind of skill that comes in handy in many pursuits, such as parallel parking, thinking about a new carpet for the living room, criticizing your neighbor's crummy swimming pool, locating cocktail parties in the country, testifying about powder burns, and so on.

It may readily be seen that the world of sports, being fraught with distances of many kinds and varieties, can provide us with certain rule-of-thumb techniques. (The thumb itself is no good any more except in estimating the length of pickles.) Golfers are always good at judging distances, with special reference to four and one quarter inches, the legal diameter of the hole into which the ball, with a minimum diameter of only 1.68 inches, so seldom seems to fit. I once knew a dedicated horseplayer who claimed he was perfect at judging 506 yards—although he rarely could find any practical use for this talent. That was the distance of the homestretch of his favorite race track. My friend explained that all the frenzy and hysteria in the sport of kings, and it is considerable, is concentrated in that final stretch run. "I could run it myself blindfolded," he said, "and know exactly when I hit the finish line."

As against the slapdash-comparison technique, I have no faith in the business of "pacing off" yardage. During the last dozen years I've had extensive dealings with a contracting firm, made up of two partners. One partner is a man scarcely over five feet tall. The other is



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six feet three. I have watched both of them pace off distances on my own property, and it makes me nervous. The tall partner believes that his stride is exactly one yard, but I'm certain that it's more. The short partner is conscious of the fact that his legs are short, and so he does his pacing in little hops and leaps, so that he looks like a ballet dancer in a business suit. I wouldn't trust him to pace off a hog wallow. These two men, pacing one after the other, supervised the building of my long driveway. On the one hand it came out to be 158 yards long and on the other, 172. Then I measured it with a tape and found it to be 165 yards. If I had taken the ballet dancer's estimate, my driveway would have run clear across the road and through Doctor Heinemann's gate.

On the theory that other people have trouble estimating distances, I have worked out a small table of helpful suggestions.

● THREE FEET: If you are of average height, you may be surprised to learn that your leg is just about three feet, or one yard, long. So if you need to estimate three feet, kick your leg straight out in front of you and hold it there and look at it.

● NINE FEET: Not long ago in Honolulu I met the proprietor of a cemetery (I met him socially), and for some reason we got to talking about distances, and he said he was very good at nine feet, which is the required length of a grave in Hawaii. He said it is ten feet on the mainland.

● TEN FEET: See nine feet.

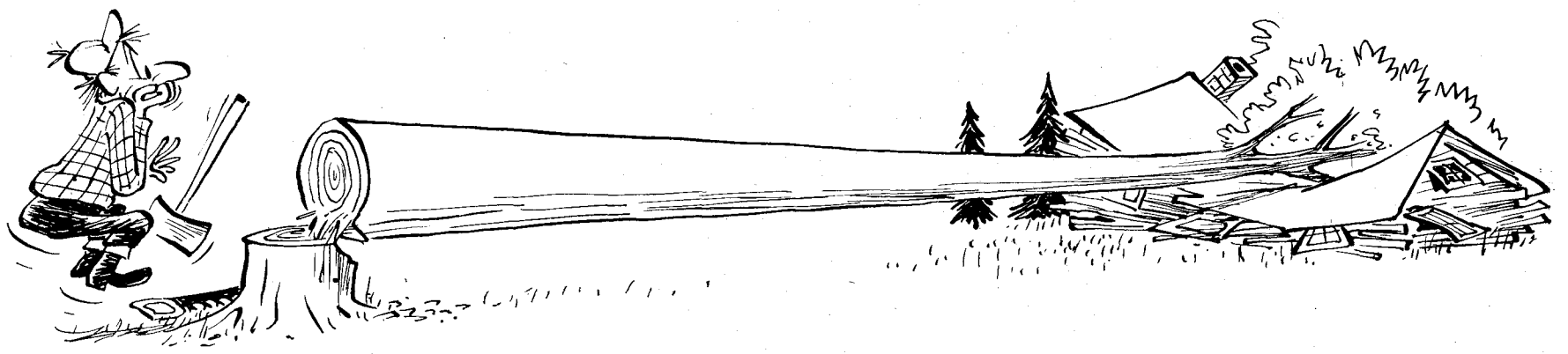
● THIRTEEN FEET: Think of two Gary Coopers lying end to end, both wearing cowboy boots. This same system can be used in estimating six and a half feet, with only one Cooper.

● FIFTEEN FEET: At the age of five I fell into a freshly dug cistern, and I can remember that everyone made a big thing out of the fact that it was "fifteen-foot" deep. That distance is ineradicably and traumatically engraved on my mind. The trouble is, however, it is a vertical distance, and somehow I can't seem to bend it over and flatten it out against the ground. It will come in handy, however, if I am ever fifteen feet up a telegraph pole and want to notify people how far up a telegraph pole I am.

● TWENTY-FIVE FEET: I always get my wife to estimate this one for me. It is the precise distance the man skidded before crashing into her car that day on the Saw Mill River Parkway. The police measured the skid marks, and she says she now knows twenty-five feet better than she knows her own children. If you happen to witness an automobile accident in which someone has skidded, worm your way in close and observe the measurement of the tire marks. It's better, of course, to be *in* the accident.

● SEVENTEEN FEET: Measure the over-all length of your automobile. It may turn out to be seventeen feet. Memorize that length by walking from bumper to bumper, back and forth, reciting over and over, "Seventeen feet, seventeen feet." Don't be embarrassed if a neighbor comes along and catches you at it. Simply tell him that you are rehearsing a part in an amateur theatrical production, a detective story.

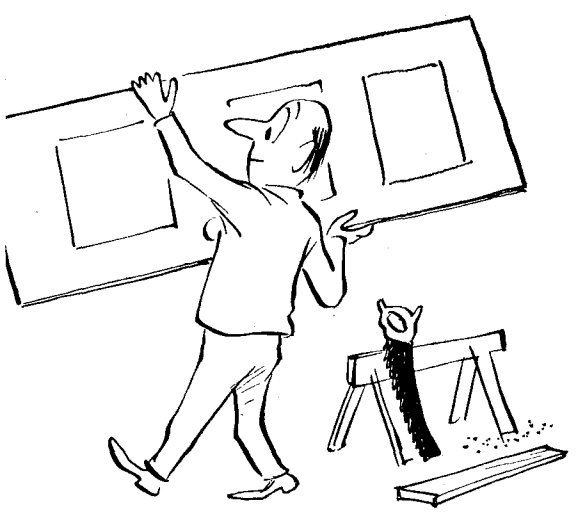
● SIXTY FEET: Recently the skipper of an auxiliary ketch asked me to sign on as a member of his crew and sail with him to Tahiti. I wanted to do it and spent an entire afternoon pacing that little vessel from stem to stern, trying to make up my mind. I compared its size with that of a huge ocean liner that had recently docked with a cargo of seasick passengers and shattered furniture. I learned sixty feet so well that I'll always know it, but as far as the Tahitian voyage was concerned, I chickened out. A full-grown chicken is eleven inches long, if you want to remember eleven inches.



● TWENTY-ONE MILES: It is a good thing to know this distance in case there is a town or a tavern twenty-one miles from where you live, and you want to tell your neighbors how far they'll have to go to get there. The best way to learn to estimate twenty-one miles is to grease up and swim the English Channel. An easier method is to go to that tavern.

● NINETY-THREE MILLION MILES: We now have all kinds of astronomical distances to worry about from day to day, and we might as well try to cope with them. It's almost frightening to realize that the moonshooters, employing the technique of a hunter leading a duck, aim their rockets at a point about 137,000 miles ahead of their moving target. I heard a man say so. Now there is talk of shooting something at the sun. The mean distance from the earth to the sun is 93,000,000 miles. That's a mean distance to estimate, but it can be done. The moon is only 239,000 miles from the earth, and we have come to know that distance pretty intimately. Thus it becomes a simple matter to visualize the distance from Cape Canaveral to the sun. The way it figures out, it is 390 times as far to the sun as it is to the moon.

Get the moon distance—239,000 miles, give or take a yard—firmly fixed in your mind, and then lay it out 390 times (the same way I do it with football fields), and when you've got it laid out end to end 390 times, you'll have the distance to the sun just as solidly fixed in your mind. That is, *you'll* have it. I don't think I will, because I'm going back to the old-fashioned ways, back to that bird on the stump. THE END



Drawings by Syverson

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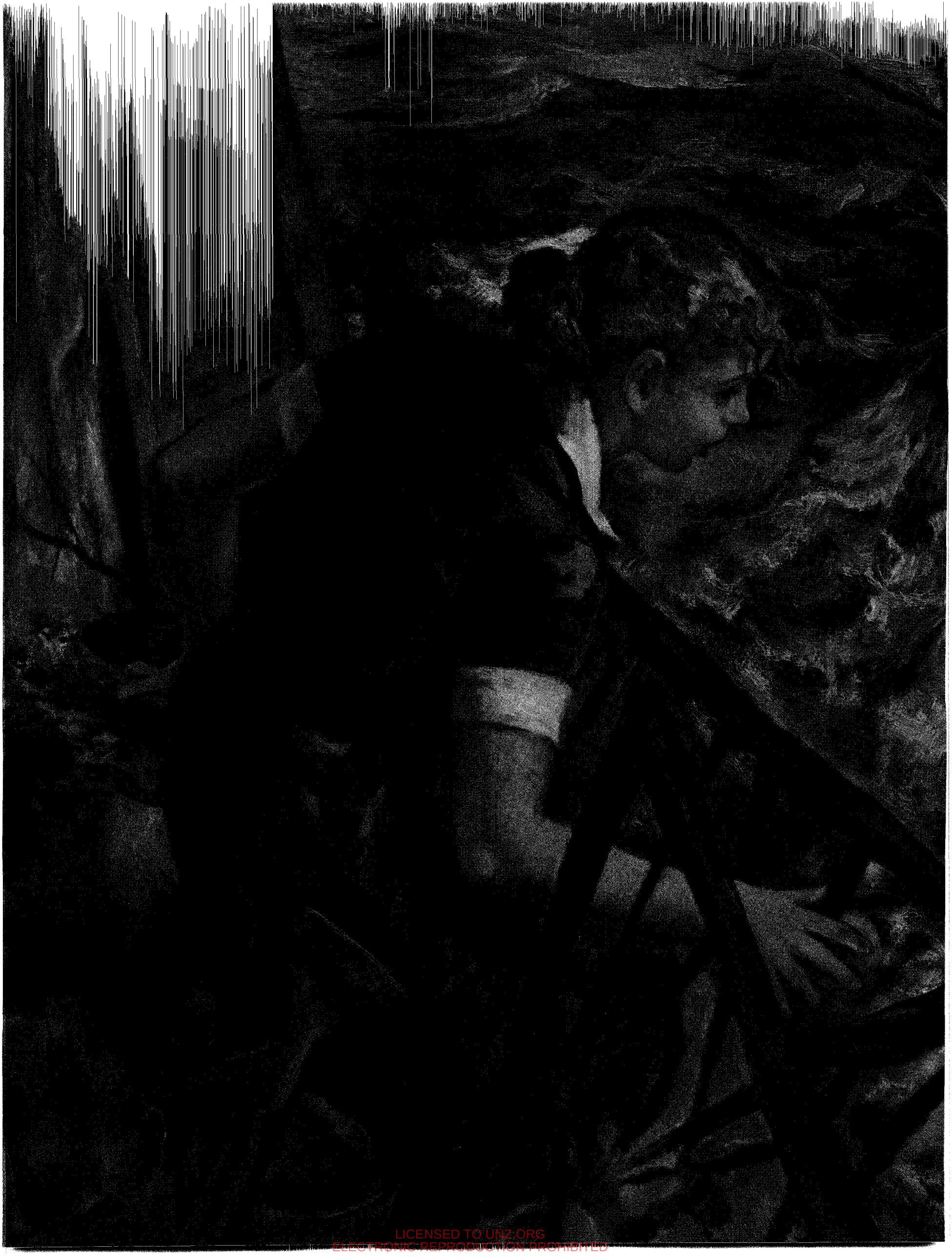

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If the child didn't do exactly as he said, she would become a victim of

The Deadly Torrent

By GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD

Young Georges Dumont, garage proprietor and agricultural engineer, crashed his motorcycle into first gear, roared the engine and dismounted at the door of Père Arneguy's cottage. On the valley slopes the silent, orderly beds of the market garden were intensely green and black in the last of the setting sun.

"Attention!" he yelled. "Radishes into column of troop, right wheel!"

Père Arneguy looked up from the seedsman's catalogue upon which he was making notes—without glasses, though he was past sixty. He found the youth of France a little comic; it did not believe in doing anything with hand or foot which could possibly be done by electricity or a two-stroke engine. But if motorcycles had to exist, that was the way to stop them—with a flourish.

"It never existed, your order," he replied peaceably. "Will you take a glass?"

"Willingly."

Père Arneguy always had excellent wine, though heaven only knew how he had the ready cash to buy it after feeding his large self and his larger horse.

"But I have little time," Georges Dumont added. "An urgent duty ——"

"It is always the same with the young," said Arneguy, wiping out excuses from the air around him with a wave of his massive hand. "You spend so much time mending your machines that you have none for anything else."

"And you, you old cave artist, how many hours a day do you spend grooming the Shah?"

It exasperated the younger generation of the village of Achard that Père Arneguy should continue to work his three hectares of land with hand tools and a horse when a cultivator—as Georges Dumont had proved to him a dozen times—could be bought on installments and would pay for itself in two years. Fathers and grandfathers were just as obstinate, but from sheer inability to understand the economics of machinery. The infuriating thing about Père Arneguy was that his arithmetic remained sound and his intelligence quick. He was not out of date because he couldn't help it; he chose to be out of date.

He was a typical Basque, individualist all through. In 1914 he had gone to war as a cuirassier, helmeted, breastplated and making as much noise at the trot as a cartload of cymbals. When provoked—which was often, since his thundering good humor in argument could entertain a whole café—he maintained that such gay and useless ironmongery had been far more satisfying to the human spirit than sitting at the bottom of a trench with a lot of machines which might or might not work when they were needed.

He still looked the part. Those great shoulders and long gray mustaches belonged to the cuirassier. Georges Dumont admitted that a squadron of Arneguys might indeed have had the moral effect of a tank. Yet while he worked his land, the same shoulders and mustache gave an impression of the utmost peace and benignity. So did the Shah, a barrel-shaped half-bred Percheron whose keep alone used up one of Arneguy's three hectares.

"It's always when I can't stop that someone offers me Burgundy as good as this," said Dumont, regretfully finishing his glass.

"What's your hurry? There is plenty more."

"Flood warning. I am on my way downriver."

"There has been no flood here since Noah. Look at the river—decently in her bed like a good bourgeoise!"

(Continued on Page 77)

Illustrated by Ben Stahl

"Quick!" he roared.
"Quick, will you!"

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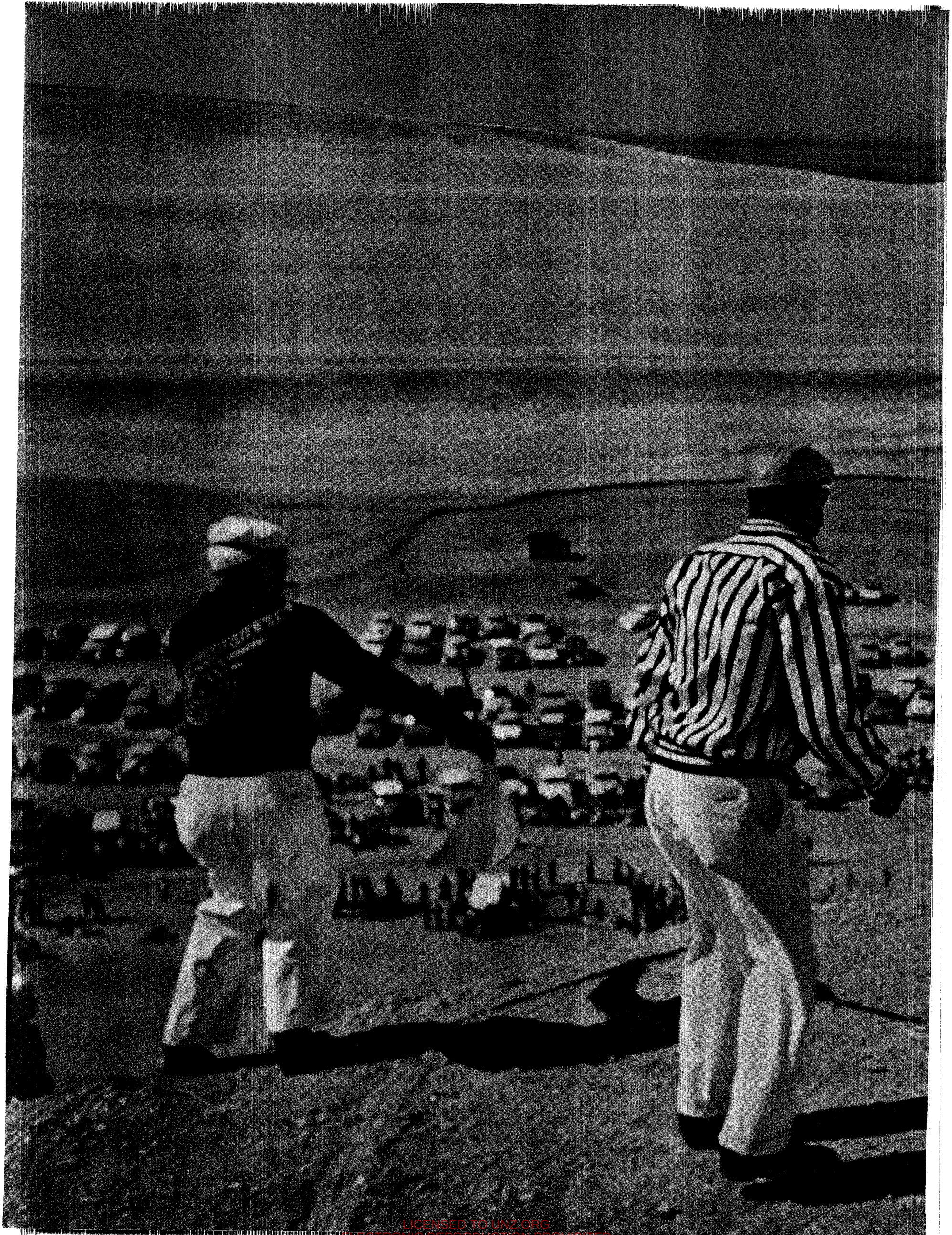

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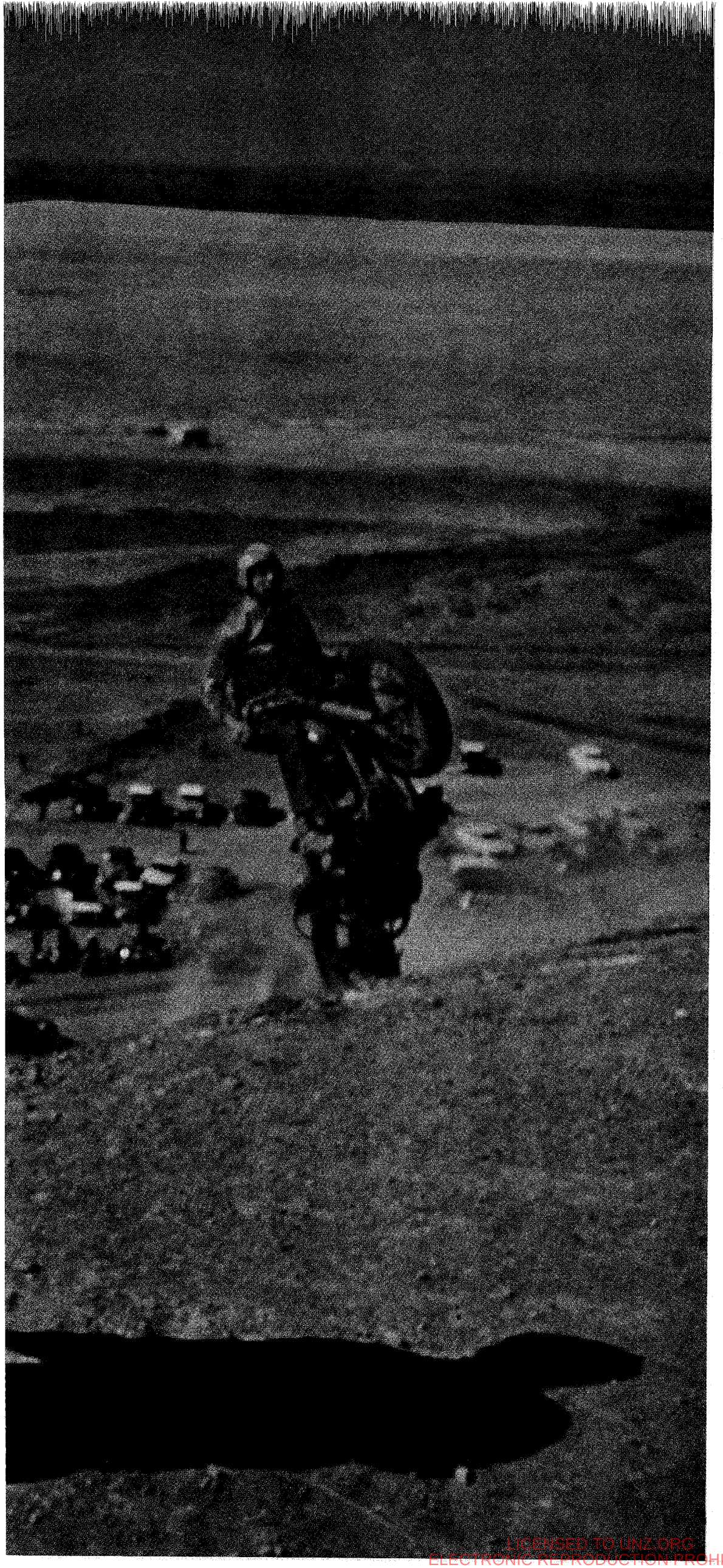
The Face of AMERICA

He Made It



The rider of the machine rearing its front wheel in this photograph is competing in a motorcycle hill climb at Ospital Canyon, California, an extraordinarily steep slope about twenty miles southwest of Modesto. The object of the event is to see who can reach the hill's two-hundred-foot summit in the fastest time. Each contestant may take two runs at the course, but the rugged grade flips over most of the cyclists short of their goal. The rider in this picture, Carl Habel, a twenty-seven-year-old butcher, was one of the few who succeeded here during an afternoon last May. In four separate races he and the sixteen other participants made a total of sixty-five climbs. Only eight of their bikes got far enough to break the finish-line string—which Carl has just snapped—beneath the crest. Carl's time, *5.93* seconds, won him third prize. (The winner, Gary Lindstrom, did it in *5.65* seconds.) Despite the sport's daredevil appearance, the riders survive frequent spills with surprisingly few serious injuries . . . though they get bruised aplenty. ● Photograph by Don W. Jones

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After the Japs' *banzai* charge, Mike led the counterattack.

COMBAT COOK

By WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

He wasn't supposed to be a fighter, but finally the enemy gave him his chance.

It was in November of 1944 that Mike Papadopolis and Sgt. Abdul Hamid concluded their personal Greco-Turkish war. The time: early on a typhoon-swept morning. The place: Leyte—near Hill 1469, a bare knob thrust above the kunai-grass jungle of Breakneck Ridge behind the Yamashita Line.

Mike Papadopolis was cooking in his old man's diner on Walters Street in Brooklyn when he got his "From the President. . . . Greetings." He was twenty at the time—a big, good-natured kid with a shock of brown hair and an easygoing grin. Also, he was a good cook, so good that some of the customers protested to Joe Papadopolis, Mike's old man, that Mike ought to be exempted from the draft as being employed in an essential war industry.

"Nah," old Joe said belligerently, "Mike's a-go fight. All Papadopolises are fine soldier. Me, I get a medal for fight good in Nineteen-eighteen war. My papa, he's a-fight good back in old country when we fight the Turks in Eighteen-ninety-seven. Now Mike, he's a-fight. Eh, Mike?"

"Sure," Mike said, grinning.

"Maybe he's a-get to be sergeant," old Joe went on. "Comes back home with medals all over, I bet."

Things didn't quite work out so. Mike became a cook. Not that Mike wanted it that way. It was just one of those things that had its beginning at an interview table in the reception center. A lieutenant queried Mike about his past history.

"Occupation in civil life?" the lieutenant asked.

"Cook," Mike said. "In my old man's diner."

"M'm'm'm," the lieutenant murmured, making marks on a form. "Cooks the Army can use."

"Sir, I don't want to be a cook in the Army," Mike explained (Continued on Page 50)

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Why Cleveland Loves Colavito

Cleveland's Rocky Colavito not only hits like Joe DiMaggio but evokes the same wild response from the fans. Here is why this happy-go-lucky powerhouse refuses to say the word "slump."

By EDWARD LINN

At Saturday afternoon games in Cleveland, or any other time when teen-age girls and their older sisters are out at the ball park in force, they periodically break out in such squeals of joy and rapture as to bring back memories of Elvis Presley on a theater stage. The occasion for these outbursts is the appearance at the plate of Rocky Colavito, a tall, curly-haired, smiling young man who is a natural magnet for the bobby-sox fringe of the baseball public.

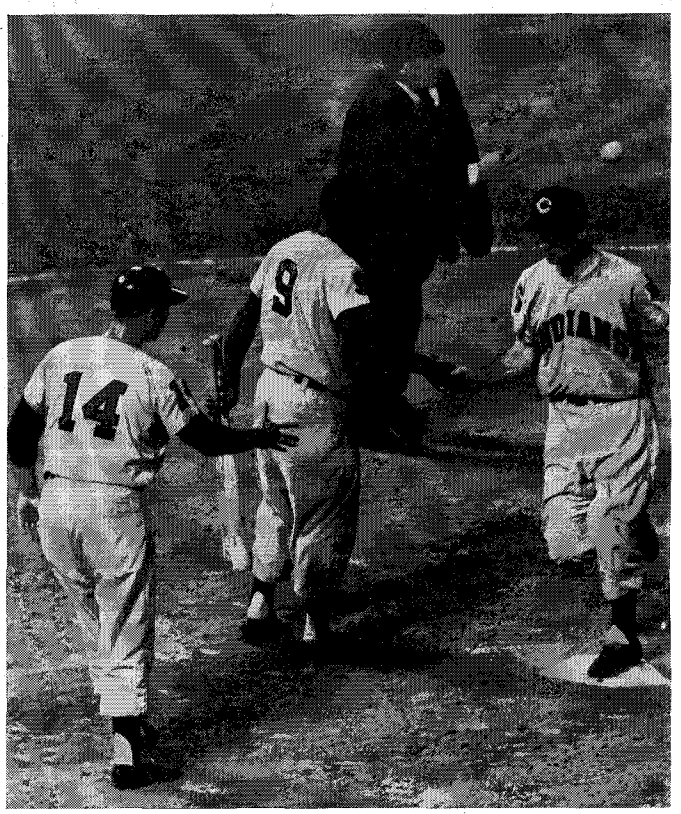
Rocky Colavito—pronounced call-a-VEE-toe—was their hero long before that celebrated day this June when he hit four home runs in one game. For that matter, Rocky has always been an exciting figure to all kinds of Cleveland fans. Even those who have begun to boo him when he slumps—the surest testimonial to his new stature—are keenly aware that on any given swing he may knock the ball out of sight. Not yet twenty-six, he may well establish himself as one of the game's greatest power hitters.

Last year Colavito hit forty-one home runs—only one less than Mickey Mantle, the American League leader. He also topped both major leagues in slugging percentage, a significant figure which is obtained by dividing a hitter's times at bat into his total bases. Rocky's mark was .620. He has been one of the league's top sluggers again this year.

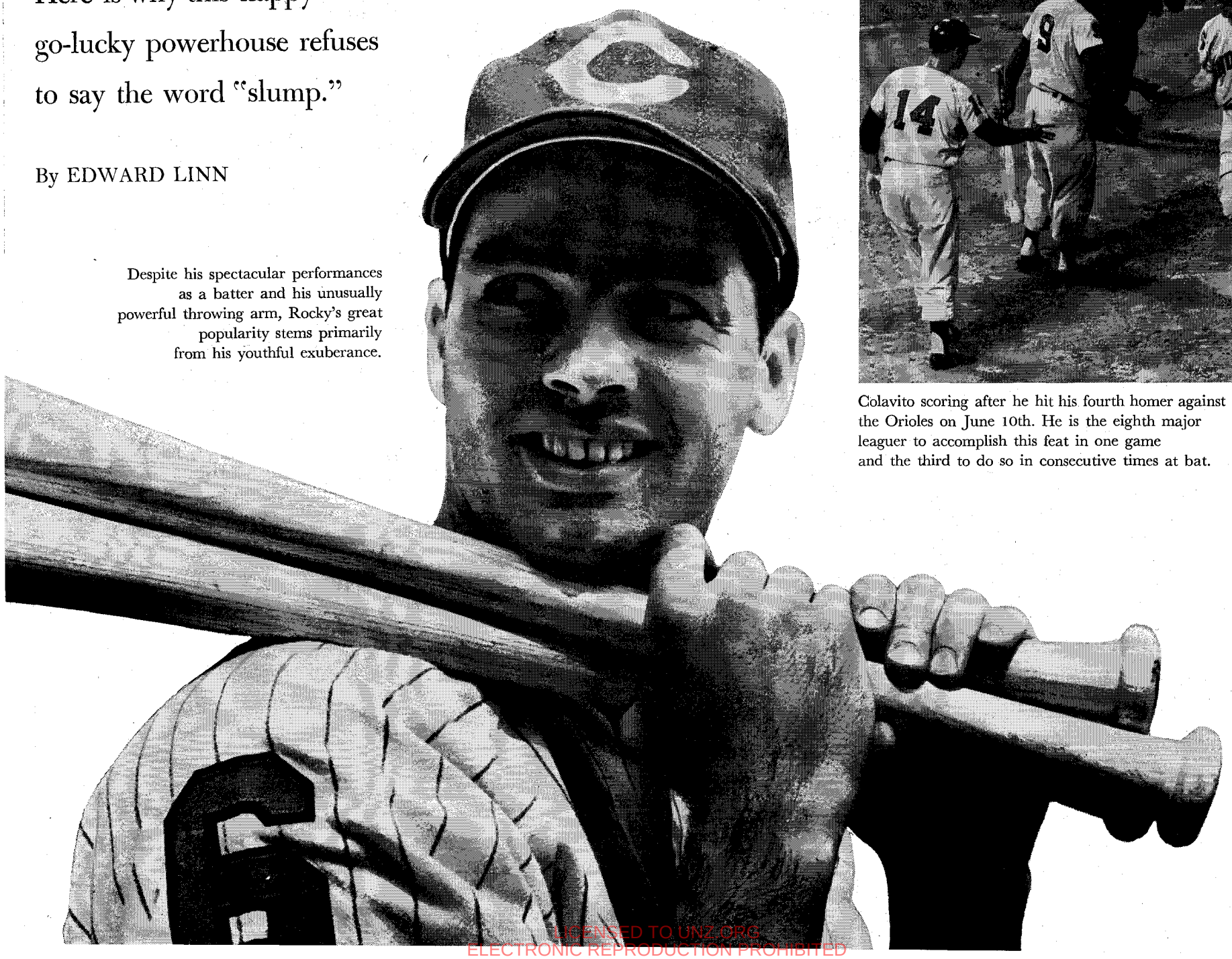
In Cleveland they think Colavito has what it takes to be a national idol. The Indians' general manager, Frank Lane, who is never one to understate a proposition, says happily, "With Ted Williams nearing the end and Mickey Mantle apparently leveling off far below what was expected of him, Rocky should easily become the greatest single gate attraction in the league."

No club has been in more desperate need of such an attraction than the Indians. Their home attendance dropped off from a record 2,620,627 in 1948 to 1,221,780 four years ago, and then to 663,805 last year. Without Colavito, the team undoubtedly would have finished seventh instead of fourth in 1958, and attendance might have sunk so low that the franchise would have shifted to Minneapolis—a move which was being seriously considered right up to the end of the season.

This year, with both Rocky and the ball club off to excellent starts, the early attendance figures at Cleveland were the best in the circuit. By late June the Indians had already drawn more than 500,000 customers at home—nearly double the figure for the same number of home dates last year. (Continued on Page 62)



Colavito scoring after he hit his fourth homer against the Orioles on June 10th. He is the eighth major leaguer to accomplish this feat in one game and the third to do so in consecutive times at bat.



Despite his spectacular performances as a batter and his unusually powerful throwing arm, Rocky's great popularity stems primarily from his youthful exuberance.

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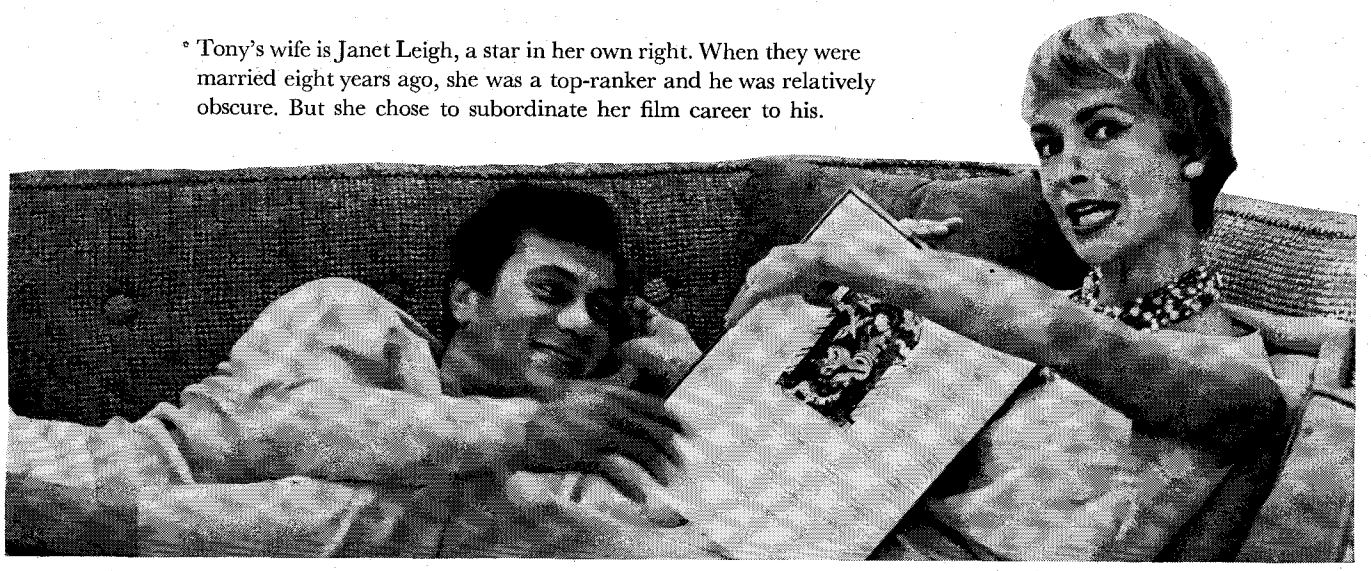
Tony with his daughters Kelly, three, and Jamie, eight months, at home in Beverly Hills. On his left leg is a cast he wore for several weeks because of a split Achilles' tendon he suffered while playing tennis last May.

The Wonderful World of Tony Curtis

By ROBERT JOHNSON

As a poor kid in New York, Tony dreamed of movie stardom. Now that he's on top he can reveal the devastating tensions he faced in adjusting to Hollywood life.



° Tony's wife is Janet Leigh, a star in her own right. When they were married eight years ago, she was a top-ranker and he was relatively obscure. But she chose to subordinate her film career to his.

As far back as he can remember, Tony Curtis always wanted to be a movie star. It was not, of course, a very unusual dream, particularly for a boy who grew up in poverty and felt himself a misfit, an outcast. What is somewhat surprising—and not least of all to Tony himself—is that the dream came true.

As a boy in New York he sometimes used to steal the toys his parents were too poor to buy him. Last year he made more than $1,000,000 before taxes, from percentage deals that bring him about seven cents of every dollar rung up at the box office. He used to hook rides on trolley cars; now he drives a Rolls-Royce. He can remember the time his family was thrown into the streets for lack of rent money; today he lives in a spacious and tasteful $200,000 home in Beverly Hills with his wife Janet Leigh (pronounced "Lee") and two daughters—Kelly, three, and Jamie, born last November. "All of a sudden," he says, "I wake up one day and I'm the master of an estate. Man, it's kookie." (Meaning "crazy," here used in the slang sense of "weird but wonderful.")

He also finds himself, at thirty-four, one of the busiest and most popular actors in the business. In eleven years he has worked in thirty-four pictures. Two of these are still awaiting release—Operation Petticoat, with Cary Grant, and Spartacus, with Kirk Douglas and Sir Laurence Olivier. And he has already signed for his next two, a pair of comedies—Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?, with his wife and Dean Martin, and The Rat Race, with Debbie Reynolds. In the last three years alone his list of screen credits reads like a who's who of box-office champions: Trapeze, The Vikings, The Defiant Ones (which won him an Academy Award nomination this year), and Some Like it Hot—to name only the four biggest.

Meanwhile, Tony's fan mail averages nearly 15,000 letters a month, and his yearly bill for autographed pictures runs to around $35,000. Last spring in a movie-magazine poll he was voted the most popular actor of 1958. And, writing about his performance in The Defiant Ones, the hard-boiled trade paper Variety reported, "This picture automatically establishes Curtis as a major acting talent."

All these things are part of the dream—things he never knew when he was an odd, fearful, tension-ridden kid named Bernie Schwartz growing up in the tenements of Manhattan's shabby East Side. It wasn't that the poverty itself oppressed him much, actually; but there were other, darker influences

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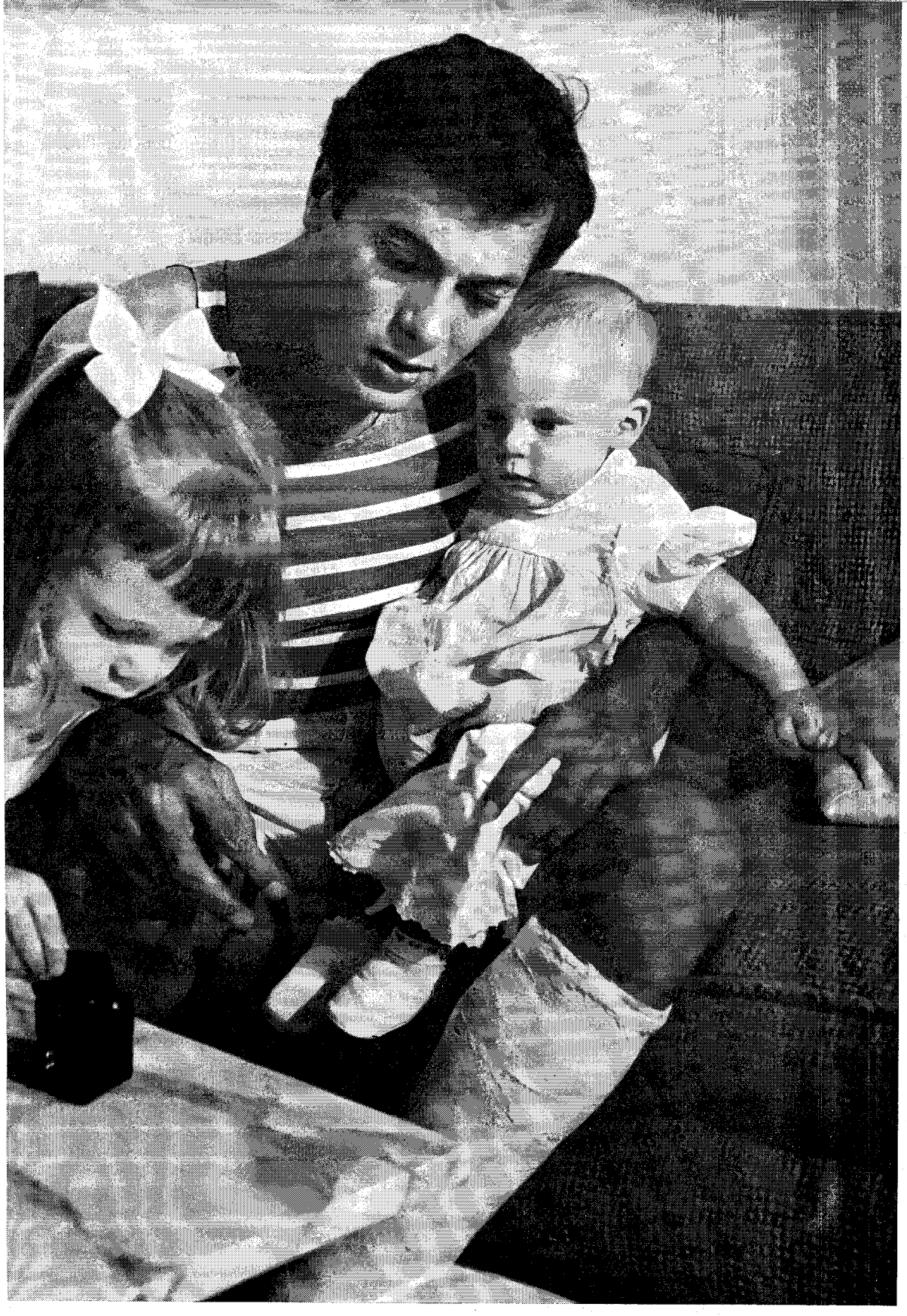


haunting his childhood—guilts and insecurities that finally came close to destroying the grown man five years ago, until an extended period of psychoanalysis gradually helped exorcise the goblins of his past.

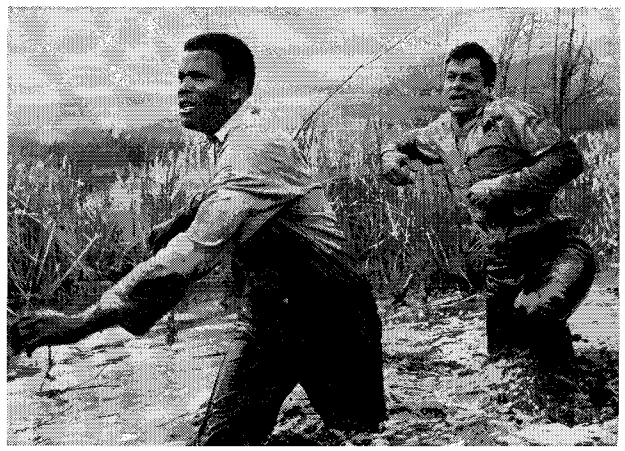
Tony was born on June 3, 1925, the son of Hungarian Jews who had come to America after the First World War, met here and married. Manny Schwartz was a tailor who wanted to be an actor. But acting jobs were scarce during the depression, especially for a man with no experience; and Manny supported his family with a succession of tailoring jobs—now as a presser in a large shop, now with a partner, and sometimes in a tiny shop of his own, with the family living quarters behind. He was a good tailor, Tony thinks, but his heart was never in it; and the family was constantly moving as Manny went from one job to another.

Probably this constant moving was the first cause of young Bernie's insecurity—he never stayed in any one place long enough to feel that he belonged. As a boy he was small and skinny, and the bigger boys used to pick on him—"not because it was me," Tony says, "but a new kid in any neighborhood would be picked on. So I said, 'I gotta find a way of not getting my nose punched every time, because it gets to be a drag.' So I said, 'How do I do it?' And I got it: I was going to be the crazy new kid on the block."

Slight as he was, Bernie had good coordination and a kind of flamboyant daring, and he developed a trick of swinging aboard a fast-moving trolley by running alongside, then grabbing the handrail and letting the trolley's momentum whip his feet off the ground and onto the (Continued on Page 59)

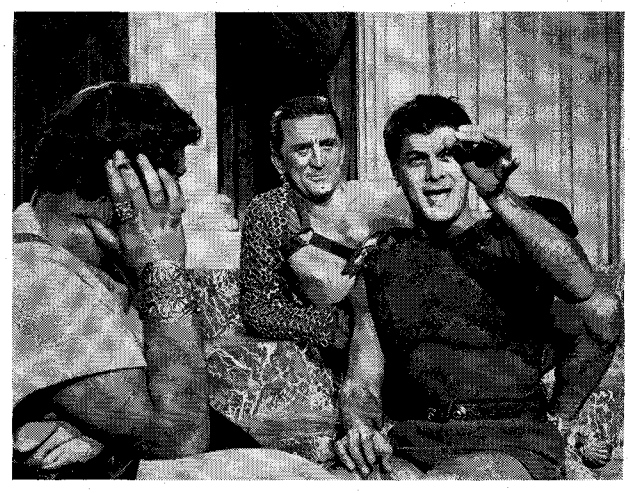
Curtis and Cary Grant on location at Key West for the filming of Operation Petticoat, a forthcoming comedy about submariners.

THE VERSATILE MR. CURTIS



For his dramatic portrayal of an escaped convict in The Defiant Ones last year Curtis, shown here with costar Sidney Poitier, received an Academy Award nomination.

Curtis (left) and Jack Lemmon in costume for their roles in the current comedy hit Some Like It Hot. They are supposed to be masquerading as flappers, back in Prohibition days.



In Spartacus, scheduled for release next spring, Curtis plays the part of a Roman slave. With him on the set here are Peter Ustinov (left) and Kirk Douglas.

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Illustrated by Sam Bates

Mark of Treachery

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

The plot against HARP-TV was an undercover affair—until suddenly it flashed into violence.

Was it possible that a murder on Long Island was somehow linked to the troubles at HARP-TV? After his interview with the mysterious Parsifal Nebo, Avery Truslow III had no doubt that Felicia Sewell, the girl who had ridden into Van Buren with him disguised as a servant, was implicated in the crime.

But it seemed unlikely that Felicia had anything to do with the mounting tension at HARP-TV. For she was now a house guest of Phryne Morningstar, daughter of one of Van Buren's most prominent citizens.

Deke O'Brien, Avery's assistant, was convinced that the station's difficulties were all part of a plot to force the company into bankruptcy.

"Maybe we got us a fifth column," Deke told the station's green young president after one of their most popular programs had been ruined by electronic interference.

III

Avery Truslow III left his office to walk back to the control room. He passed the partially open door of Studio B, from which issued a voice in declamation. He paused. It was some sort of commercial not spoken in the tones of any of the regular announcers. He stepped closer to the door, moved by curiosity. Studio B was not supposed to be in use at that hour.

"This," said the voice, pronouncing each syllable with precious distinctness, "is the voice of Grandma Gunkle's ginger cookies. Bringing you start-el-ing good tidings. Grandma Gunkle loves you all, kiddies and adults. And because of her aff-e-ction for you she has stood over her hot cookstove in her own kit-chen and has baked for your de-lec-tation a batch of her dee-licious, in-im-itable, crunchy, so easily digestible ginger cookies. They contain no del-e-terious in-gredients, nor any con-di-ments to make you fat. Eat all you want, kiddies, and papas and mah-mas. Fresh from Grandma Gunkle's hospital-clean kitchen, and only fifteen cents a box. Packed in her own tip-top box. Send in six of Grandma's tip-tops and receive ab-so-lu-te-ly free a rep-li-ca of the *hist-o-ric back-scratcher used in the Gunkle fam-i-ly* for generations. . . ."

This was too much for Avery. Grandma Gunkle was a complete stranger to him. No such product had purchased time on Station HARP-TV. He pushed open the door and peered into the dimly lighted studio. At a table sat a young man, a boy, with hair the color of freshly ginned cotton. It sorely needed trimming. Red, bony wrists protruded from a too-short-sleeved coat. The face was freckled and the mouth was outsized. As the head bobbed in an excess of elocution, the big ears seemed to flap. Avery recognized the boy. He was a hobbledehoy he had seen about the premises whose job was messenger, office boy, butt of station humorists.

Two girls were talking. He recognized first the voice of his secretary, Gwen Silver.

Avery cleared his throat and the declamation came to a sudden halt. The boy started to his feet, bumping his bony knees, his eyes big with fright.

"What goes on?" Avery asked.

"Oh, Mr. Truslow. Oh. . . . I mean, Oh, my goodness. I ——"

"You what?" Avery asked severely.

"I wasn't doing any damage. I wasn't doing a bit of harm. I was just practicing, Mr. Truslow. Whenever I—I'm not busy, I sneak—I come in here and practice. I practice to be an announcer."

"You want to be an announcer?"

"It is my very dearest and most vi-tal am-bition," declaimed the boy.

"And who is Grandma Gunkle?"

"I made her up, Mr. Truslow, and her in-im-i-table cookies. At night I write the commercials. Every night."

"Dead mike?" asked Avery, pointing to the microphone.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Truslow, but I got to use it to pose with. It is important just how an announcer looks, and I practice to look dignified and alluring. Don't you think an announcer's got to look alluring?"

"I do, indeed. And what is your name?"

"They call me Footsy Bundle," said the lad, "on account of the size of my feet."

"And you practice on station time to be an announcer?"

"Only when I ain't busy. I don't mean any harm. You—you ain't going to fire me, are you?"

Avery walked into the room and patted the boy on the shoulder. "Far from it, Footsy," he said. "You get a two-dollar-a-week raise. Stick to it, kid. I'll tell Mr. O'Brien to have one of our regular announcers give you pointers. Don't neglect your regular job. But keep at it." Avery smiled a man-to-man smile. "I think, Footsy, you've got what it takes. Your commercial was—er—was unusual."

"Oh, Mr. Truslow. Oh, say. Oh, my gosh. Anybody around here says you're a cluck and *a flash-in-the-pan in my hearing* and I swing on him. Oh, golly. Oh, hot diggity."

And thus, though Avery was far from aware of it at the moment, the fable of The Lion and the Mouse was translated to television. He had by his kindliness and understanding made for

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himself an inconspicuous friend, and that inconspicuous recruit gave to him the wholehearted gratitude and admiration of a clumsy puppy. In addition to other things, this little adventure was an opening wedge.

He went back to his office, amused by the boy, but sympathetic. He seated himself at his desk and picked up the day's operating schedule and program log. At the top of the long sheet, code letters were identified: ID signified station identification. PL meant political. DC indicated documentary. K was for kinescope. ET was electrical transmission. T was for tape recording. X signified booth announcer and so on and so forth. Avery was learning the jargon of the industry. For that day, programs began at 7:55 in the morning. He was studying the schedule of the day when the national sales manager came in with papers in his hand.

"Got a minute?" he asked.

"Of course," Avery said. "Sit down. Have a cup of coffee?" It seemed that coffee, by custom, was on tap at all hours.

"One of the big oil companies has taken on a new agency," said the sales manager. "And I get a tip from our rep in Chicago that there's to be a new policy. They're quitting dramatic shows and going in for local weather and news. We never have been able to get a rumble out of them. It looks like a good chance."

"What availabilities have we?" Avery asked.

"We can give them six o'clock or seven-thirty."

"Can you handle it by phone or should you fly to Chicago?"

"The rep seems to think he can do the trick."

"Weather and local news has been sustaining?"

"Yes."

"Nightly?"

"Yes."

Avery took pencil in hand.

"Class AA time," he said. "That's $385 a half hour for thirteen times; $370 a half hour for twenty-six times. That's $5005 for thirteen or $9620 for twenty-six."

"Less," said the sales manager, "fifteen per cent agency fee. And ten per cent of the remaining eighty-five per cent for the rep's fee."

"Sounds like double taxation," Avery said.

"It is, but we must have reps—representatives, and we can't run around the advertising agencies."

"Right."

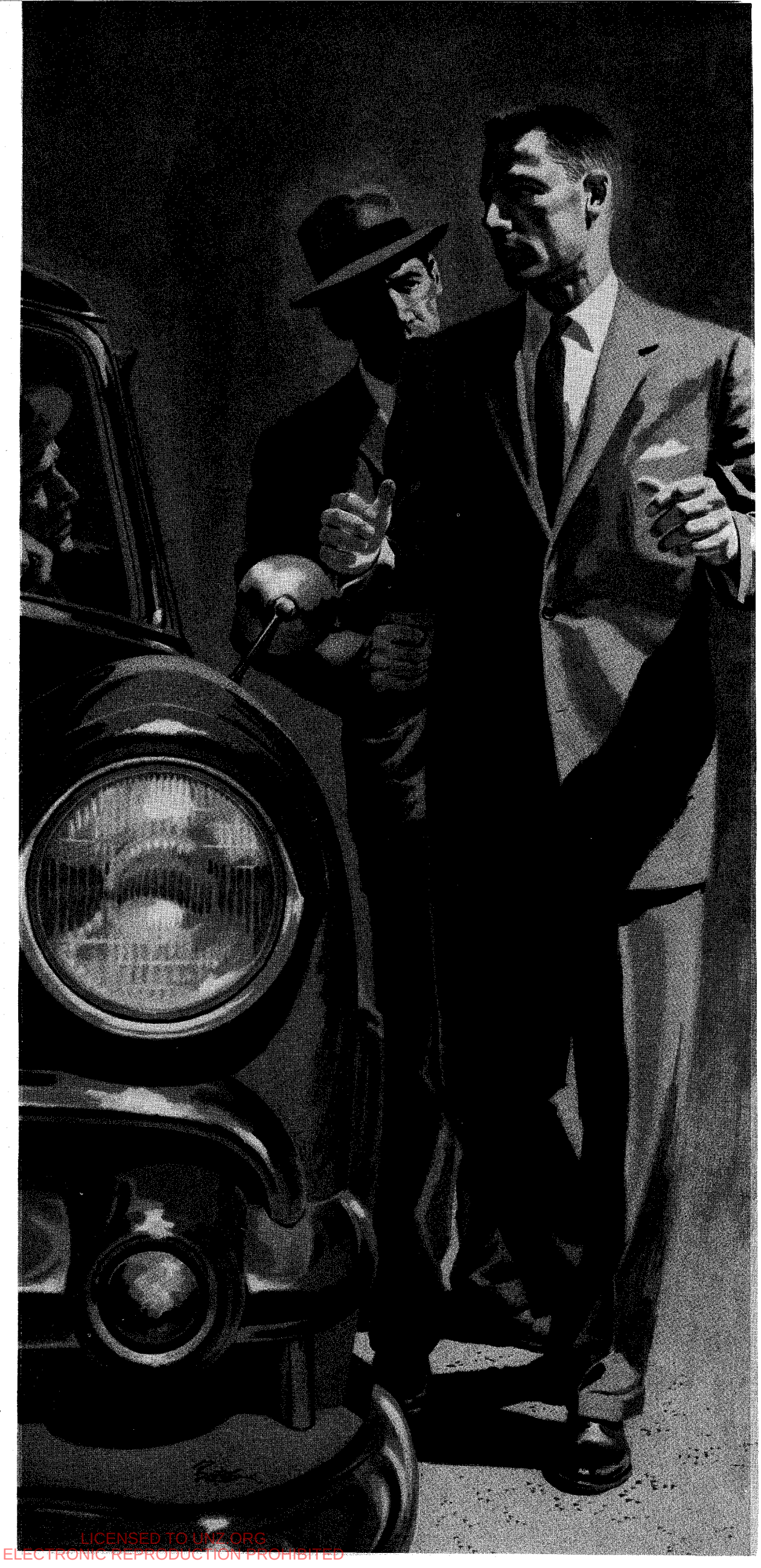
"By the way, my information was confidential. The other stations here won't have it yet. We've got to get a hustle on."

"Get on your mark," Avery said.

The net to the station, for twenty-six half hours, after commissions, Avery's pencil figured, would be $7359.30—a very satisfactory piece of business.

He became aware that the door between his office and the small room occupied by Gwen Silver, his secretary, was ajar. Avery frowned. Confidential communications should not be given with a communicating door open.

Avery continued on his way down the long corridor to the engineering shop, then past the control room and into the projection and film section. Thence, he made his way to the back stairway and (Continued on Page 70)



One man was in the car. Another shoved a gun in Avery's back.

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October 24, 1957: Hoffa and Teamster secretary-treasurer John English as they arrived at AFL-CIO headquarters to plead against suspension. Hoffa asked for a year to clean up his union, but was turned down.

THE STRUGGLE TO GET HOFFA

PART FIVE

Hoffa Confounds His Enemies

By JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

After his union was expelled from the AFL-CIO, the undaunted Teamster boss bounced back by beating perjury and wire-tapping charges. Then at his third hearing Hoffa bested committee counsel Kennedy once more.

The day after the McClellan committee's first hearings ended on Jimmy Hoffa, leader of the Teamsters Union, committee counsel Bob Kennedy took practically his entire investigative staff to Detroit to resume the investigation. He was looking for something new with which to bring down Hoffa—something involving Hoffa directly in a sellout of the workers or in an indictable criminal offense. He had little time. It was August 24, 1957. The Teamsters convention would meet September thirtieth to elect a new president to succeed the fallen Dave Beck. Hoffa was the leading candidate.

At the same time the Teamsters were being hit from other sides. George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, had said in a speech June seventh that Dave Beck "does not belong in the trade-union movement." On September fifth the AFL-CIO Ethical Practices Committee held a hearing on the Teamsters. Beck, defiant, said the charges were based on hearsay. Hoffa, cajoling, explained in detail his private business deals, his association with the racketeer Johnny Dio and his loans from his union, his subordinates and employers with whom his union had contracts. The committee rejected his defense nastily, saying on one point, "If vice president Hoffa believes his statement, we again can attribute it only to his insensitivity to the most elementary principles of trade-union morality." On September sixteenth the committee reported to the AFL-CIO Executive Council that Beck and Hoffa had used union funds for personal purposes and their union position for personal profit, that Hoffa had promoted the interests of notorious labor racketeers, and that the union was "dominated or substantially influenced by corrupt influences." On September twenty-fourth the McClellan committee opened the second Hoffa hearings.

Bob Kennedy has said, "Some people thought we shouldn't have hearings just before the Teamsters convention. But if we didn't make public the evidence till after the convention, the delegates could always say, 'God, if we'd known all that, we'd never have voted for him.'" Hoffa did not attend; he was in Miami Beach, preparing for the convention. A committee investigator has said, "We didn't force him to appear. We were afraid we'd make a martyr of him."

Just as the first hearings had put on view Hoffa's New York associates, so did the second hearings display his Detroit friends. Some of them took the Fifth Amendment. Kennedy was hurrying. Sometimes his questions tumbled out too fast to be answered. Once he said impatiently to a friendly witness, "I don't want to go into all those details." The senators seldom interrupted. When a witness took the Fifth, nobody wasted time badgering him. The committee worked long hours, convening one day at ten A.M., working till 9:35 P.M. and reconvening at 8:40 A.M. There was an urgency about the proceedings. And a tension, too—a key witness said he had been threatened.

Midway in the week Chairman John L. McClellan decided to call Hoffa himself as a witness on Saturday, even though the convention would start on Monday. But on Wednesday Hoffa was indicted for perjury by a Federal grand jury in New York. It already had indicted him for wire tapping—had charged that in

(Continued on Page 83)

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LOVE GAS

By JACOB HAY

To thaw this chilly blonde, the scientist dreamed up a special formula.

Thank you, Mr. Chairman and members of this joint committee. My, but it certainly is grand to see such a fine, upstanding group of congressmen and senators here in this magnificent capital city of ours, eh? Yes, indeedy, Mr. Chairman. Be delighted, just perfectly delighted to oblige.

For the record then, I am Dr. Walton J. Thisby, director of the Dexter Chemical Warfare Research Facility, located on the outskirts of Dexter, Pennsylvania, and what a splendid little city it is, may I add? What? Yes, sir. We certainly don't want to delay this testimony, do we? Not when it's as important as I'm sure you'll all agree, once you've heard it.

Well, then, to put it briefly, Mr. Chairman and senators, I think the great little gang I have the honor to direct up there in Dexter has got this war thing licked. L-i-c-k-e-d, once and for all. And I think the Government—as a matter of fact, the whole, wide, wonderful world—owes a gigantic debt to that sterling young chemist, and my good pal, Dr. Samuel Preston, or Sam, as I like to call him.

And just to think that there was a time when all I wanted from life was for good old Sam Preston to drop dead.

But perhaps I'd best explain that remark in a little more detail, eh?

Gentlemen, on the map, Dexter, Pennsylvania, is no different from a thousand other small cities. But that's only on the map. What makes Dexter different is the location there of the Dexter Chemical Warfare Research Facility, a civilian operation of the U.S. Army's Chemical Warfare Service. Our mission was and is what our name implies, although I think I can safely say that we can forget the whole business now. Who needs any more research?

I will not bore such a knowledgeable and intelligent group as this committee with the basic facts of chemical warfare, which has been variously described as at once the most fiendish and the most humane form conflict can take.

Our job was to keep this grand and glorious country of ours one step ahead of any potential enemy.

As you gentlemen can well imagine, Dexter, Pennsylvania, was of two minds about the establishment of the Facility in its northern suburbs just a little more than two years ago. While the Chamber of Commerce felt that the Government payroll (Continued on Page 74)

"I will not," she said, "bandy chitchat with a man who invents poison gases."

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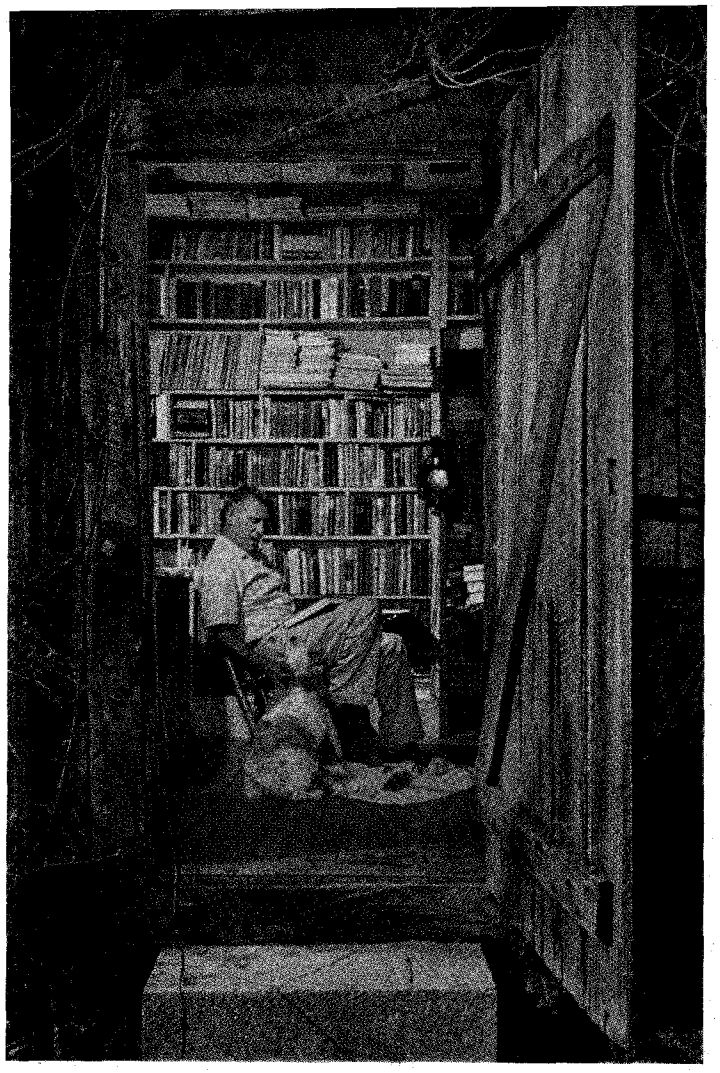
MY FRIEND JESSE STUART

By JOHN BIRD

A Post editor tells the remarkable story of the penniless mountain boy from Kentucky whose knack for surviving misfortune led him to fame.



Jesse Stuart in his homemade "office," formerly a tool shed and smokehouse. Here, surrounded by books, paintings and manuscripts, he writes his poems, short stories and novels, based on life in his hills.

The Stuarts of W-Hollow. When courting his wife, Naomi Deane (right), Jesse brought her wild flowers and poems—but also carried loaded pistols. Daughter Jessica Jane (left) also is a poet.

In the fall of 1954 I was shaken by the news that my friend Jesse Stuart, writer, teacher and farmer in the Kentucky hills, had been felled by a heart attack. The outlook was dismal. If big, rugged Jesse survived, he might be a long-time invalid. No longer could he roam the countryside he loved. No longer could he challenge life with the lusty confidence of one of nature's favored children, sure that he could lift more, walk farther, or write faster and longer than ordinary mortals from the flatlands.

I remembered, sadly now, one time when I had visited Jesse in his crooked little valley

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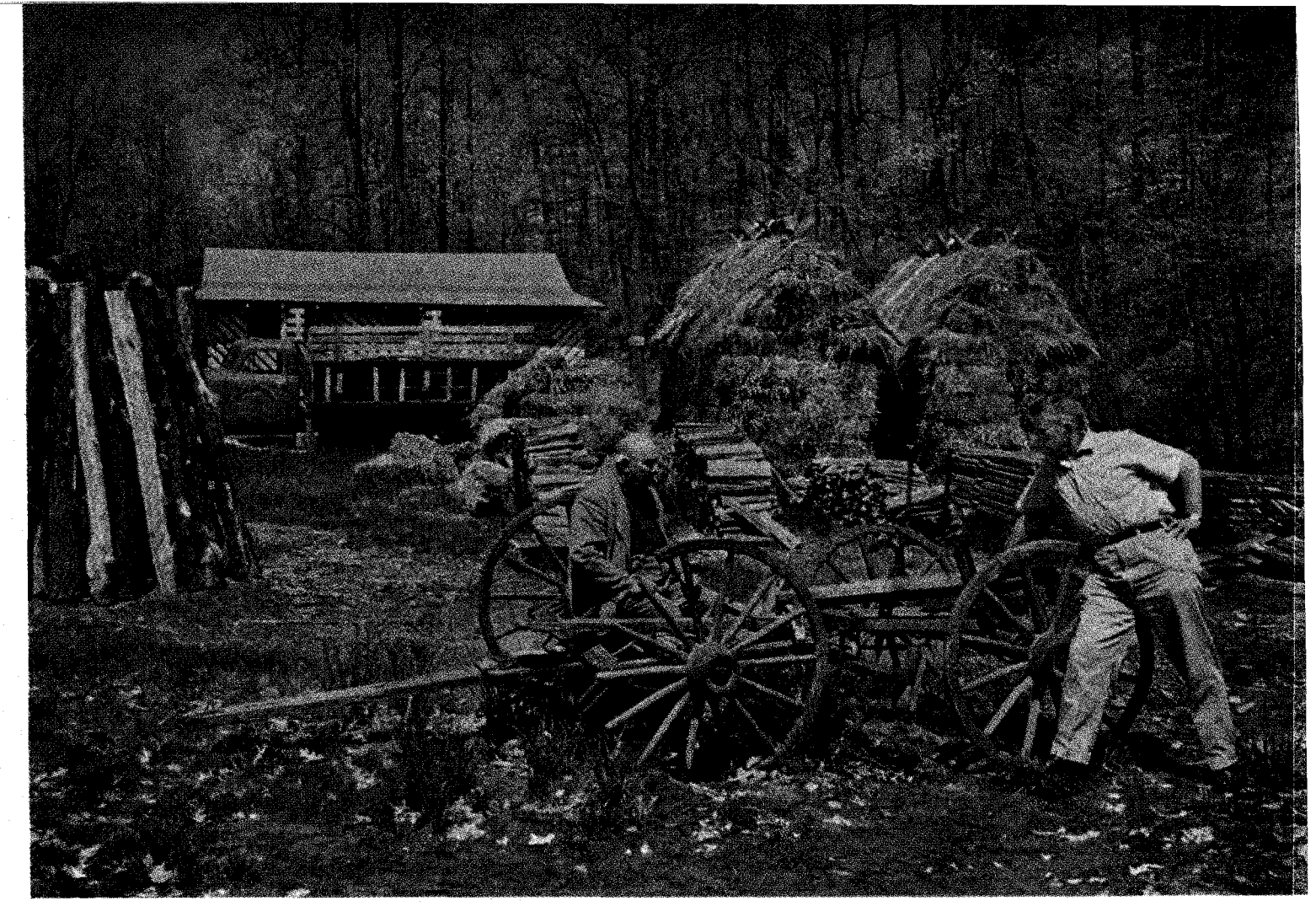
Photographs by Gus Pasquarella

Swapping stories with old-timers at Greenup County courthouse, Stuart sits in front of monument his former students put up in his honor.



Stuart now owns the hilly lands his parents once share-cropped. Here he agrees to buy two cows from his Uncle Jesse Hylton, 80 years old.

called W-Hollow, and how after breakfast—he ate six eggs and a plateful of bacon—we went up the hill to feed his chickens. At the gate of the pen we were challenged by a shoddily feathered white rooster, and Jesse stepped inside the pen and sparred for a few minutes with the contentious old bird, then shammed defeat and retreated while the rooster made the valley echo with his victory crow.

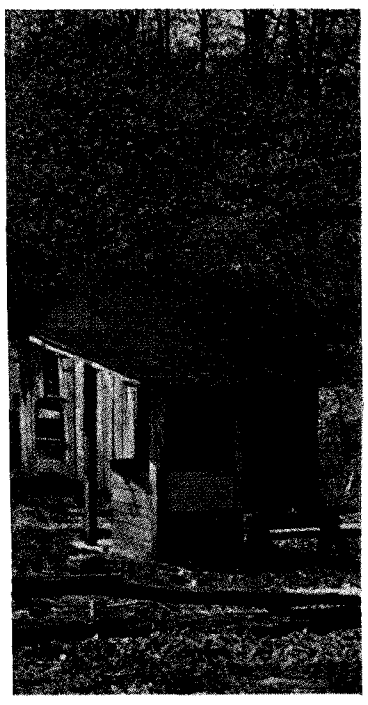
"Why did you go through that performance?" I asked, "For exercise?"

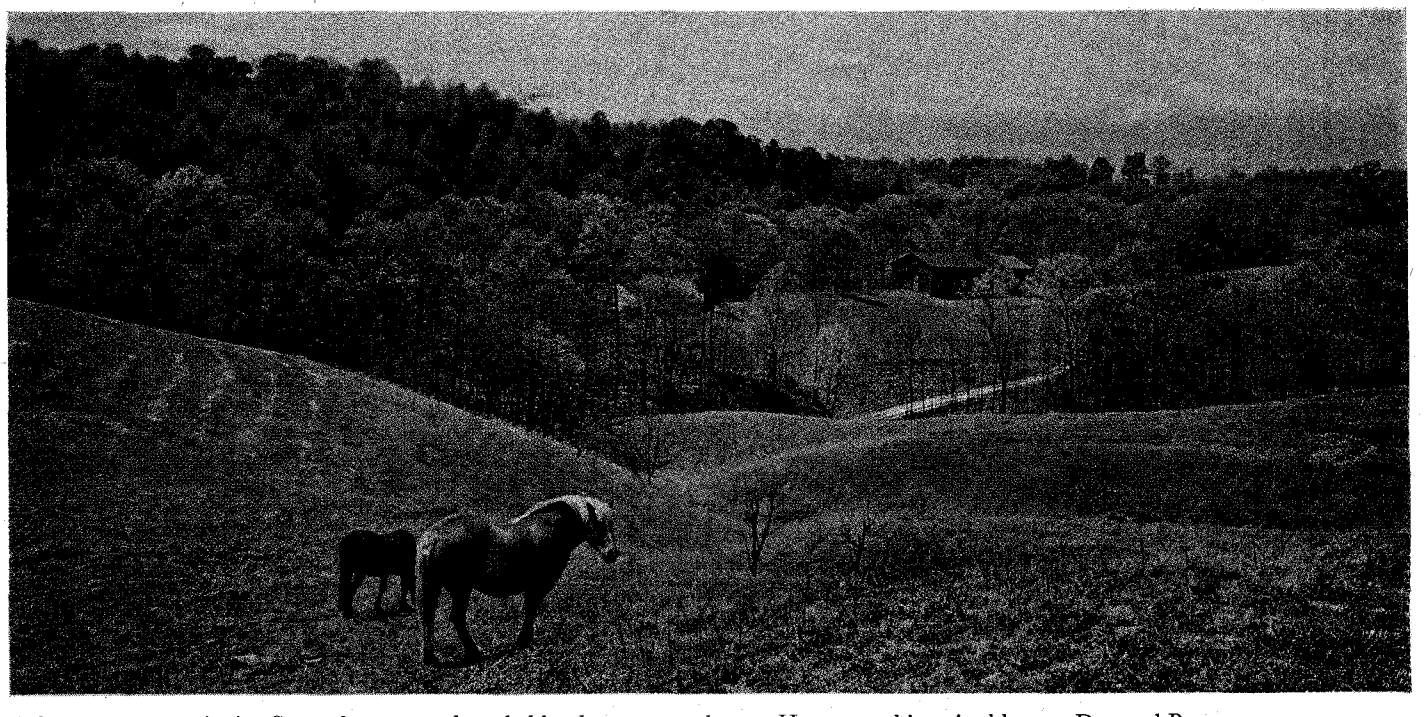
"No," Jesse said seriously. "That old boy is past his prime and the young roosters all run him off. So I let him whip me to build up his pride. Life isn't worth much if you can't compete."

As I recalled this, I wondered, *What will happen to Jesse, now that he can't compete?*

But I needn't have worried. I soon learned that even while the doctors were telling Jesse he must take things easy for at least a year, he had started writing a book, dictating a few sentences a day to his wife, Naomi Deane. After a month and a half he was allowed to go home by ambulance, under orders to stay in bed and have no visitors. In his bedroom—he called it "my island"—he continued to dictate his impressions of life around him—the winter songs of the birds that visited the feeding box he had built for them long ago, the sound of the wind against the hand-hewn clapboards of his house, the routine of the household. He knew he had won an important skirmish when, at last, he was permitted to write with his favorite old fountain pen. He could barely grasp it in his stiffened fingers and was limited to one page a day—he who had once dashed off a full-scale book in eleven days and nights of furious concentration.

Jesse's heart gradually healed, and his world began to expand (Continued on Page 79)





A fervent conservationist, Stuart has restored eroded land to grass and trees. Here graze his retired horses, Doc and Bess.

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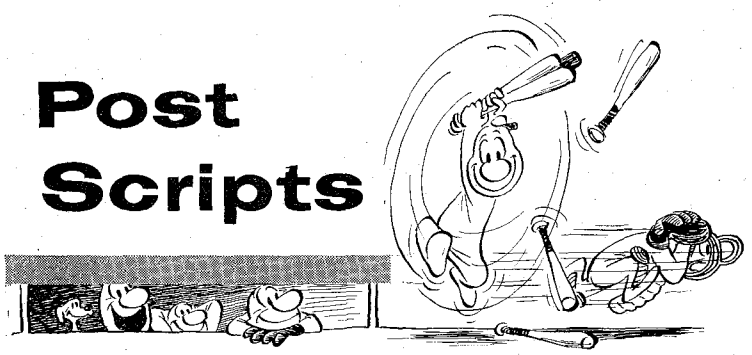
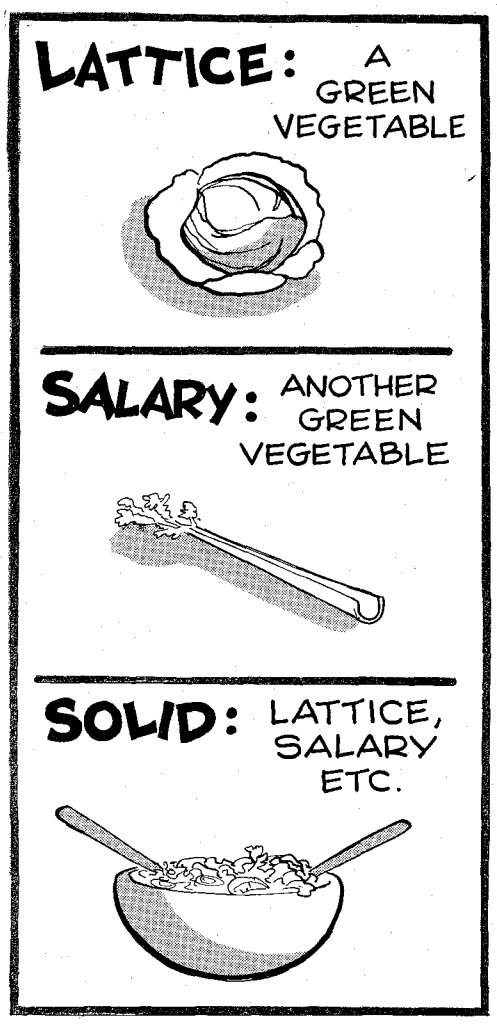
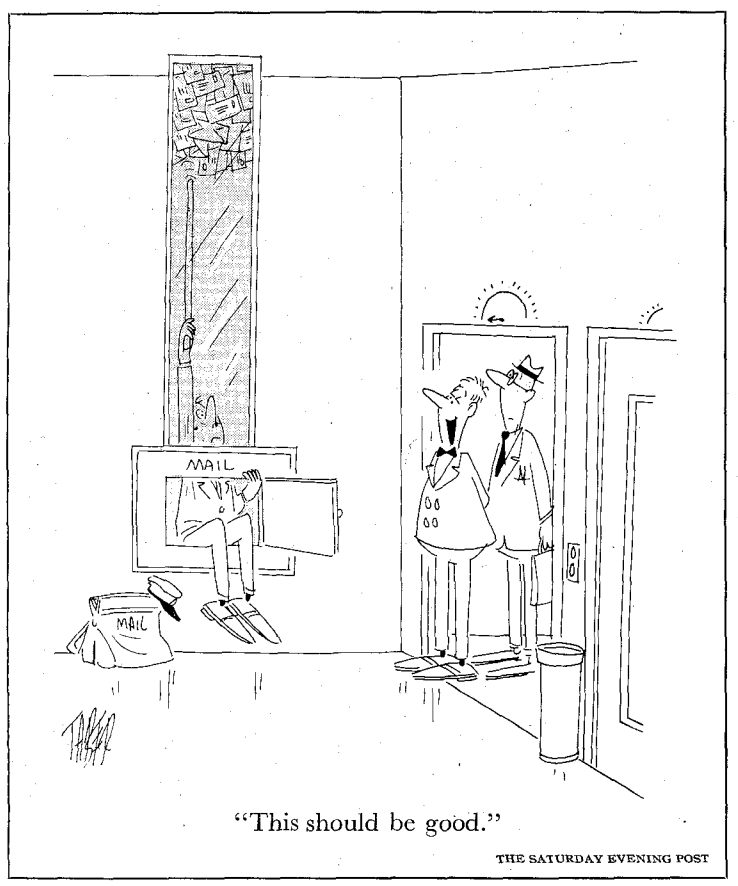
Post Scripts



Pun-Abridged Dictionary



BIL KEANE



"This should be good."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Just Give Me Time and I'll Get There

"Yes, sir, it's been bad weather for baseball—I mean, you can't make any money off rain-outs and refunds; and say, that reminds me! Friday night I came home and got the mail off the hall table the way I always do, and here was a letter from the Internal Revenue Service! Well, sir, after I stopped shaking, I opened the thing up, read it, and—now you may not believe this—but I'm getting a refund! Me! The original Eight-Ball Kid! Well, of course I double-checked the name and address—all O.K., it was me, all right, no mistake; and what I'd done was, it seems I'd mixed up Line seventeen with Line one hundred and seventeen or some darn thing, and anyway ——"

"You've got a point there, and I'll admit it; the boys in the statehouse aren't one hundred per cent perfect, and maybe they do some dumb things once in a while, but still, on the other hand, you've got to admit they're not exactly overpaid. And say, speaking of overpaying! Friday night I came home and got the mail off the hall table ——"

"Sure, you hear a lot these days about Berlin and everything, but I got it straight from my brother-in-law who got it from a friend that's a real wheel in Washington that if anybody tries to pull a fast one on old Uncle Sam, they're in for a surprise. And say, speaking of surprises! Friday night I came home and ——"

"Now, I'm not saying Marv Tidwell handled the account the way it should have been handled, but all the same I don't think J.W. should have chewed him out in front of the whole office. I mean, you treat somebody that way, and someday you're liable to get it back, right in the —— And say, speaking of getting things back! Friday night ——"

PEG BRACKEN

Mein Grossfader's Fable Tellen

DAS THIEFENSTEALER UND DER POOCH

Ein sneakisch thiefenstealer ben upcreepen in der deepisch nighten mit robben ein haus. Suddenisch ein poochenpup guarden das haus ben outgaben mit der loudisch barken!

Das thiefenstealer ist tossen breadencrusters mit stoppen der barken. Der barken ist nicht stoppen.

Das thiefenstealer ist tossen meatenscrappers mit stoppen der barken. Der barken ist nicht stoppen.

Finalisch, der loyalisch pooch ben arousen das sleepen master. Ach! Das master ist rushen to ein window und shooten mit der bangenspitter!

DER LESSON: Stoppen der barken ben simplisch mit ein gun.

DAS WOLF UND DER LAMBKIN

Ein grosser wolf ben drinken mit uplappen der wasser in ein creeker. Suddenisch ein smallisch lamb ist appearen und drinken.

"Stoppen das muddlen mein wasser!" das wolf ben yellen.

"Dummkoff!" der lambkin ben answeren. "Meinself ist downstreamisch und mein muddlen nicht ben upmessen der wasser yourselfer ist drinken."

Das wolf ben sitten mit deepisch thinken. "Ach, Himmel!" das wolf ben exclaimen. "Der lambkin ist smartisch."

Mit approachen der lambkin, das wolf ben proposen ein dinner. Der lambkin ist accepten.

DER LESSON: Even smartisch lambkins ist maken awfulisch mistookers.

DAS FADER UND DER YOUNGISCH SON

Ein fader ben despairen mit watchen der youngisch son smoken der zigarettens und carousen mit der *Fräuleins*. Himmel! Das fader ist beggen der son ist reformen und pleaden mitout succeeden. Finalisch, ein teacher ist reminden das fader, "Benden ein twigger ist trainen der growen."

Das fader ist strainen mit forcen der benden. Ach! Der trainen ben worken, und soonisch das twigger ist growen mit pleasen das fader! In der meantimers, der youngisch son ist rootentooten und raisen der roofen mit landen insiden ein jailenhaus.

DER LESSON: Das sap ben risen in der wrongisch twigger.

DAVE MORRAH

The Office Outing

Released from protocol's strictures
And office decorum's dampers,
Neat stenos present lush pictures
Unhampered over the hampers.

And so we behold past doubting
A lot of romantic beginnings.
For here at the Office Outing
The girls are having their innings!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

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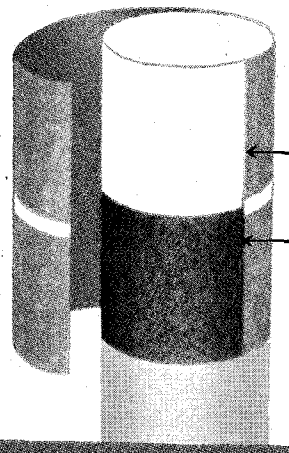
Dual filter does it!

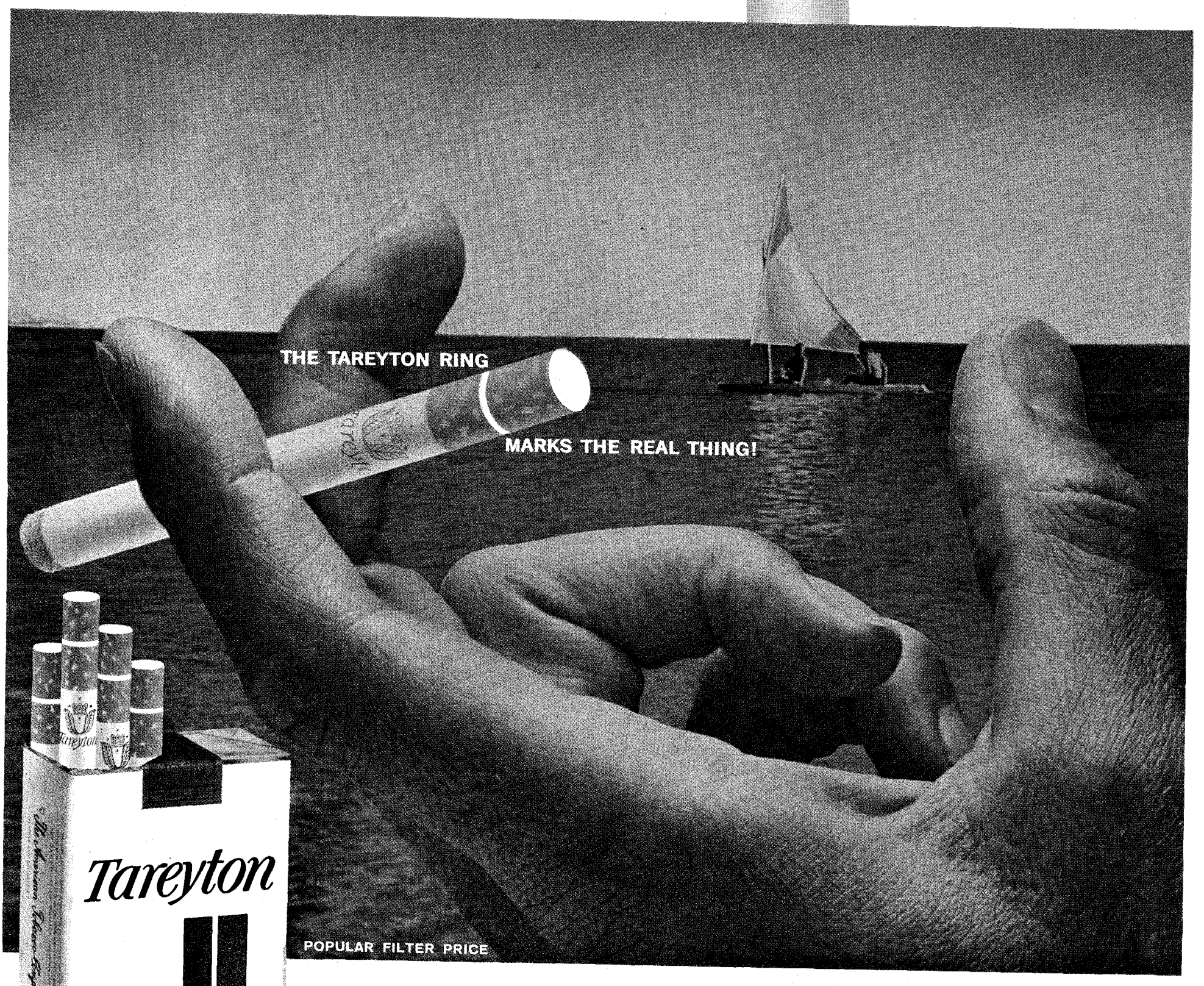
Gives you the real thing in mildness...
in fine tobacco taste...as no single filter can!

How that ring gets around! You've seen it yourself—as more and more smokers swing to Dual Filter Tareytons. Pick up a pack today—and you'll find out why!



HOW TAREYTON'S DUAL FILTER WORKS:

1. It combines an efficient pure white outer filter . . .
2. with a unique inner filter of ACTIVATED CHARCOAL . . . which has been definitely proved to make the smoke of a cigarette milder and smoother.



NEW DUAL FILTER *Tareyton*

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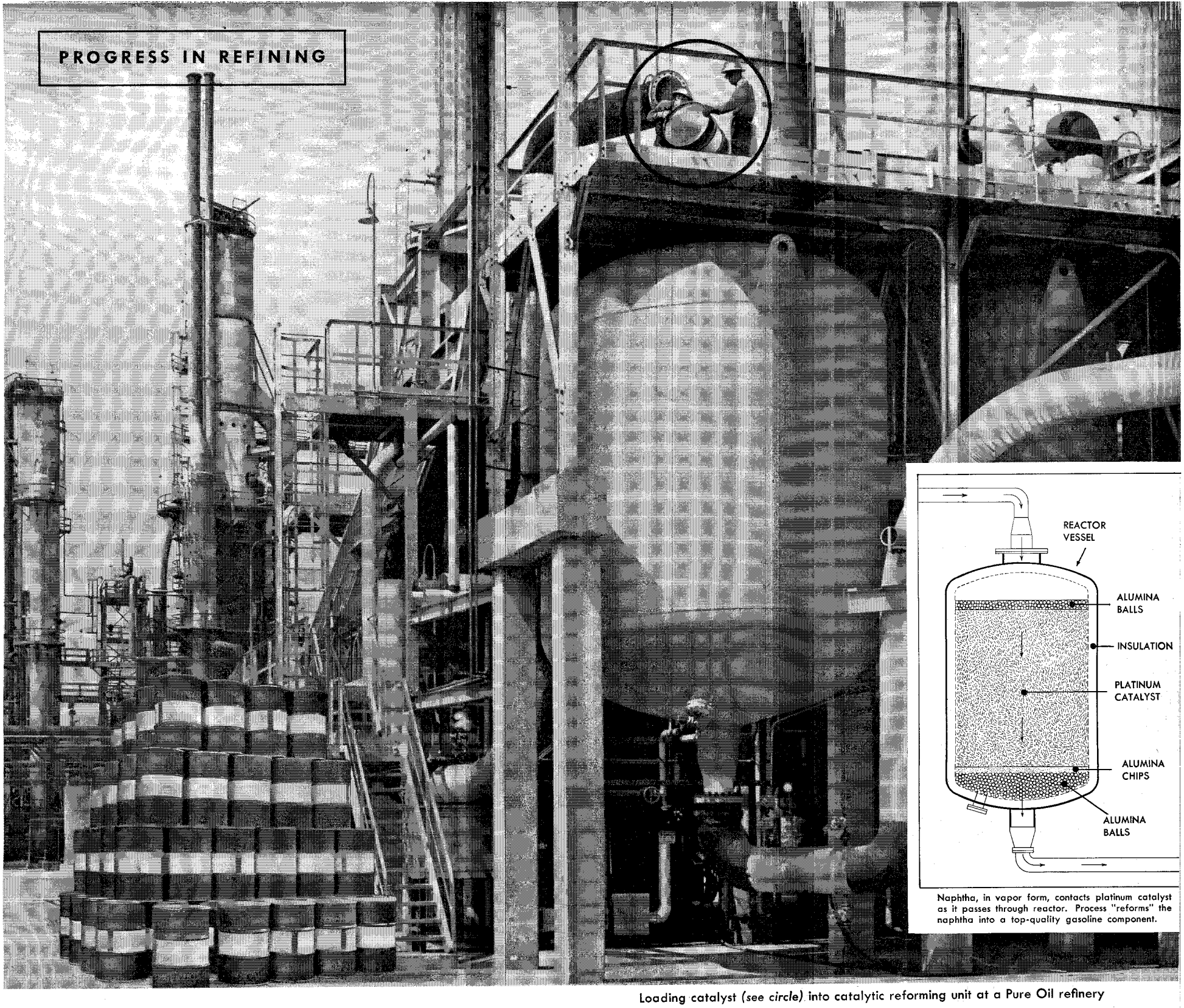

Naphtha, in vapor form, contacts platinum catalyst as it passes through reactor. Process "reforms" the naphtha into a top-quality gasoline component.

Loading catalyst *(see circle)* into catalytic reforming unit at a Pure Oil refinery

How platinum - ¾ of a ton of it - helps put more go in PURE Gasolines

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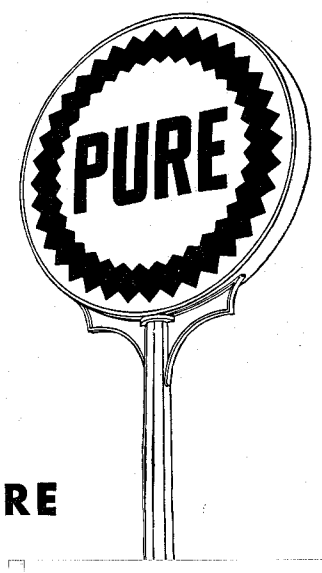

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The log jam rushed at them.
"Jump!" yelled Mike.

DEATH WALK

With terrible speed the wild water hurled them toward disaster.

By ARTHUR MAYSE

The raft was ready. Mike Clendon had fashioned it from the timbers of an old cabin. On it he and Morg Halsted and Morg's daughter Linn would float down the Maxada River to civilization.

Three days before, Morg and Linn had crashed in their light plane while flying over the British Columbia Coast Range. Mike, a young prospector, pulled them from the wreck. Morg's foot was badly hurt and the danger of fatal infection was great. So Mike put Morg on his back and carried him through the wilderness to the Maxada.

En route they were trailed by a wounded grizzly bear, likely at any moment to spring from the forest and attack. And during the trek Mike fell in love with Linn, a quiet girl, engaged to a lawyer back in the States.

V

Mike Clendon watched Linn give her father a watered drink, firming a decision that had begun to shape as he learned the wicked power of the river, and later while he hammered ancient spikes that crumpled and disintegrated, eaten lean by rust.

"I'll be leaving you here," he said. "You'll have the ax, Linny, and matches, all the gear. With a fire going and a snug camp, you and Morg will do fine."

She was staring at him, no color in her face. He said, "I'll ram right through. If I hit the coast tonight, there may even be a helicopter up for you in the morning. Or at least a Search and Rescue plane to drop a doctor."

Still she stared. They'd want the triangle of distress fires too—in case he didn't make it, those were important, vital.

"Come on," he said, with that shocked, wide gaze upon him, "let's rustle wood."

"Mike, why?"

"Splits the risk. If the raft flips, I can get to shore. I'm not deserting you, Linny; I'd never do that. Just see it as common sense, will you?" He forced a smile. "The other way, we've all our eggs in one basket."

"No!" She drove it at him stubbornly in a brittle, small

(Continued on Page 54)

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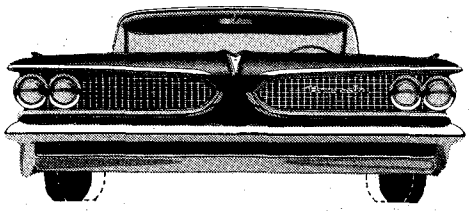

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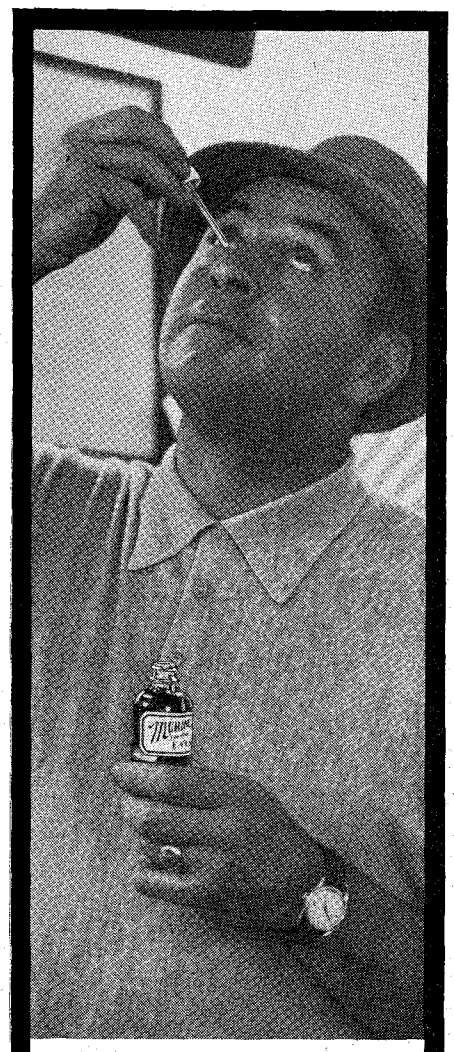

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The Rockefeller Nobody Knows

(Continued from Page 15)

rather accurately in college when, after studying his grandfather's career, he remarked to a classmate, "My grandfather never broke a law, but a lot of laws were passed because of him." The first John D. was not only the richest man of his era; he was also one of the most hated. He was denounced by an American President—Theodore Roosevelt, to whom Nelson Rockefeller is often compared these days—as a "malefactor of great wealth," and to many he was the living symbol of greed. The hatred for the first John D. Rockefeller certainly had something to do with the fact that the second John D., Nelson's father, gave away more money than any other man in history. It very probably has something to do with Nelson's urge to prove himself by the most difficult route of all for a very rich man, especially a very rich Republican—the ballot-box route.

It is worth recalling, moreover, that Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller, like all other human beings, had two grandfathers. And although he is almost forgotten now, his maternal grandfather, Sen. Nelson Aldrich of Rhode Island, was as big a mover and shaker in his day as John D. Rockefeller. Toward the end of his thirty years in the Senate, Aldrich was the dominant figure in that august body, the spokesman of the conservative interest, the leader of the right-wing Republican opposition to Theodore Roosevelt. He was also what the thin-lipped, prohibitionist Baptist, John D., certainly was not—a gay old dog, with a taste for good wine, pretty women, fine horses and good pictures. He was a natural-born politician, and like most such, an immensely likable man. He, too, is certainly apepperin' his grand son from beyond the grave.

In any case, both of Nelson Rockefeller's grandfathers were most remarkable men—they could not have been otherwise, to rise, like Aldrich, from farm boy to Senate leader, or like Rockefeller, from the son of an itinerant peddler of herbal medicines to the richest man in the world. A geneticist would confidently predict that a union of such lines would eventually produce something pretty extraordinary. The five Rockefeller brothers are all able men in their own ways. But judging from the record, Nelson is the only one who deserves the label, "extraordinary." And one of the most extraordinary things about him is that to most people he does not seem extraordinary at all. "Why," new acquaintances are likely to say, after remarking on how nice he is, "he's as comfortable as an old shoe."

Let us try to describe Nelson Rockefeller as he might seem on first acquaintance. At fifty-one he looks from only a little distance like a newly minted Dartmouth graduate. (Most rich men look younger than they are. "Wealth preserves," a wag has remarked, in paraphrase of Lord Acton, "and great wealth preserves absolutely.") He has a strong, jut-jawed face, all his hair, and no glasses. His blue-gray eyes are the most striking feature of his face. They are somewhat hooded, and long and narrow at either end, so that they have a faintly Oriental look. Despite the odd eyes, the face is friendly, open, boyish. It is the kind of face children instinctively like. In his campaign for governor, Rockefeller had a Pied Piper effect on children, just as President Eisenhower did in his two campaigns. (Maybe the children are more reliable political indices than the opinion polls. Harriman and Adlai Stevenson are both non-Pied Pipers.)

Rockefeller is built like a football guard, although in fact he played soccer, probably because his parents feared that a football-playing Rockefeller would attract too much attention. He has the fierce physical energy which sometimes goes with a stocky frame. His manner is friendly to the point of heartiness, his grip firm, his laugh exuberant, his smile broad. His customary greeting to male acquaintances is, "Hi, fella." His talk is enthusiastic and animated, but it can suddenly become guarded when certain subjects—notably his plans for 1960—are introduced. Like President Eisenhower, he is an unabashed user of idealistic clichés. He likes to talk about his job, but he does not much like to talk about himself. He does not smoke, and he has few mannerisms, though he occasionally brushes his hair with his hands.

He does have certain small eccentricities. He has a passion for rearranging objects. Even in a perfect stranger's house, he will instantly march up to a crooked picture on the wall and straighten it, and he has been known to rearrange all the furniture in a friend's room, absent-mindedly, as it were. One beautiful and witty lady remembers being somewhat miffed when, during a tête-à-tête dinner, he seemed more interested in achieving a more artistic arrangement of the table flowers than in her sprightly conversation. Because he can afford it, he also likes to change the landscape about—he has been known to have large trees and even small forests uprooted and replanted nearer to his heart's desire.

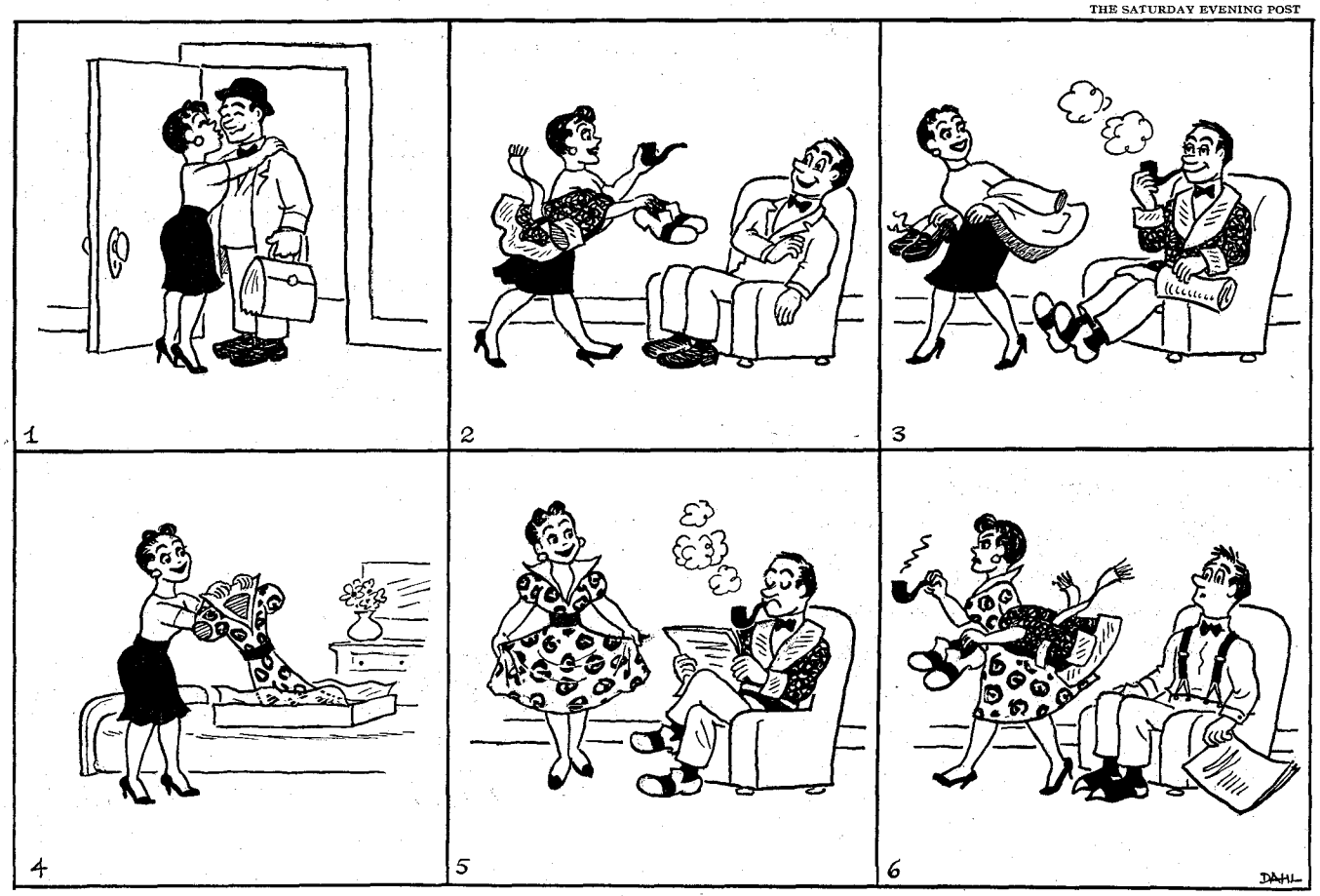
He has other little peculiarities. Although far healthier than most horses, he is a pill lover. He always carries a large supply of pills, and, since he hardly ever needs a pill himself, he prescribes them in large quantities for the ailments of acquaintances. (Oddly, his medical ministrations are generally effective.) He is also completely incapable of spelling correctly, a failing which he admits cheerfully and even with something of the quiet pride with which tone-deaf people acknowledge their defect.

Yet, despite these minor eccentricities, the impression Rockefeller conveys is one of healthy, self-confident, exuberant normality. If such a thing is possible, he seems an abnormally normal man. That is the impression he has always conveyed since he was a very young man. Here, for example, is a Dartmouth professor who knew him well:

"When he came to my house, he behaved exactly as though he came from a well-organized, relaxed, middle-class family. He'd go into the kitchen after supper and help with the dishes without a trace of

THE GREENWOODS **By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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self-consciousness, as though he always did the same thing in his own house—maybe he did, for all I know."

And here is Nelson Rockefeller through the eyes of his Dartmouth classmates, in letters to this reporter:

"In his whole college career, Nelson was 'one of the boys.'" . . . "His normal appearance—crew cut, dirty corduroy pants and a green sweater—was as sloppy, if not more so, than the college average." . . . "He was always so outgoing and cheerful it was impossible not to like him." . . . "Nelson won many honors, scholastically and socially, but he won them on merit." . . . "He had and apparently still has the personality of a natural politician." . . . "He wanted to be accepted as a 'regular guy.'" . . . "He was just thoroughly wholesome in a very masculine way."

He was intelligent, but not immoderately so—"in his studies," writes his former roommate, John French, "he was a hard, conscientious (though not brilliant) worker, with an inquiring mind." He was a good soccer player, but no standout as an athlete. He was earnest and highly moral—he taught Sunday school and "did not swear, smoke or drink"—but he also "loved a good roughhouse." He was on a modest allowance, and he was rather pinchpenny. "The price of our fraternity picture was fifty cents unframed and a dollar framed. . . . Nelson said he would take it unframed, for he could frame it himself for less than fifty cents." All in all, the impression that emerges of Nelson Rockefeller in those days is of a boy unremarkable in every way except one—he was remarkably likable. There is no doubt at all that he was one of the two or three best-liked boys in his class. In most other ways he was almost ostentatiously ordinary.

And surely this is rather mysterious, that unique circumstances, the vast wealth, the hated name, the enormous estates, the armies of servants, and all the rest of it, should produce an ordinary, likable young man, a regular guy in an old green sweater. Part of the explanation seems to be that it happened that way because it was planned that way. In some ways, at least, Nelson Rockefeller represents the extraordinary trained to appear ordinary.

His classmates recall a story about the battered old wreck of a car Rockefeller owned in his senior year. A friend asked him why he didn't get rid of it and get something better. "Who do you think I am," Rockefeller is supposed to have replied, "a Vanderbilt?"

The story is probably apocryphal—it has been told about other Rockefellers—but like many apocryphal stories it has a valid point. The third-generation Rockefellers were trained rigorously to avoid Vanderbiltian airs. (In fact, the Vanderbilts in those days looked down on the Rockefellers, just as the Astors had looked down on the Vanderbilts, and the Stuyvesants and Van Rensselaers on the Astors, and so on throughout the silly story of America's fake aristocracy.) A Rockefeller was trained to be a regular guy, or one of the boys, as carefully as the scions of other rich American families were trained to adopt a ducal air. The chief mentor in this respect was undoubtedly Abby Aldrich Rockefeller, Nelson's mother, who died in 1948—a charming woman, by all accounts, whom Nelson adored and in many ways resembles.

In 1920, when Nelson Rockefeller was a boy of twelve, the editors of The Atlantic Monthly—no doubt to their amazement—received from Abby Rockefeller an eloquent plea for fair play for the "deserving rich." The letter was in reply to one from a Rockefeller neighbor, who had complained that the Rockefellers' "extra money" was a barrier to friendship between the two families. A portion of Abby's reply—which she signed with a pseudonym—is worth quoting:

> Most rich people seem unresponsive, but it is not entirely their fault; they are not treated naturally. My husband and I were once asked to a simple home, where I know they had delicious baked beans; we were treated to a poor roast chicken. The rich are given what they are expected to want, both intellectually and gastronomically. It may be flattering, but it is not stimulating or wholesome.
>
> A sense of humor and a good mind may be hidden behind a tiara. To their faces the rich are often accorded a respect that is not felt, and behind their backs a contempt that is not deserved. Please, dear neighbor and dear reader, too, help the deserving rich by not taking us too seriously and by forgetting that surplus money.

Abby Rockefeller tried to bring up her children so that they would be "treated naturally" and people really would "forget that surplus money." Inevitably she did not entirely succeed. When she and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., visited Nelson at Dartmouth, they were careful to drive up in an elderly and unostentatious automobile. But there was a uniformed chauffeur to drive the car, as a reminder of that surplus money. The couple always visited all of Nelson's instructors. "They were as nice and easy as could be," one Dartmouth professor recalls. "But they published big incomes in those days, and I figured out that in the time it took Mrs. Rockefeller to drink a cup of my wife's tea, Mr. Rockefeller was richer by a sum bigger than my whole yearly salary."

But though there was no way on earth to persuade people to forget so much surplus money, at least people could be persuaded that the owners of the money were human beings. To that end, Abby Rockefeller trained her daughter and her five sons to be nice to other people.

Her letters to her children, quoted in Mary Ellen Chase's engaging biography of her, are full of such admonitions as: "Old people like to be made a part of things. Don't forget to go out of your way to make them feel wanted and at home." Or, of a homesick schoolmate: "I hope you will take pains to get acquainted right away. I hate to think of him homesick and sad." Or: "What I would like you always to do is what I try humbly to do myself; that is, never say or do anything which would wound the feelings or the self-respect of any human being, and to give special consideration to all who are in any way repressed."

All the third-generation Rockefellers show the effects of this early training in the art of being nice. But the training took best with Nelson, naturally the most gregarious of the lot. It was certainly partly due to his mother's training that all his classmates thought he was a "wonderful fellow." No doubt it was also partly due to the genes passed on to him through her, from that intensely conservative but immensely likable professional politician, Sen. Nelson Aldrich. In any case, it is hard to imagine better training for a future politician.

Until his early thirties, Nelson Rockefeller continued to be a "wonderful fellow," and—as far as appeared on the surface—nothing much more. For the decade after he left college he was a very busy man indeed, as he will be until the day he dies. His most important achievement was his marriage to Mary Todhunter Clark, of a distinguished Philadelphia family—the snootier Philadelphians maintained at the time that she married beneath her station. "Tod" Rockefeller, a tall, highly intelligent woman with an original mind and a

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sense of humor, has always acted as a much-needed balance wheel for the earnest and fiercely ambitious Nelson Rockefeller, according to those who know them both well. They established themselves on the vast family estate, near Tarrytown on the Hudson, and in six years they produced five children. Meanwhile they traveled around the world and over most of South America, where Nelson interested himself in the great Rockefeller oil holdings. Rockefeller also managed to keep himself busy as a director and in 1938 president of Rockefeller Center; as trustee and in 1939 president of the Museum of Modern Art; and in innumerable directorships and other odd jobs connected with the family interest.

But everything he did, he did as a Rockefeller, rather than as an individual. That was true even of the Museum of Modern Art, which interested him most of all his jobs. In college the one really noteworthy and original thing he did was to revive a moldering organization called The Arts, which, as he wrote at the time, "had come into the hands of a group of light-footed tea drinkers." Dartmouth was very much a he-man college, known at the time as having "the biggest gymnasium and the smallest library in the East." If Rockefeller had not been so obviously a regular fellow, he might have been suspected of being a light-footed tea drinker himself. As it was, as Churchill Lathrop, Dartmouth art professor, has said, Rockefeller made it possible for art to be "socially accepted" at Dartmouth.

If Nelson Rockefeller ever goes to the White House, he will fill the old mansion to the eaves with Picassos, Matisses, Mondriaans, Paul Klees, and the like. Unlike many other rich men, he is not the kind of art collector who buys pictures as investments, like stocks or hog futures. He really loves pictures. Indeed, he is an aesthete, in the dictionary meaning of the word—"one very sensitive to the beauties of art or nature"—and this aestheticism is one of several surprises hidden beneath the regular guy's old green sweater. The Museum of Modern Art has been one of the really big things in Rockefeller's life. But even the museum, like Rockefeller Center or Creole Petroleum or the other things that kept him busy in the early days, was a family project, rather than something he did on his own—it had been started by his mother and was largely financed by her.

Yet the museum gave him his first chance to do something important, not as a Rockefeller, but as Nelson Rockefeller. After he became president of the museum, he planned a radio show celebrating its splendors, and, with typical self-confidence, he decided he wanted the President of the United States as the star performer. Franklin Roosevelt welcomed an opportunity, in those days of the Nazi threat to all civilized values, to make a speech about culture, and so Rockefeller first met the President. He seized the opportunity to talk about a subject which he knew at firsthand, Axis infiltration and influence in South America. Thereafter, he wrote a memorandum on the subject, and got it to the President through Harry Hopkins. The upshot was the creation, in August, 1940, of the Office of the Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs, with Nelson Rockefeller, at thirty-two, in the exalted post of co-ordinator.

As such, Rockefeller ran his own big show, and he reported directly to the President, which made him a major-leaguer in the bureaucratic pecking order—in all his subsequent Washington jobs he has been a bush-leaguer. It was also the first time in his life that he began to make enemies. That was inevitable in the ferocious bureaucratic struggles of wartime Washington. What is interesting is how he made his enemies and why. In this respect a few episodes are revealing.

There was, for example, the matter of his falling out with Carl Spaeth. Spaeth, now dean of Stanford Law School, was in those days one of Rockefeller's closest friends, perhaps the closest. A Dartmouth man—like a high proportion of Rockefeller intimates—he had worked with Rockefeller in South America before the war. Rockefeller brought him to Washington as his No. 2, and installed the Spaeths in his Washington house. For a while the two men were the Damon and Pythias of the Washington scene.

Then something happened. Spaeth left the Rockefeller agency, and he and his wife left the Rockefeller house—rather abruptly, according to report. Rockefeller and Spaeth wholly ceased to play Damon and Pythias. In time Spaeth got a job with the South American division of the State Department. In 1944, when Rockefeller was offered the post of Assistant Secretary of State for South American affairs, he accepted on condition that Spaeth find "other employment."

It appears that the break started when Spaeth, in Rockefeller's view, failed to support wholeheartedly his position in a bureaucratic struggle with Henry Wallace's Board of Economic Warfare. The break became complete after Spaeth had moved over to the State Department and Rockefeller interpreted a proposal by Spaeth as an attempt to undercut his agency's anti-Axis propaganda function in South America. But the details of this ancient misunderstanding are unimportant—all passion is now spent, and Spaeth and Rockefeller are again on speaking terms. What is important about the episode is that it suggests the degree of personal allegiance which Rockefeller expects from those around him.

> One thing a boy often learns at his father's knee is that Bermuda shorts are unkind to male legs.
>
> SHANNON FIFE

"Nelson doesn't expect you to be a yes man," one of his associates has said. "But he does expect you to be a Rockefeller man, first, last and all the time."

The men around Rockefeller are just that—Rockefeller men, first, last and all the time. There is today, and has been for a long time, an Inner Circle—as it is called in almost audible capitals by lesser members of the huge Rockefeller entourage—around Nelson Rockefeller. Members are John Lockwood, able Rockefeller lawyer and man of business; Frank Jamieson, public-relations man and general adviser; Wallace Harrison, the highly intelligent Rockefeller Center architect who is probably Rockefeller's closest personal friend; and Louise Boyer, Rockefeller's coolly capable confidential secretary. Three of the four work in the big Rockefeller Brothers' suite at Rockefeller Center, and Harrison's office is close by. About the only Rockefeller intimate who has no connection with the Rockefeller family interests is Deputy Secretary of Defense Thomas Gates, an old friend who owns jointly with Rockefeller a summer shack on Shingle Island, a spot of land off the Maine coast which they bought for $300 before the war.

In Rockefeller's new role as a potential presidential candidate, there are two new candidates for Inner Circleship—George Hinman, the Rockefeller-appointed Republican National Committeeman, and Judson Morehouse, state G.O.P. chairman. Together they make up a sort of composite Jim Farley, with the likable, ebullient Morehouse in the role of contact man and front-room boy, and the shrewd Hinman as back-room boy and political strategist. Morehouse and Hinman are also Rockefeller men first, last and all the time. If Rockefeller ever does move to the White House, every man around him will have a similar allegiance.

Another episode of wartime Washington suggests something else about Rockefeller—his determination to have his own way and his willingness to fight for it. In those days the policy dispute over Argentina, which had played footsie with the Axis, was particularly ferocious. Rockefeller felt strongly that the only practical policy was to make peace with Argentina and invite it to join the United Nations. Secretary of State Cordell Hull, with the support of top State Department officials like Dean Acheson, James Dunn and Spruille Braden, wanted to give Argentina its comeuppance, and strongly opposed Argentina's joining the UN.

Feelings ran deep. At one top-level meeting, James Dunn flatly accused Rockefeller of misrepresenting official American policy toward Argentina in cables to South America marked NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION. An unholy row resulted. There were other unholy rows. After Hull had been replaced by Stettinius, and Argentina had been taken into the UN, in part through Rockefeller's efforts, Rockefeller tried to make his peace with Hull. He asked an acquaintance in the State Department, who was close to Hull, to telephone him and ask for an appointment. This, too, is typical of Rockefeller, for although he is willing to make enemies if he must, he does not like to have unnecessary enemies. But in this case his efforts were fruitless. The old man's bellowed response was embarrassingly audible over the telephone, "YOU CAN TELL THE YOUNG WHIPPERSNAPPER TO GO TO HELL."

When James Byrnes replaced Stettinius as secretary, the bureaucratic wheel came full circle. Byrnes asked Dean Acheson to be his undersecretary, and Acheson agreed on condition that Rockefeller in his turn find "other employment." Rockefeller "resigned" the day after Acheson's appointment. Spruille Braden, Rockefeller's fiercest policy opponent, took his place, and, to complete the circle, Carl Spaeth was brought back as Braden's special assistant.

Most witnesses of his performance—though not all—agree that Rockefeller performed very usefully in his wartime roles. Some would go further and say that his operations in South America were brilliantly successful and should have set the pattern for all future American dealings with underdeveloped countries. But what is most interesting about his first Washington job is that in it Rockefeller suddenly appears in an entirely new light. It is rather as though, genial old Grandpa Aldrich having previously dominated the scene, tough old Grandpa Rockefeller is beginning to show through. Here was a young man who was determined to run his own show and was willing to fight like a tiger to get his own way.

Grandpa Rockefeller lived until 1937, when Nelson was approaching thirty, and he liked to talk to his favorite grandson, Nelson, who still often quotes his advice. There is no doubt that the amazing old man had a real and lasting influence on his grandson, and it is not hard to find similarities between them. Whatever the rights and wrongs of that row over the South American cables, for example, it is true that Nelson Rockefeller does not believe, despite his affable manner, in showing his hand prematurely, as hosts of reporters who have tried to sound him out about 1960 have discovered. Old John D.'s first rule was to "expose as little of the surface as possible."

The analogy can be stretched too far, of course. But it is worth noting that in this first appearance on the Washington scene, Rockefeller played the game rough and hard, as his grandfather Rockefeller had done. And like his grandfather, in most cases, notably the admission of Argentina into the UN, he had his way, against some very formidable opposition.

It was about the last time he was to have his way in Washington on any really important issue. The contrast between the Rockefeller who worked for Roosevelt and the Rockefeller who worked for Eisenhower is interesting and odd. The tough infighter of the Roosevelt days seems at first blush to have been replaced by an idealistic and agreeable, but rather ineffectual, civil servant.

His first Eisenhower job was as undersecretary to Oveta Culp Hobby in the newest and lowest-ranking department—Health, Education and Welfare. A leading senator recalls his impression of Rockefeller in this job: "Oveta would always take Rockefeller to the hearings, but she did all the talking. Sometimes she'd say, 'Now Mr. Rockefeller will show you what I mean,' and Rockefeller would take a pointer and point something out on a chart, while Oveta went on talking. Any clerk could have done the job, but he seemed to enjoy it—always had a big smile."

On this point, one who knew the inside workings of HEW comments: "Every idea that came out of HEW was Nelson's—in fact, he ran the outfit. If you're running an outfit from the Number Two spot, you don't try to overshadow your boss, especially in public, and especially if she's a woman."

Rockefeller's second Eisenhower job, as a foreign-policy adviser to the President, had an impressive title, but little real power. In this job he lost all his major battles, including his battle for a larger and more imaginative foreign-aid program, to the administration conservatives, notably George Humphrey and Herbert Hoover, Jr. "You know what you have to do if you want to win on a big issue like foreign aid," a leading civil servant who was an interested observer of Rockefeller's battles has said. "You go to the press. You go to the key men on the Hill. You get access to the White House, one way or another. And you fight like hell. But Rockefeller did none of these things. He just called meetings, and you know how much meetings mean in Washington."

This was the period when Rockefeller got his reputation as a do-gooder, or an ineffectual boy scout, a reputation in flat contrast to his earlier Washington reputation as a tough empire builder. How explain the difference?

Part of the answer is that, by inheritance and training, Rockefeller is a do-gooder, by certain cynical or conservative standards. Love of power and what Charles Francis Adams called the "rather low instinct for making money" are bred in the Rockefeller bone. But so is a certain moral idealism, a Baptist evangelism. Rockefeller's paternal ancestors were charter members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and the first poem his father learned was The Price of a Drink—the price was high: "*Who lies a groveling piece of clay, Not far removed from a beast today.*" Combined with this passionate prohibitionism was a high moral outlook which the haters of the first John D. wrote down as hypocrisy, but which was entirely real.

"My mother and father," John D., Jr., once recalled, (*Continued on Page 46*)

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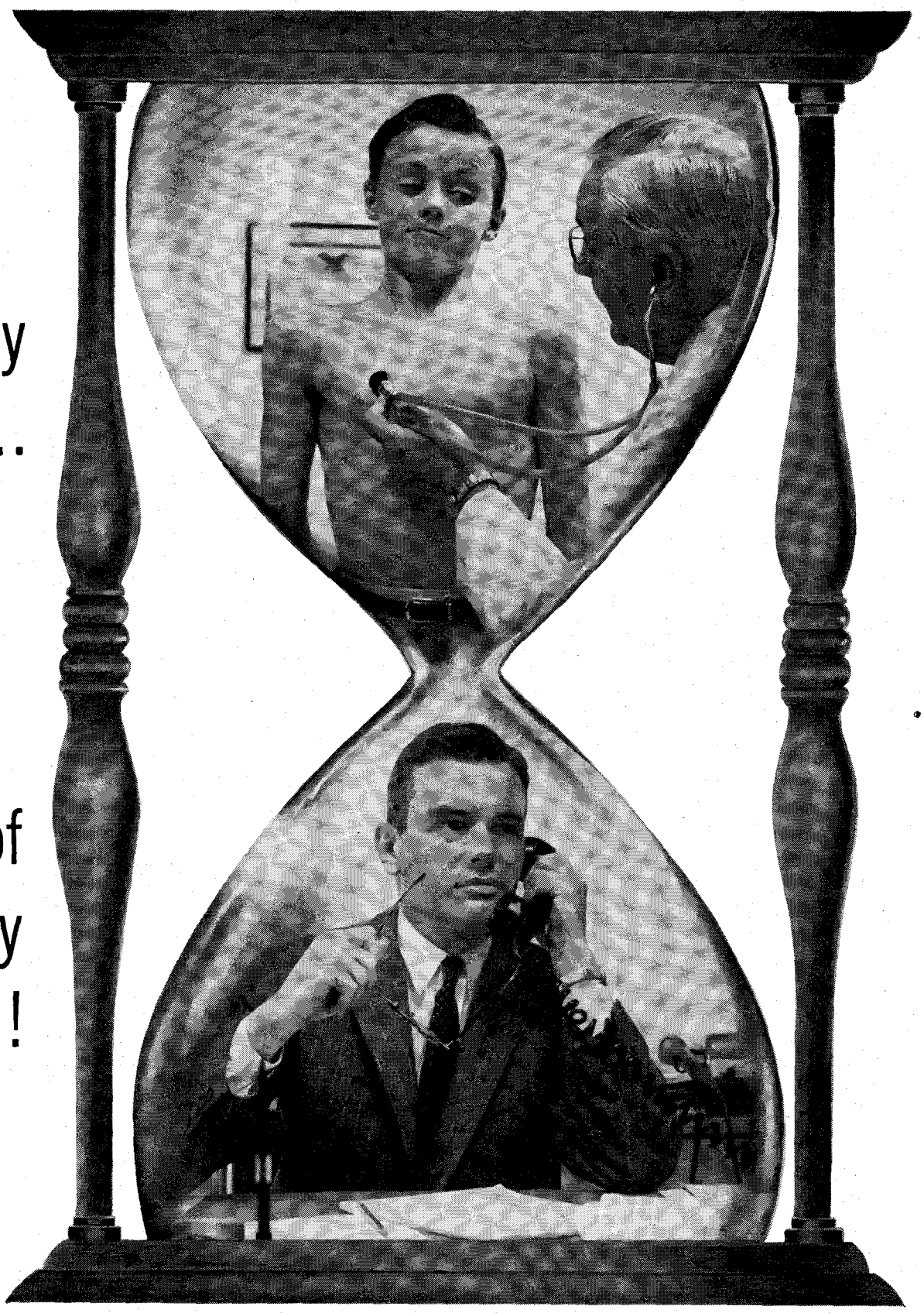

PHOTO BY MAXWELL COPLAN

New York Life's new Guaranteed Insurability Option guarantees the right to build financial security later on—regardless of future health or occupation!

A young man's right to buy more insurance later is guaranteed once he qualifies for New York Life's Guaranteed Insurability Option. Issued from birth to age 37, this valuable provision can be included with most new policies of $5,000 or more—and at a cost of only pennies more per month! This option guarantees the right to buy another policy of equal amount (up to $10,000) at any or all of seven option ages, beginning at 22 and every three years thereafter to 40. These additional policies will be issued at regular rates and without physical examination or evidence of insurability. Take this step to guarantee that your children or grandchildren (or you) won't be *uninsurable*—that they will be eligible to increase their insurance protection by as much as $70,000 as needs and earnings increase. See your New York Life agent now. Or write: New York Life Insurance Company, Dept. EP-46, 51 Madison Ave., New York 10, N.Y. (In Canada: 443 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario)

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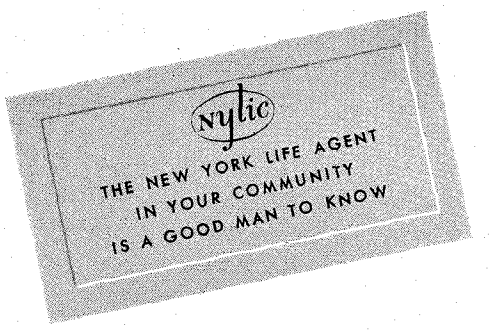

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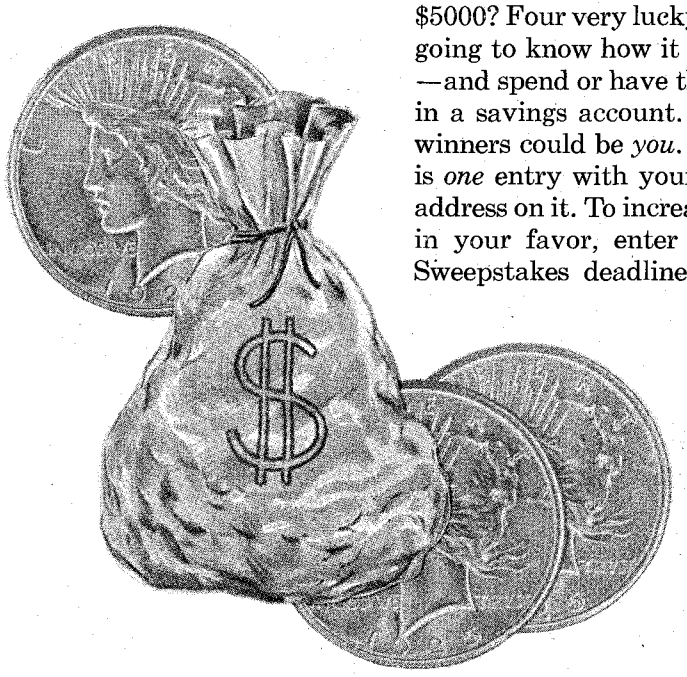
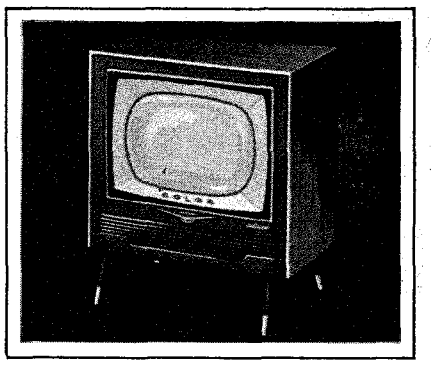
Take the family out to eat, get in on... Kraft's Restaurant

4 FIRST PRIZES! 5000 SILVER DOLLARS EACH



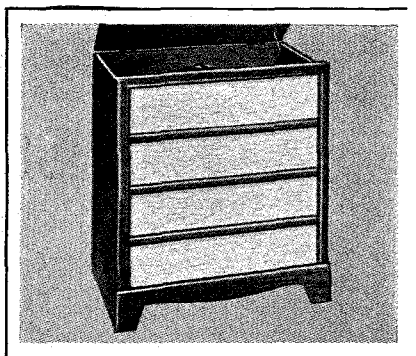
What could be nicer than winning $5000? Four very lucky people are going to know how it feels to win—and spend or have that amount in a savings account. One of the winners could be *you*. All it takes is *one* entry with your name and address on it. To increase the odds in your favor, enter often until Sweepstakes deadline—Aug. 31.

10 RCA VICTOR Color TV Sets



Enjoy the excitement of RCA Victor superb "Living Color" TV. Brilliant twin-speaker system equipped for stereophonic sound.

20 RCA VICTOR Stereo Hi-Fi's



Plays the new Stereo-Orthophonic records, plus all others, with concert-hall realism. Has 4 speakers, plug-ins for tuners, tape recorder.

It's fun to eat out with the family!

No wonder there's magic in the words, "*Let's eat out . . .*" To youngsters, the menu's as wonderful as Aladdin's lamp. Give an order and presto . . . out comes the food! For mother, there's endless delight in ordering a meal without having to prepare and serve it. And Dad? He's the hero of the hour.

Why not make a date, right now, to take *your* family out? Nearby eating places offer a wide choice of fine foods, including Sweepstakes Specials, and many of your family's favorites made with famous Kraft foods. And *—for the next 7 weeks*—there's the added fun of entering Kraft's $50,000 Restaurant Sweepstakes.

You—or any member of your family—may win $5000 in silver dollars. Or one of the other 1680 prizes! Every time you visit a restaurant during the Sweepstakes get an entry blank, write your name on it, stamp and mail. It's that easy!

We hope the Sweepstakes will remind you frequently that for a meal . . . for a snack . . . for family enjoyment together . . . nothing quite beats the fun of eating out!

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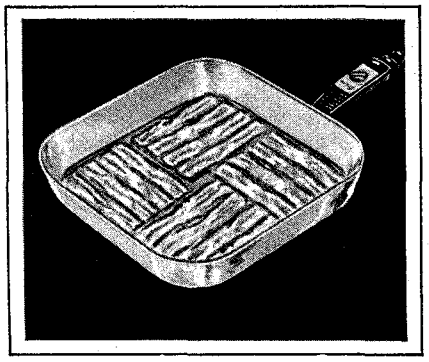
$50,000.00 Sweepstakes

1684 PRIZES... Nothing to buy!

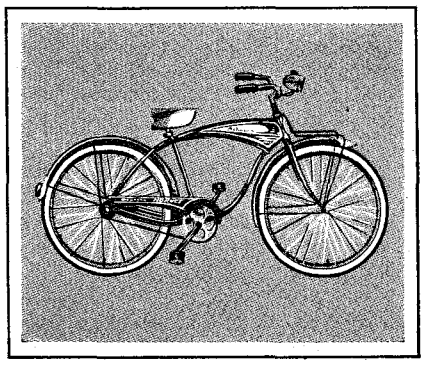
Just fill out official entry blank

600 *Sunbeam* Frypans



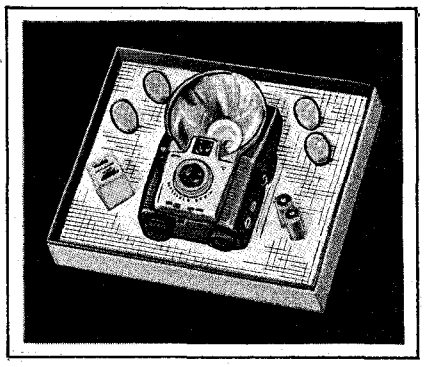
This famous Sunbeam automatic electric frypan is in the *most-wanted* category of kitchen cookware. Fries foods to perfection.

50 Schwinn Bikes



Most popular Schwinn model: Hornet middleweight with tank, horn, light, front carrier; and the Starlet, same accessories, for girls.

1000 Eastman Kodaks



This fine Starflash has many features that simplify picture-taking. Shoots beautiful color slides or black and white snaps on 127 film.

Sweepstakes closes Aug. 31

Get entry blanks now
Here are easy rules

1. Get an official Kraft Restaurant Sweepstakes entry blank at any participating restaurant.

2. Fill it out with your name and address and mail it. (It's addressed for you.) You do not have to buy a meal to enter.

3. Enter the Sweepstakes as many times as you wish but send only one entry form for each visit to a restaurant.

4. Sweepstakes is open to everyone in the United States and its territories except employees of Kraft Foods, Kraft's advertising agencies, restaurant personnel and members of their families.

5. This promotion is subject to federal, state and local regulations. Sweepstakes entries cannot be accepted in any area in which this type of promotion is prohibited. Contest closes midnight, August 31, 1959. Drawing will take place shortly thereafter.

6. List of winners supplied on application with stamped, addressed envelope.

7. Entries must be postmarked no later than 12 midnight, August 31, 1959. Kraft is not responsible for entries delayed or lost in the mail.

8. Decision of judges is final and no correspondence can be entered into regarding decision.

9. Liability for federal, state or other taxes imposed on a prize winner in this Sweepstakes will be the sole responsibility of the prize winner and not of Kraft Foods Division of National Dairy Products Corp. or of its distributors.

Two guides to great eating!

- One is the NRA symbol. It identifies 60,000 good restaurants all over the country where you may enjoy fine foods at attractive prices and where you'll always find friendly, courteous service and pleasant surroundings.
- The other is the famous Ⓚ symbol of Kraft. It identifies over 300 quality foods, many of which you are familiar with and which are served in popular restaurants everywhere.

IN COOPERATION WITH
National Restaurant Association

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(*Continued from Page 42*) "raised but one question: Is it right, is it duty?" Thanks to Abby Rockefeller, the upbringing of John D., Jr.'s children was less stifling than his own, but that "one question" was still raised.

There were prayers before breakfast every morning, and liquor and tobacco were sternly discouraged. Today Nelson Rockefeller has a glass of wine only as a social gesture, and whether he is talking domestic politics or foreign policy, a certain moral fervor marks his tone. This annoys the cynics and infuriates those who disagree with him. But the moral fervor is also entirely real and very much a part of the man.

That is not the whole explanation of Rockefeller's second reputation, of course. In his Eisenhower years Rockefeller lacked the sinews of bureaucratic power which he had enjoyed as the head of a big wartime agency, and he thus largely lacked the means to fight. And it may well be also that he was more willing to make Democratic enemies in the '40's than Republican enemies in the '50's simply because he was already thinking of his future in the Republican Party and did not wish wholly to alienate the Eisenhower team or the President himself.

In any case, Rockefeller has never made any secret of the conclusion he reached in Eisenhower's Washington—that the only way for a very rich man to exert real influence in matters of politics or policy is to be elected to high public office. Is there any real chance that Rockefeller might attain the highest public office of all?

In 1964 either Nixon will be the incumbent President and thus the inevitable Republican candidate, or there will be a Democratic incumbent—and barring a major national catastrophe, such as the depression of the '30's which beat Herbert Hoover, incumbents are very hard to beat. So 1960 may be Rockefeller's only real chance. And he will have a chance in 1960 on one condition. The rather amorphous group of men who have backed the winning candidate at Republican conventions ever since 1936 must be persuaded that Rockefeller probably can win, and that Nixon probably cannot. Rockefeller has personal or financial connections with many of these men—his uncle, Winthrop Aldrich, for example, is a member of the group. But that is not decisively important. What will be important is a cold-turkey estimate of Nixon's and Rockefeller's chances of election.

In making this estimate, much attention will certainly be paid to the views of Thomas E. Dewey, who has not committed himself. In any case, if Nixon appears to have about as much chance of winning as Rockefeller, it will be Nixon. Make no mistake about that. Since an easy majority of the Republican regulars prefer the "real Republican" Nixon, Rockefeller could only be nominated after a bruising party fight, as in 1952. And if Nixon looks as much like a winner as Rockefeller, there will be no good reason to have a fight.

In this situation the public-opinion polls are sure to play an important part. And Rockefeller has been steadily losing ground to Nixon in the polls. Any New York taxi driver will give you the chief reason: "So this rich character gets elected, and right away he's got his hand in my pocket." Despite a bitter revolt in his own party, Rockefeller last spring forced a substantial state tax increase through the legislature. Increased taxes are not in any case a highroad to political popularity. For a governor named Rockefeller, increasing taxes was certainly a courageous act, and quite possibly a politically suicidal one.

An extensive polling survey of Rockefeller's political standing in New York City, where he picked up many of the votes which gave him victory last year, was recently undertaken by Louis Harris, a public-opinion expert. Harris found a remarkable shift against Rockefeller. Here is his conclusion, in a memorandum to this reporter: "As of today, it is understatement to say that Rockefeller would once again be underdog in a race for the governorship." All competent judges—including Nelson A. Rockefeller—agree that he has been hurt, both in his home base and nationally. Is the hurt mortal? Or can Rockefeller, like the knight in the ballad, lie him down and bleed a while, then rise and fight again?

Here is the answer of one knowledgeable Rockefeller man: "Sure he's hurt—for the time being. But suppose, come next spring, Nelson reaches into his hat and produces a balanced budget, improved state services, *and* a tax cut. How much is that going to hurt?"

If this theory is correct, Rockefeller has been as longheaded as his grandfather, who was credited by an awed business acquaintance with an ability to "see around corners." Naturally Rockefeller did not want to increase taxes—he has remarked that he felt like the man who comes in sober at the end of a New Year's Eve party and is handed the bill. But, as one aide said, "We fed the data into the computing machines every which way, and it always came out the same: Raise taxes."

The real question was not whether to raise taxes, but how much. And the nub of Rockefeller's decision was not only to ask for a tax increase but to ask for a big one, which was one reason why the Republican tax revolt was so bitter. But Rockefeller got substantially what he asked for. And whether or not he planned it that way, some fiscal experts believe that there is a serious chance that he may be able to balance the budget and reduce the tax bite next year—if the boom holds. Next year, as it happens, is the year of the nominating conventions, and then Rockefeller may look like a far more promising candidate than he does now.

There is another factor which must not be left out of the equation, and that is the Rockefeller personality. "Dick Nixon's got the same trouble I have," Dewey once remarked rather disarmingly to a reporter. "Too many people don't like us both." Nixon is quite aware of this "trouble." A year ago, in an interview with this reporter for The Saturday Evening Post, Nixon candidly remarked of the 1960 race, "It depends on what the times call for. If the time comes when the Republican Party and the voters are looking for an outwardly warm, easy-going, gregarious type, then they will not want the sort of man I am."

It was an oddly prescient remark. Nixon might have been describing Rockefeller—although he almost certainly was not, since no one was then thinking of Rockefeller as a presidential candidate. It is in this sense that Nelson Rockefeller's niceness, his likableness, is an important factor in American politics today. There is a lot of pseudo science these days about the "image" a political candidate "projects." But whatever quality it is that makes a first-rate political campaigner, Rockefeller—no doubt thanks in part to that early training by his mother in the art of being nice—has got it. He proved that last autumn, in his first campaign for elective office. "He's so sincere," or "You just can't help liking him"—these were the phrases most often heard as Rockefeller, waving and grinning his big grin, pulled away from one of his innumerable whistle stops. Those phrases are the accolade of a great campaigner.

Yet how is Rockefeller to exploit his greatest political asset—that warm and likable "image" he so successfully "projects"—without seeming the overeager candidate? This is the heart of his dilemma, as far as 1960 is concerned. Recent political history suggests that a show of excessive eagerness for the job is sure death to a presidential candidacy. And yet, to most people, the name Rockefeller still means money, and not much more. A name meaning money is not necessarily a bad thing, as Rockefeller proved last fall, especially when the name also means charities on a vast scale. But if Rockefeller is to have a ghost of a chance of overtaking Nixon, the name will have to come to mean a lot more to a lot of people. It will have to come to mean that "wonderful fellow" Rockefeller's Dartmouth classmates remember. And how is that going to happen if Rockefeller sticks to his last in Albany?

For the time being, that is what Rockefeller is doing. He is playing a waiting game, rarely venturing outside the state, avoiding candidatelike gestures. For the time being, that is no doubt astute politics. But nothing is more obvious than that the nomination will not fall into Rockefeller's lap. If he really wants to play in the major leagues, he is going to have to fight for a chance to do so.

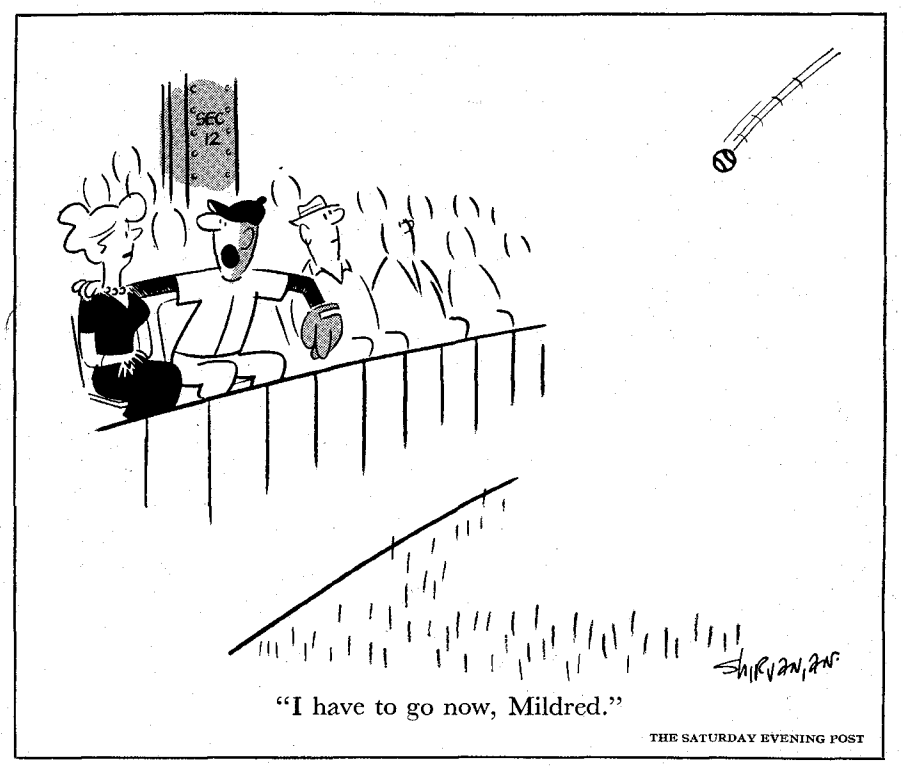
Much will depend on the timing and the method. And one thing is safe to predict. The dual problem which confronts Rockefeller—whether to try for the nomination, and if so, how—will be as thoroughly and expertly analyzed in advance as any political problem in American history.

Rockefeller, like his paternal grandfather, is a man who looks before he leaps, and he relies on expert help in doing the looking. He strongly believes in "studies," as he calls his expert analyses, and he has had studies made of every major problem, from national defense and education, in the brilliant Rockefeller Brothers' reports, to the chances of Nelson A. Rockefeller to become governor of New York. This latter study was made in 1957, before there was even a whisper of a Rockefeller boom, and when it showed that he had about two chances in five of making it the whole way, Rockefeller made up his mind to run. That decision was followed in turn, according to one reliable though hardly credible report, by no less than 134 further studies, all connected in one way or another with his gubernatorial ambitions. Among the useful results has been Rockefeller's ambitious legislative program, which includes new and bold formulas for dealing with New York's horrendous housing and commuting problems.

His chances in 1960 will certainly be weighed with similar expert care, and it is a fair bet that if he seems to have a sporting chance of making it the whole way, he will go for the nomination with that fiercely exuberant intensity which he brings to everything he does. And he just might make it, especially if Nixon begins to weaken in the polls. Suppose he does make it the whole way. What kind of President might he be?

Carmine De Sapio, Tammany political boss, said last fall that Rockefeller is "to the left of Franklin Roosevelt," and a good many Republicans complain that he is not a "real Republican." It is true that Rockefeller believes that all Americans should have, if not the good things of life he has had, at least the minimum essentials, and that, if need be, it is the Government's business to see that they get them. It is also true that he is a convinced internationalist and that he gives the national security a higher priority than the budget. In these and other ways he fits the current definition of the word "liberal." But he is in another way a genuine conservative. His faith in the capitalist system is unfashionably fervent—he is convinced that it is the best system in the long run, not only for Rockefellers but also for everyone. It is this conviction, he has told friends, which has kept him in the Republican Party, despite the greener pastures the Democratic Party offers to politically ambitious rich men.

Otherwise he is not much interested in ideologies. He is more interested in getting things done, and, like Franklin Roosevelt, he is possessed of a kind of nineteenth-century optimism—a conviction that if there is a problem there is, somehow, somewhere, a means of solving it. There is another way in which he is like the second Roosevelt. Beneath a sunny and smiling surface he is a complicated man, at once wily and idealistic, cautious and bold, tough and tender-hearted, conventional and imaginative; a "damned ambitious man," a "boy scout," a "do-gooder," and a "wonderful fellow" all at one and the same time. No one can foretell whether he might be a good President, a great President or a disastrous President. But he would be an interesting President because he is an interesting man. THE END



"I have to go now, Mildred."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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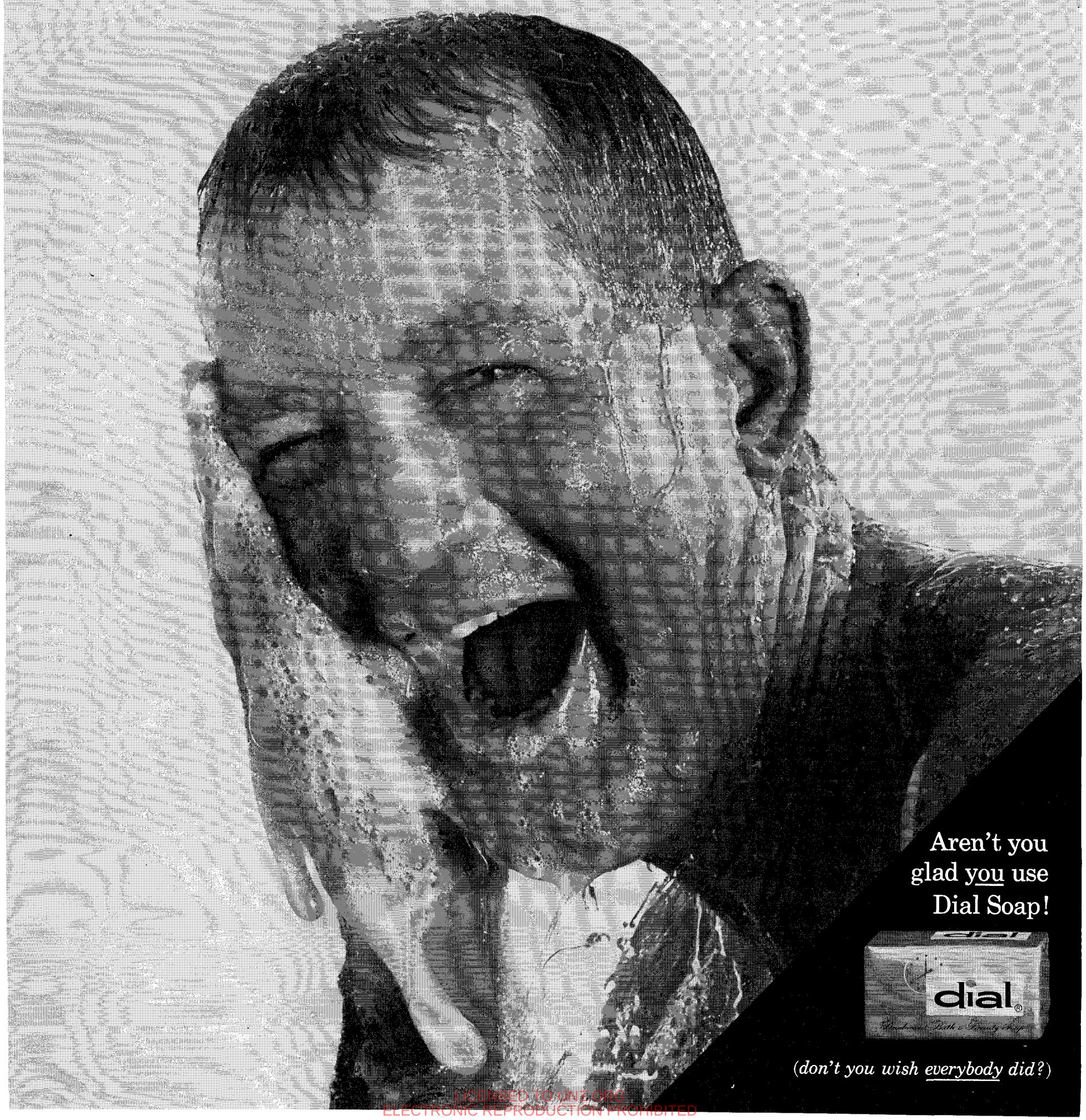
Bright-eyed and bushy-tailed—that's how a Dial shower starts you off. You feel clean. Smell clean. And Dial's AT-7 keeps you that way—no perspiration odor allowed. Nothing like AT-7. Nothing like Dial for people who like people.



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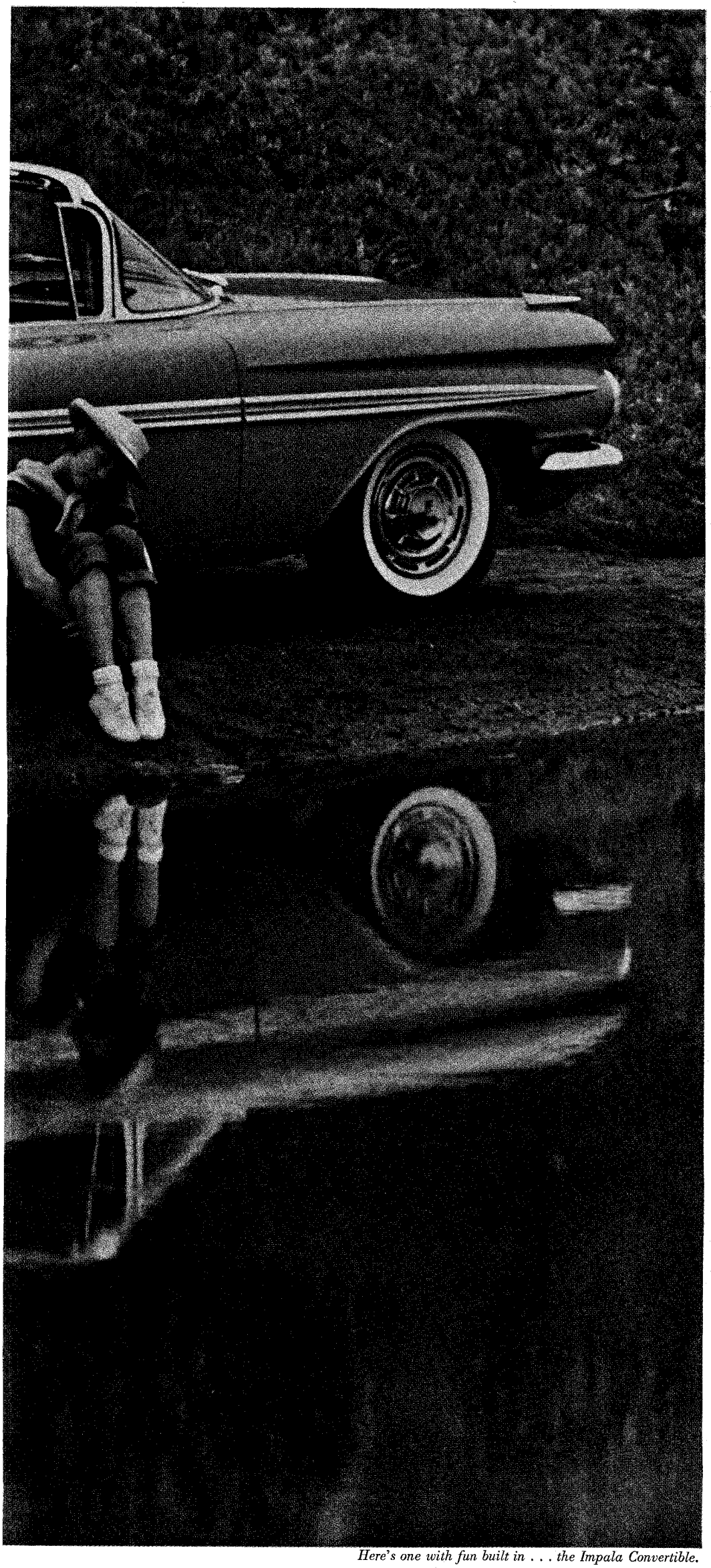

Here's one with fun built in . . . the Impala Convertible.

Almost sure to strike your fancy

(unless you like to pay fancy prices)

Fact is even the "price-is-no-object" people see no point in paying more. This new Chevy's got just about everything anyone could want in a car — looks, room, ride, an unmistakable feel of luxury. Yet it's a Chevy right to the core — with the kind of economy, dependability and eager response that have always been Chevrolet's stock in trade.

Your dealer's waiting now to show you why these advantages are converting the owners of so many other makes—low priced and high priced as well—to the new Chevrolet!

BIGGER, SAFER BRAKES — built for up to two-thirds longer lining life, with more lining area than even many heavier, higher priced cars.

MORE MILES PER GALLON — a pair of Chevy sixes — equipped with Powerglide transmissions — came in first and second in their class in this year's Mobilgas Economy Run, ahead of any other full-size car.

ROOMIER BODY BY FISHER — Chevy's seating space is up to 5.9 inches wider than that of the other leading low-priced cars.

UNMISTAKABLY MODERN STYLE — only really fresh lines in the low-price field.

MOST ADVANCED ENGINES — Chevy alone in its field gives you the oil-hushed smoothness of hydraulic valve lifters on *all* standard engines. Every engine also has an automatic choke.

FULL COIL SUSPENSION — no other leading low-priced car coddles you with coil springs at all four wheels.

HIGHER TRADE-IN — consistently the highest of any low-priced car. Last year (based on Official Guide Book figures of the National Automobile Dealers Association) Chevy averaged up to $128 more on used car lots than comparable models of the "other two."

. . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan

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RECAPPING
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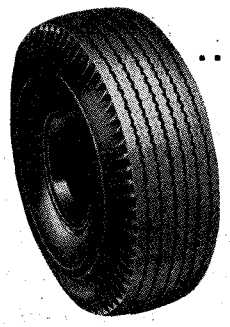

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You'll enjoy safer, longer mileage when you recap your tires with rugged, dependable new KRAFTREADS. They're the finest on the road.

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GENERAL TIRE DEALER

Scientific medication works fast to
HEAL DOGS' ITCH-SORES
STOPS SCRATCHING IN MINUTES

SULFODENE is an amazing scientific medication that kills fungus spores picked up in weeds and grass, the cause of scratching in 7 out of 10 cases.

Discovered by a famous veterinarian, Dr. A. C. Merrick—SULFODENE works almost instantly to stop fungus itch (often called 'summer itch,' 'mange,' 'eczema,' or 'hot spots'). Quickly promotes healing. Even the most frenzied itching relieved instantly. Open sores heal over. Scales disappear . . . hair grows back!

Guaranteed to work or money back! Used by kennels and leading veterinarians. At all drug stores, leading pet shops and pet supply departments. **Long-lasting bottle only 98¢.** (New large economy size $1.79.)

Dr. Merrick's
Sulfodene
LIQUID MEDICATION
Westchester Vet. Prods., White Plains, N.Y.

Combat Cook

(Continued from Page 24)

mildly. "I'd rather be a rifleman—or a machine gunner."

"I'd rather be a civilian," the lieutenant countered in a bored voice. "Move along, soldier. Next man!"

Mike moved along, a faint worry adding to the discomfort he was beginning to feel from his immunization shots. His old man and Grandpa Papadopolis were going to take a pretty dim view of it if he went through the war as a cook, he decided glumly.

A couple of days later, however, Mike concluded that his fears had been groundless. He, with a hundred others like him, was shipped out to a replacement training center in Georgia which was devoted to turning out infantry riflemen. It was here that Mike met Sgt. Abdul Hamid.

Abdul was ten years older than Mike—a big, fierce-looking man with a dark face and hawk eyes that bored out from behind a great beak of nose. He had been born in eastern Anatolia, a place of barren mountains and high, bleak valleys and a country that bred good fighting men. When Abdul had taken his wound at Kasserine Pass in Africa, he'd already had ten years of Army service.

Mike fell in with the rest on his first morning in camp—they stood at what passed for "attention" while Sergeant Hamid ran a cold eye across the motley crew before him. Abdul's fatigues were tailored and starched, trousers bloused out above polished jump boots, and Mike stared in admiration. He would, he decided, like to become as snappy a soldier as Sergeant Hamid patently was.

Abdul's voice, rough as broken glass, broke the quiet. "I must of seen a worse collection of sad sacks," he said caustically. "Allah help me if I can remember where. Straighten up! Haul those guts in and answer 'here' when I call your name. . . . Dombrosky!"

"Hur!"

"Morgan!"

"Heah!"

"Papadopolis!"

Mike was directly in front of Sergeant Hamid. He said loudly, "Here!" and Hamid's hard eyes lingered on him for a moment.

"Greek boy, huh," he said. "And I'd bet from the tire around your belly you used to be a cook before the Army got you. That right?"

Mike's face got red. "So what?"

"So you're a rifleman from now on, is what," Abdul said. "If you got any idea about goin' back to your pots and pans, you can forget it. See? . . . Morrison!"

"Hyuh!"

He was going to have trouble with that sergeant, Mike decided. One thing was for sure—the sergeant didn't like Greeks and he didn't like cooks.

Mike would have been surprised had he known what had been going through Abdul Hamid's mind that morning as he'd surveyed his new class of trainees. *Usual run of the mill,* Abdul had been thinking. *Some will make average soldiers; some will be bums. That big Greek kid is the best of the lot. He'll make a top combat soldier if he's brought up right.*

Toward the end of that first week, Kelly Persons, who had the bunk next to Mike's, mentioned a thing that Mike was becoming increasingly aware of.

"That Sergeant Hamid is a very rough character," Kelly said reflectively. "He's kind of riding you special. How come?"

"On account of my name, I guess," Mike grunted, flopping on his blanket. "It's Greek. Greeks and Turks never got along too good back in the old country, my old man says."

"What's that got to do with now?"

"Search me," Mike said. "Maybe he'll get off my back after I've been here a little while."

It didn't work out that way—Abdul rode Mike worse, if anything, as the days grew into weeks. If there was a dirty job to do, Mike got it; if there was a speck of dirt on Mike's arms or equipment, Abdul found it—and told Mike about it in biting words. In his preliminary shoot on the known-distance range, Mike qualified midway in the list of marksmen. That didn't satisfy Sgt. Abdul Hamid. He chewed Mike up and down and turned him out in the evening for extra practice in sighting and trigger squeeze.

"You're not back in the kitchen now, Greek boy!" Abdul said bitingly. "That's a rifle you got in your hands. It's to kill with—not to stir slum. On your belly and start squeezin' that trigger!"

The next week the platoon shot record. Mike qualified high in the sharpshooter

. . . . . .

Miracle In the Back Yard

By Eleanor Brooks

Sun suit, bonnet, shovel, pail.
And plans laid out in earnest:
Each summer morning without fail
Thou to dust returnest.

But then there comes the judgment hour
(A while before we sup)
And, as I stand you in the shower,
The dust doth yield you up!

. . . . . .

list. It didn't occur to him to give any of the credit for that to Sgt. Abdul Hamid; he was beginning to hate Sergeant Hamid with his blistering tongue. What Mike didn't know was that Abdul Hamid had seen some of war at its worst; Abdul knew that men had to be tough and hard to survive wars and believed that the sooner they learned that the better.

More weeks crept by. Mike threw grenades and ran the bayonet course and wormed his way beneath barbed wire while machine guns fired close over his head, and planted charges, simulating shell bursts, exploded around him. Mike took to these things with an aptitude that pleased Sgt. Abdul Hamid mightily. Sergeant Hamid didn't mention that to Mike, his tongue being as saw-edged as ever. The spare tire disappeared from around Mike's middle, and he became lean with a whipcord toughness.

Mike had changed inside too. His careless good humor had been replaced by a dark violence that stewed and simmered as he thought of the things he'd like to do to Abdul Hamid.

Abdul had a pretty good idea of what Mike was thinking. It was good—the Greek boy was fighting mad now. He was developing into a fighting machine in which Abdul could take proper pride. He spoke obliquely of that to Cpl. Ed Benning, also of the training cadre, one evening as the two sat over their beers. Benning, like Abdul Hamid, had fought in North Africa, and that made a bond between them.

"How come you're ridin' that Papadopolis kid so hard, Turk?" Benning asked idly. "You got something against Greeks?"

Abdul buried his big nose in his beer and thought about that for a moment. "Naw," he said then. "Maybe in the old country Turks and Greeks hate each other—not here. Papadopolis will be a fine soldier—maybe even better than you or me, Ed. Only first he's got to learn to be tough and mean. So I ride him, see?"

"He's been gettin' a look in his eye lately," Benning said cheerfully. "Maybe he gets so tough and mean that he smacks you on that big beezer of yours someday."

Hamid smiled—a faint slackening of the lines about his mouth. "He does that, Ed, and maybe I give him the Silver Star medal, eh? I know then he is O.K."

"You're a funny bird," Benning grunted, finishing his beer. "You ride Papadopolis so his tongue hangs out—then you hope he'll smack you for it. I don't get it."

Hamid shrugged. "Maybe it is just an idea—I don't know. I look at Papadopolis the first day and I say to myself, 'Abdul, maybe you see what you can do with that one. He is fat like a pig from cooking, which is woman's work. Also he is too soft inside. That is no good. So you make a soldier out of that one, Abdul, maybe you go to sit at Allah's right hand sometime.' Well, what the hell?"

"Screwy," Benning murmured.

A week later the ax fell on Mike. That entry, noted on his record weeks ago in the reception center, was the thing that did it. Mike had almost forgotten that when the first sergeant sent for him.

"It says here you used to be a cook, Papadopolis," the top grunted, squinting sourly at a paper which lay on the desk.

Mike stared woodenly back—he'd got out of the habit of smiling these days. "That's right," he said shortly. "Why?"

"I got orders to send you to the cooks'-and-bakers' school, is why," the first sergeant growled. "Have your gear ready tomorrow morning."

For a moment Mike didn't believe that he'd heard right. Then that dark violence in him bubbled harder.

"I don't want to be a cook, sergeant," he said angrily. "I came into the Army to fight—not run a kitchen."

The first sergeant gave him a basilisk stare. "It ain't what you want, bub," he said. "It's what the Army wants."

Mike left, his olive-skinned face pulled into a black scowl. A can for butts stood by the steps, and he kicked it flying. Then he climbed the stairs to the squad room and sat on his bunk, head in his hands. Kelly Persons came in and sat on the neighboring cot. "Top been chewin' on you?" Kelly wanted to know.

A few months ago Mike would have told Kelly all about it—about how being a cook in the Army was the last thing that he wanted. How his old man back in Brooklyn would feel. Now, however, Mike had learned to keep his troubles to himself. He had no intention of giving that Hamid the satisfaction of knowing that this was the dirtiest trick that Mike Papadopolis had yet been dealt.

"Naw," he said shortly to Kelly. "The top asked me if I wanted to go to cooks'-and-bakers' school, is all."

"You mean get out of this rat race we got here?" Kelly asked. "Man, I wish he'd asked me. What'd you tell him?"

"I told him sure," Mike answered coldly.

The word of Mike's good luck filtered through the company in a hurry. Sgt. Abdul Hamid heard of it as he was coming back from the PX. Hamid felt the same incredulous shock that he had known when a bullet had slammed into

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him at Kasserine Pass. It would have been better had he gone to the first sergeant for confirmation of the news. He didn't. He sought out Mike Papadopolis and found him in the twilight out by the regimental truck park.

"I hear you're going to be a cook after all," Hamid said, biting at his words as he faced Mike. "That right?"

Mike's face froze. "That's right."

"So you couldn't take it, Greek boy," Abdul said, his words deadly soft between his teeth now. "No guts. I might have guessed. Well, it takes guts to be a combat infantryman. Cooking for some officers' mess is about your speed, punk."

The words bit hard, and, smarting from their hurt, Mike wanted to yell back that he had no wish to be a damned cook. The words stuck in his throat. It didn't occur to him that Hamid wouldn't have spoken so had he been responsible for Mike's transfer. He hated Abdul Hamid, and he'd have it out with the sadistic louse here and now and to hell with the consequences.

Mike swung a big fist in a roundhouse right, looping it viciously at the dark face of the man in front of him. Abdul, full of his own disappointed anger, hadn't been expecting that. The blow caught him on the side of the head and bowled him a dozen feet. He came back up with a catlike grace, deadly watchful now.

"Once I might have took that—maybe even bought you a beer afterward, Greek boy," he said, making the name sting. "Not now. Now, you get what's coming to you."

He slid aside as Mike rushed, but, even so, another of Mike's blind swings buffeted his head, scraping along an ear so that dark blood trickled down Abdul's cheek. Then, as Mike turned, the Turk hooked a hard left to the other's chin, smashed a right fist into Mike's belly, doubling him over, and then spilled him face down in the dust with a chop to the back of the neck. Abdul Hamid had learned his close infighting in a school sterner than the streets of Brooklyn.

He stood, dabbing at his torn ear, as Mike rolled over and got to his knees, then climbed up to stand unsteadily on his feet again. The anger had gone out of Mike's face now, leaving it slack with a hopeless resignation. Hamid saw that look and it puzzled him a little, but he said nothing as he stood watching.

"O.K., sergeant," Mike said tonelessly, "you can blow the whistle on me now. I know what slugging a noncom can buy me—and I couldn't care less. Go ahead."

"No whistle," Hamid said, spacing his words. "Just don't let me have to look at you no more, Greek boy. You make me sick to my stomach. I want to forget I ever seen you."

The next morning Mike loaded his gear into the truck when it came. There was no one around to see—the rest of the company was on the combat range that morning. Mike's face was a stolid mask as the faraway sound of rifle fire drifted to his ears.

Spring moved on into summer. The training cycle ended, and Kelly Persons and the rest shipped out. A new batch of trainees took their place, and a new cycle began. Mike graduated from the cooks'-and-bakers' school, going through the motions without interest or enthusiasm. Despite that, he was a good cook—he couldn't help himself there—and that, too, worked to increase his frustration. When school ended, instead of going to a company as did the rest, Mike ended up cooking for an officers' mess, as Abdul had predicted.

In Mike's book that was the crowning indignity. Once, when he ran into Corporal Benning in the PX, he found he was reddening with shame when Benning asked him what he was doing. He mumbled an answer, but Benning seemed not to notice. Sgt. Abdul Hamid, Benning said, had shipped out to the Pacific—gone to some division in New Guinea. Then, just before he left Mike, Benning said something that Mike couldn't figure at all.

"The Turk sure thought an awful lot of you, kid," the corporal said. "What the devil did you want to be a cook for? The Turk took that pretty hard."

Mike stared, his mouth a little open. "I didn't want to be a cook," he said then. "I wanted to stay in the company."

It was Benning's turn to stare. "Well, I'll be a bald-headed monkey!" he said thoughtfully. "Can you tie that!"

It was in September that Mike met Col. Harry Giles, a lean and drawling veteran of two years of war in the Pacific. Giles had been on temporary duty in the States, and now he was about to return to his regiment. The meeting between Mike and Harry Giles wasn't a chance one. The colonel was a man who liked to eat well, and he wasn't above coveting his neighbor's cook.

"How'd you like to go back to the Pacific with me?" he asked Mike without preamble. "Say the word and you're first cook in Headquarters Company as of right now—the cooks we had when I left couldn't boil water without burning it."

"Sir," Mike said unhappily, "I'd like to go with the colonel. It's just that I came into the Army to fight—not to cook."

"Boy," Giles said, "making a rifleman out of a guy who can make meat balls like you can is like making a sow's ear out of a silk purse. Besides, you'll probably see all the fighting you want—the rear echelon in my regiment practically parks in the front lines."

"O.K., sir," Mike said. Anyway, the Pacific would be better than this, he thought. He didn't know that he was headed for the same regiment to which Sgt. Abdul Hamid had gone. "I'd like to go."

"We shove off next week," Giles said. "I'll see to getting orders for you to go with me by air. I've got a little pull here."

That was the way it was.

The regiment loaded at Hollandia—and hit Red Beach on Leyte a week later. When the red sunset marked the end of that long, long day, everyone in the outfit knew that Leyte was to be no pushover; Leyte was going to have to be taken, yard by yard, from machine gunners hidden in deep log bunkers; from riflemen in spider holes and from snipers in trees who came down, tumbling end over end, only when a bullet brought them. Weather and terrain were enemies too. Rain fell in intermittent sheets, turning roads and trails into quagmires; ahead, the mountains thrust forbidding crags into the weeping sky.

By noon of that first day, Mike had his kitchen set up in a grove of coconut palms, shattered by the bombardment. That afternoon, when Able Company had been stopped short of the coast road—a quarter of its strength casualties—Mike got his rifle. He was slipping forward through the trees when Captain Bacon, CO of Headquarters Company, had spotted him.

"Come back here, damn it!" Bacon had yelled hoarsely. "Just where the hell do you think you're going, Papadopolis?"

Mike came reluctantly. "They need help up there," he said unhappily. "I got to do something besides sling a skillet, captain."

Captain Bacon was muddy and tired, and a chunk of mortar shell had nicked a

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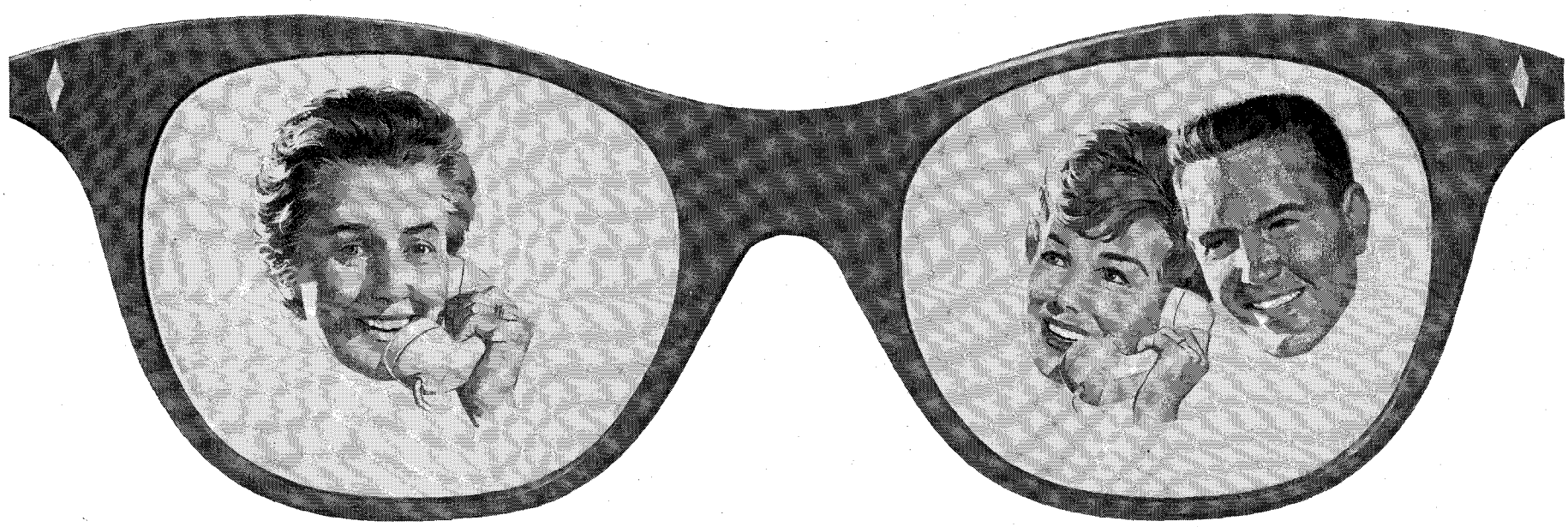

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long scratch across his face. He dropped a hand on Mike's shoulder and his voice softened a little. "Mike," he said, "don't you think I'd rather be leading an assault company myself—instead of flunkying back here? I would. The thing is, the old man wants me here. So I stay. It's the same with you. Lots of guys can kill Japs; not many of 'em can cook. And there are times when a little hot chow can be worth more than a trainload of ammo. Do you see what I mean?"

"Yeah," Mike said slowly. "I guess I do."

He went back to his field ranges. That night the company, every man in it, got something hot to eat. Didn't matter where they were or what they were doing. They didn't eat cold canned hash.

It was shortly before daybreak when one of the banzai charges penetrated a weak spot in the perimeter and a score of screaming Japs came tearing into the grove where Mike's kitchen lay. Mike led the counterattack. In the excitement he had forgotten his rifle. He came back swinging a big meat cleaver in his hand and looking satisfied with himself.

If the outfit thought that first day was bad, it would find that the following days were worse. The division, with Mike's regiment spearheading, slugged its way up the Leyte Valley, fighting Japs—and mud, insects and disease—every inch of the way. Its dead it buried in mattress covers dropped into shallow, muddy graves. Its wounded and sick thinned ranks already too thin.

Palo and Santa Fe and Alangalang were left behind; the Mainit River and Jaro were just names of old fights. Then, at last, the scouts of the lead companies came to the sea again as they looked down on Carigara Bay. Twelve days of brutal fighting with no letup day or night, and the worst still lay ahead. Breakneck Ridge lay athwart the division's path—a craggy bastion of tangled ravines and bald knobs and knife-edged kunai grass.

It was the night that the typhoon hit—the night before the regiment's second battalion attacked—that Mike saw Sgt. Abdul Hamid again. As usual, the regimental CP—rear echelon and all—was close behind the front lines. With tomorrow's first light the second battalion would pivot south, attacking in the direction of Mount Badian to flank the Ormoc trail deep behind the Yamashita Line. Fox Company, dead beat but moving up to a nebulous line of departure, rested for a little while near where Mike's kitchen was hidden in the trees at the edge of a little clearing. Mike clumped across to where Fox lay, men hunched against the rain and the growing wind.

"You guys had anything to eat?" Mike wanted to know.

A combat infantryman, wearing mud for a mask, spat and looked at Mike with bleared eyes. "Eat," he said. "What's that?"

"I'll show you," Mike said.

He went back and routed out cooks, messengers, a bugler—anybody he could get his hands on. He was going to need help.

Men grumbled as he yanked them out of pup tents into the rain. It bought them nothing; Mike didn't care. Presently cooking odors, welcome as mail from home, began to drift to where Fox lay.

Then Mike howled, "Come and get it!" above the moan of the wind, and Fox came. "Seconds for everybody," Mike said.

Sgt. Abdul Hamid was one of the last to come through the line, mess kit and lid in one hand, canteen cup in the other. Mike was helping to ladle the hot grub out now. He dumped a brimming spoonful of steaming beef stew into Abdul's mess kit without looking up as he reached behind for the hot biscuits.

"Hello, Mike," Abdul said quietly.

Mike looked then. He might not have recognized Abdul if it hadn't been for that familiar ax-hard voice and the great beak of the Turk's nose. A week-old beard covered Abdul's cheeks, and his eyes seemed to be set too far back into his head. In the dim light a dirty bandage showed beneath his helmet.

"Hello, sergeant—kind of a nasty night," Mike said. It was all that he could think of to say.

Abdul looked down at the steaming stew in his mess kit; then he looked back at Mike for a long moment. Finally he nodded—as though Mike had just said something of infinite importance. "Yeah," he said. "Real nasty. Well, that's the way it goes, I guess."

Mike watched the last of the line go by; then he found an empty crate and pushed it toward Abdul. "You might as well sit," he said a little awkwardly. "A man can get tired of eating standing up all of the time."

Abdul nodded again and sat down, leaning his back against a tree; he spooned up the stew and chewed with slow enjoyment while the rain ran down the hollows of his face. When the mess kit was empty, Mike took it and filled it again. Talk—hard banter—was beginning beneath the dripping trees as Fox, buoyed by the comfort of full bellies, began to shake off the despondency it had worn when it came here. Abdul Hamid mopped his mess kit with the last of the biscuit; then he found a dry cigarette and got it lighted.

"Ed Benning wrote me," he said evenly. "He said you didn't want to leave the company for cooks'-and-bakers' school, Mike."

"The Army didn't seem to give a damn what I wanted," Mike agreed ruefully. "It said I'd be a cook. So, I'm a cook."

Abdul considered that for a moment, sucking smoke into his lungs with a well-fed contentment. "Funny," he said, looking off into the rain and the night, "up to tonight I guess I never figured how important a cook can be." He moved his head toward where the rest of the company lay. "Fox has got its tail up again. They were a bunch of sad sacks for sure until they got around that stew of yours."

Mike liked that, but let it pass. "I still want to be a rifleman, sergeant," he said.

"Forget it," Abdul told him. "You're doing good here."

Presently word drifted back through the dark, and Fox got to its feet again and moved out. Mike watched them go and wished that he were going with them. The wind was getting worse, he noted absently; it made a high, keening sound as it whipped at the trees, driving the rain before it.

He set about making fresh coffee for the rear-echelon people who would be drifting in and out all night.

The full force of the typhoon howled in from Carigara Bay shortly before daybreak. Rushing air, against which a man could barely stand, drove the rain in flat sheets and ripped nipa thatches from the native huts across the clearing. The sky was an ominous black, a grim portent of what was to come—because the second battalion's attack was to go in, typhoon or no; the war could not wait on the weather. It was no good. As the long day began to die, it was all too clear that the morning's dire omen was coming true.

In the fading daylight men began to drift back through the regimental area. Most of them were wounded, but not all. There was little to be cheerful about in the story that they told as they wandered aimlessly away into the deepening night. The second battalion had run into a trap amid the tangled ravines of the ridge; units had become broken and scattered and were taking a terrible beating up there. Fox Company, what was left of it, still held a series of knobs looking out over the kunai grass, but Fox couldn't hold forever.

Mike fed hot coffee to those stragglers who filtered past his kitchen. There weren't many of them; there were more who passed the kitchen by to find shelter back in the trees. Colonel Giles came to the kitchen in the last of the light. He, too, was muddy and reeling from fatigue, and he carried an arm in a dirty sling—it had been smashed by a sniper's bullet. He sat on the crate Abdul had used while Mike brought him piping-hot coffee.

"Second battalion's in bad shape, Mike," he said. "They've got to have help. I've got none to send."

Mike thought soberly of that. Without thinking, he'd picked up the cleaver that he'd used that night back there above Red Beach, and he swung it to feel its heft now. Then, for some reason, he remembered what Captain Bacon had said to him that day: "*A little hot chow can be worth more than ammo, Mike.*" Sgt. Abdul Hamid had said about the same thing, now that he thought of it.

He said slowly, "Maybe we could rustle up some help, colonel. Anyway, it would be worth a try, sir."

"Are you sure we're both going on the same vacation?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

It took a minute for Mike's words to sink in—then Colonel Giles looked up with sober eyes. "How?" he asked.

"Maybe I could show you better," Mike said. "It'll take me a little time, sir, but I'll hurry it along."

Again Mike routed men out into the rain. Messengers, cooks, wiremen, clerks. He got the bugler and told him to bring his horn. The field ranges glowed red, and once more the cooking food and steaming coffee drove their aromas through the trees. Presently Mike went back to where the colonel still sat. "Sir," he said, "can I sound mess call?"

Giles stared at Mike as though the latter had gone crazy. "Mess call?" he asked. "Mess call—why?"

Mike flapped a hand toward the gloom under the trees. "I figure there's a lot of boys sort of on the loose out there, colonel," he said. "More'n likely, if they were to get some hot chow into their bellies, they'd want to go up front again."

"Well, I'll be damned," Giles said. "O.K., blow away."

Mike moved off again, and after a little the bugle spilled its brassy notes into the night. It carried a lilting impudence as it sang a song old as the Army.

Soupy, soupy, soupy, without a single bean.

Off in the darkness, tired, whipped men heard. They looked toward one another and fumbled for mess kits and canteen cups as they got to their feet. A trickle of men at first; it began to grow into a surging stream.

Porky, porky, porky, without a streak of lean.
Coffee, coffee, coffee, the worst you ever seen.

Men came from all directions out of the rain and night now. They lined up in queues, clattering mess gear and shoving. Mike climbed on a box and yelled at them, his voice carried by the wind.

"Chow up," he said. "Then we're going back—Fox needs help bad. How about it?" For a moment there was silence. Then Mike said, "Next hot chow will be served on Breakneck Ridge!"

That did it. The thought of hot food was a shot in the arm to men licked a few minutes before. A ragged yell started. Colonel Giles got the Christmas whisky he'd been saving and dumped it into the steaming coffee. The yell grew to a solid belt of sound. Then, after the last of the coffee was gone and the slum pots were licked clean, Task Force Papadopolis—that was the name Harry Giles had given to it—went back to the ridge. Mike and the colonel marched at its head, Mike swinging the big cleaver.

The typhoon was blowing itself out as Mike and Abdul Hamid squatted on Hill 1469 and looked across the dripping kunai grass. Help had come up, and the line of knobs was secure now. From the rear the odors of cooking came. Mike was keeping his promise.

"I guess the nicest sound I ever heard," Abdul said, "was the racket that ragtag bunch of boys of yours made coming up last night. How'd you do it, Greek boy?"

There was affection in the name now as Abdul used it. Mike grinned, tapping at a rock with the back of his cleaver. "Shucks," he said, "us cooks have got our professional secrets. You get to be a cook, Turk, and maybe I'll tell you."

The tight lines eased in Abdul's face—the closest he ever came to a smile. "Next time I go to a war," he said, "I figure I'll get me an army of cooks if they cook like you, Greek boy." THE END

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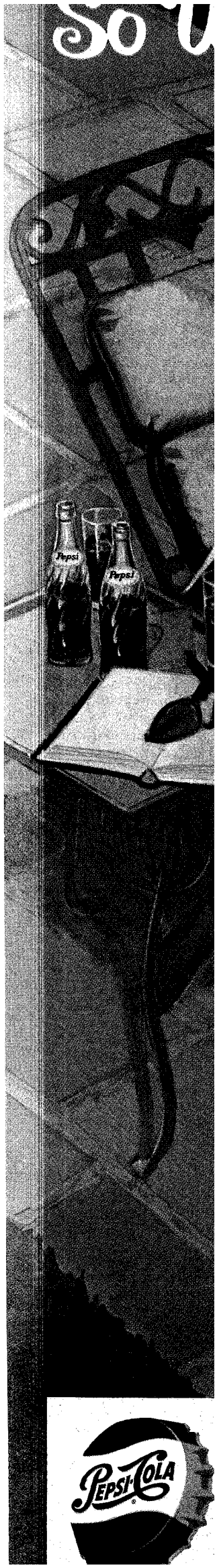

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Death Walk (Continued from Page 37)

voice. "We're going down together. We've shared the risks so far, Mike. I'll help, I'll try harder ——"

"You've done well, better than most men would." It was unfair to seek support from a man as sick as her father, but he needed backing here. She was making this very hard. "You agree with me, don't you, Morg?"

"In a pig's eye! Me, I agree with Linny. But I'll tell you what I want, and no more stalling. I want you to take that ax and go to work on me like you promised."

Mike was not one to change his mind, and his solution came closer to a guaranty of life for these two than a voyage down the Maxada. But he couldn't follow it—their eggs must stay in the single basket. The state Halsted was in, half delirious, he wouldn't put it past Morg to go after his own foot with the Hudson's Bay chopper.

"All right," he said to them, "if you won't listen to reason, we'd best load and go. Bottoms up, eh, pop? You're one for cuddling a drink."

"Snakes in your bed, Scotty," Halsted muttered. "You see you keep my music dry."

They loaded the hurt man midships—they'd gone nautical now—chaffering with a spurious jollity. The stripped packframe they blocked behind his shoulders; Mike turned his rope into a life line with which he secured Halsted to the raft. Linn's place would be forward, with a pole which she was on no account to use unless ordered. Her main occupation, Mike warned her, might just be to hang on. Their gear, bundled and knotted in his jacket, he lashed down with the spare end of rope. Ax haft and bagpipe drones projected, shiny with rain.

"I'll be at the back," Mike told them. "The stern, I mean. Steering, although there won't be much of that. Also praying."

He had run a river or two in skilled company, but he was no boatman, and their faith in him appalled him.

He shoved off and swung on board, water spurting between the logs as they took his weight. The gray river took them smoothly, swiftly. Their raft rode well, its squared cabin logs buoyant, spikes holding, wire-rope lashings not working loose. Current purred along its sides, the dark forest walls slid past, one bar and then another diminishing astern with heartening celerity. Halsted sat on a pad of boughs, wrapped to the waist in the damp blanket, hooded and caped in the pack tarp. Linn turned her head, and the broad, sick face gave her its tough grin.

"Watch the course," Mike called to her sharply. "Keep your eyes front."

The river hurried them on and down. At this rate, the girl thought, another stretch of forest behind, another bar unreeling, they would devour that forty miles before dark. She kept her gaze peeled for trouble, but her mind went straying.

Kinross, the hospital, the inhabited world had come nearer at a giant stride. Heaven was close. She thought of Morg receiving the care that would save him; saw herself eating mountains of bread while Mike feasted on cheese and catchup.

"Something coming up," she called suddenly, not turning, her eyes alert while her thoughts drifted. "A tree, Mike, right across."

It was a monster spruce, freshet-toppled. The root mass reared from the far bank's brush, the crown was anchored on the near side of their narrowed river. Limbs stabbed down, but a central span gave clearance. Curiously they appeared to remain static while the obstacle charged upriver toward them.

The raft rocked while Mike stroked hard with his pole. They passed under, threading the gap neatly, and the tree bridge was past history along with glacier and wounded grizzly, bench and meadow and brown high-country pond. They would review all this one day, Morg and Mike and she. They would hold a Maxada Club reunion. Argue and lie and use coarse language, and she would come home to Luke a number of drinks past her prudent limit.

Mike's voice cut at her. "Down and hang on!"

While she dreamed, the river banks had drawn together, rising in low walls of dark, scabrous rock. A roaring assailed her ears.

She looked ahead and flopped—and clung; and it was a ride on a bronco now, the raft bucking and plunging in antic capers while those narrowing walls climbed and pinched closer, and the river changed from gray to milky, all spray and confused clamor.

A rapid —— Her thoughts, placid seconds ago, flew wild. *A canyon—Oh, Lord!*

The dark walls towered. Cheek pressed to a log and fingers scrabbling, she felt she could reach out and touch sweating rock. The wall racing past her now was grown daintily with little black-stemmed ferns in moss. She would watch rock and moss and fern, and not the Maxada which had betrayed them. Except she was supposed to look ahead ——

She looked and screamed. They were hurtling through the small end of a funnel. It opened beyond, the slick chute down which they rode widening into a river gone crazy, where waves curled back upon themselves and boulders leered, each rock a Red Ridinghood wolf with a bonnet of lacy spray.

The canyon fired them out to the lower rapid. Again Linn knew the sensation of arrested progress, raft at a standstill while disaster plunged, leaped and rolled upstream to meet them.

The black walls were gone, but from one bank to the other the river elbow was plugged and choked with a dam of logs, a chaotic jumble of whole and shattered trees that raised a bristling face high and higher, blocking vision.

She knew Mike was plying his pole. Heard him yell at her and rocked to her knees, her own pole gone, desperate to help but powerless. The log jam rushed at them, they struck, slithered and tilted forward—the river behind, lifting and shoving, showered them with its spume, trying to prod the raft down and under.

"Jump!" Mike's voice lashed her and she leaped in an awkward, clawing scramble. From a niche in the dam face, she gaped in terror and despair. He was shoving, the pole braced against the jam and bending. She tore and twisted at a crooked limb till it dragged free, set its butt against a raft crosspiece and heaved too. The raft's splintery nose inched into view, freed for the moment from river press and suction. It ground and bumped out of the main flow, groping its way broadside along a massive trunk half submerged. Linn followed, clambering among logs laced and interlaced with lesser debris of a witchwood which had not released them even here.

She won through to the bank, fought brush to the water's edge, and waded a graveled and gently eddying shallow to seize the raft and guide it in. Her father huddled with eyes shut. Mike treated her to a ferocious scowl.

"You see why I wanted you to stay?"

"What can we do?" She spoke with a voice that wobbled in spite of her. She had been very badly scared, although she should be used to that by now. "Mike, we can't possibly get the raft over this."

"We will. One way or another."

He wallowed off noisily through the undergrowth, rounding the end of the log jam. When he came back he wore his stubborn burro look and he wasted no words. He freed her father from the lashings, boosted him over a shoulder and started up the bank.

"Fetch our stuff, will you, Linny?"

She followed, lugging his loaded jacket and the packboard. Downstream of the jam was a wide bar, smooth stones and tawny gravel. A branch creek wandered chuckling between lesser bars to the river, which slid past decorously, repentant for its binge, bent on behaving itself. Linn had become experienced in sizing up campsites. This was good—this would have served very nicely, if they'd been staying.

"I won't give up my logs," Mike said to her, "or the spikes or the wire either. It's too good a raft to lose."

"All right," she answered, settling the packboard behind her father's shoulders, "If you're so smart, carry it over."

"I'll do that," Mike snapped back at her, "with your help, duchess." His torchy pride had been hurt by this latest upset in his plans; she had learned to recognize the symptoms. He freed his ax, hateful once more, gruff and glum. "Another couple of hours shot, blast the luck!"

They hauled the raft around the jam, in pieces. The dismantling took time and cost them priceless spikes. The freighting consumed more time; it was brute labor, rough on back and hands and spirit. Reassembly in the shallows below the log jam devoured more time still. The gray day was near closing when Mike hauled the raft's bows onto the shingle.

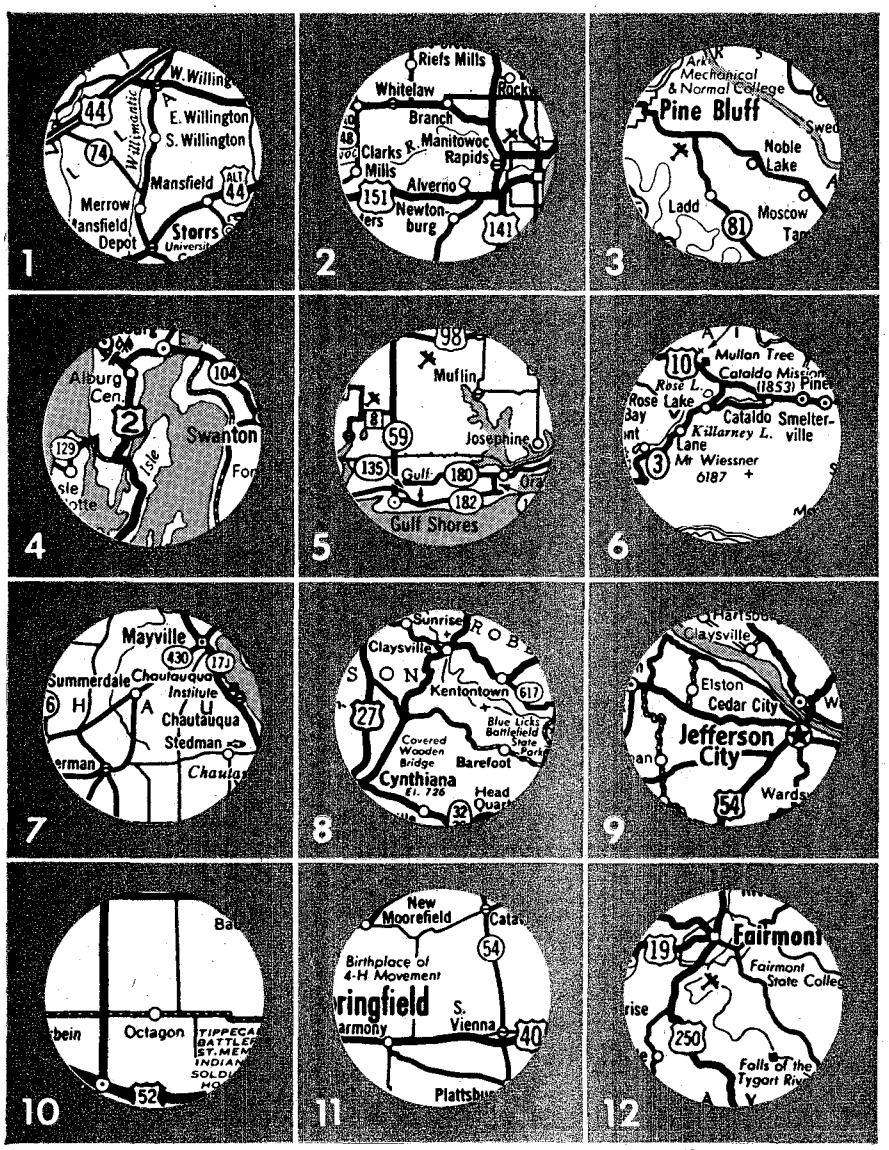
"Linny, I'm sorry. We won't be down tonight."

Yesterday she had flown off at him, but she understood better, now, the nature of the Maxada country. The Max was a cruel cat, and they its mice. Today, she only said to him dully, "You're sure? Couldn't we go a little farther before dark, at least?"

"Can't risk it. We've used the candles and it will be a black one, with the rain. Ves said there was another canyon below somewhere, and we'd best count on more jams."

He was right. They set to, sodden and dispirited, on yet another slant-roofed shelter, toiling in silence. It was a familiar routine now, this conjuring of roof and fire and food from a bitter country.

The routine helped. So did a shared cigarette. They swallowed frustration and



RAND MC NALLY & CO.

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Harley P. Cook

(*Answers on Page 56*)

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disappointment, ready to settle for the smaller mercy of a snug camp.

"How far from the mine?" Linn asked.

"Say three miles. One canyon, one riffle, one beast of a jam. Could have done worse."

When Halsted woke—the term was perhaps a euphemism—he would find camp made, water bubbling, spiked tea and a smoke.

Mike sighed. "Counting our blessings," he said, "I believe we've outrun Big Brother." There was a decision to be made, perhaps a very grim job to be done here, and better if Linn were out of the way. He got his twenty-two from their outfit. Stock trimmed at the pistol grip, barrel cut to a scant twelve inches, it reminded the girl strongly of some weapon styled by a hoodlum for a street war. "Have you done any shooting, Linny?"

The tone was fatherly indulgent, but not hopeful—the Optimists would never vote him in.

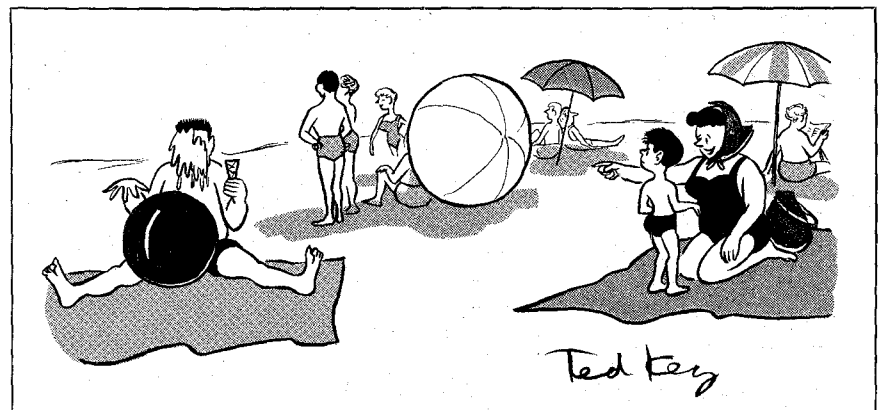
"Morg bought us air pistols for that camping trip. I became quite expert on tin cans."

"Nine then, weren't you? Some few years ago."

"Well, I broke several clay pipes at an amusement park once. I'd have got the gallery man, too, but he ducked."

"A sissy," Mike observed. He surrendered the little gun with plain reluctance. "Take a turn along the creek," he told her. "Watch the low branches. I doubt this is grouse country, but one never knows."

He showed her how to load the gun and set the bolt at half cock. Then he gave her a miserly two cartridges from his pocket besides the shell in the breach. "The long one," he instructed her, still fatherly, "is a hollow-point high-speed.



"Just ask him for the ball, nicely."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Don't waste it unless you meet something bigger than your dear little self."

It was a game of sorts, played deadpan, the two facing each other by a fire crackling orange in the late gray afternoon, clouds low on the ridges, the river gliding by.

"You'll not go popping off at random? Shells cost money, you know."

"I'll be very careful, Mike."

"See you don't stray far. I'll have a nice dish of porridge for you when you come back."

"I'll look forward to that."

"And Linny?"

"Yes, Mike?"

"Try not to walk in puddles. I can't be making you new shoes every other day."

"Mike?"

"Yes?"

"Are grouse in season?"

He looked down at her, and her face was serious, the gray eyes mildly anxious. A shade too serious. Halsted was wrong; the humor was there, but a quiet sort, newly developed or perhaps never appreciated. There were times, Mike felt, watching her flap off to the hunt, when he and Miss Halsted understood each other very well.

Alone with the hurt man, he rolled up the left leg of Halsted's stained and brush-torn slacks and set to work on the foot dressings. The lower leg was streaky and badly swollen, and the foot, if not outright gangrenous, harbored a fine, ripe infection.

He forced himself to a clinical survey. It had occurred to him a number of times this day that Halsted's instinct about his smashed foot might be right. The foot was poisoning him and it should be off.

In olden days, on vessels far from port or doctor—whalers and such—captains had faced this problem. Their way had been to operate with the tools available, seal the stump with melted tar, and hope luck and a rugged constitution would pull the victim through. *For tar*, Mike thought, *we substitute melted resin. We're low enough down now to find a fir tree that's bled a gob* ——

Against reason he had hoped to see this man in hospital at Kinross tonight after a fast descent of the Max. But their sampling of the river had not encouraged; Kinross might well be days away. It was time for a decision about the foot—and he squatted in the lean-to mouth on the heels of his broken boots, scowling in a torment of indecision.

Inwardly groaning, Mike sought for a sign, a portent, but the Maxada had none to offer. They could be stuck on the river a week; they might hit tidewater tomorrow. The search would be spreading. Morning might bring wings. Dave Logan might fly over, bound in to locate him and offer him a lift out. It was all a toss-up and no sure knowledge to help him. Act now and he might be the death of a man he had come to love. Delay, put off, and with that tough man weakening, death also might strike long before the Maxada chose to free them.

It came to Mike quietly there that his decision was already made. Attempting the river had not called for any nice juggling of "should" and "shouldn't." The raft, barring an air rescue which he had seen as improbable, was their only way out. But this other risk he could not and would not take.

He cleaned up the foot as best he could with boiled creek water, then tore the last of the white shirts for dressings. Those he supplemented with the nylon slip Linn had contributed as bandaging material when she switched to slacks. Lace-edged. Mike smiled; Morgan Halsted's not-so-stuffy daughter was feminine enough.

The canvas wrapping he scrubbed in the creek and hung to dry at the fire.

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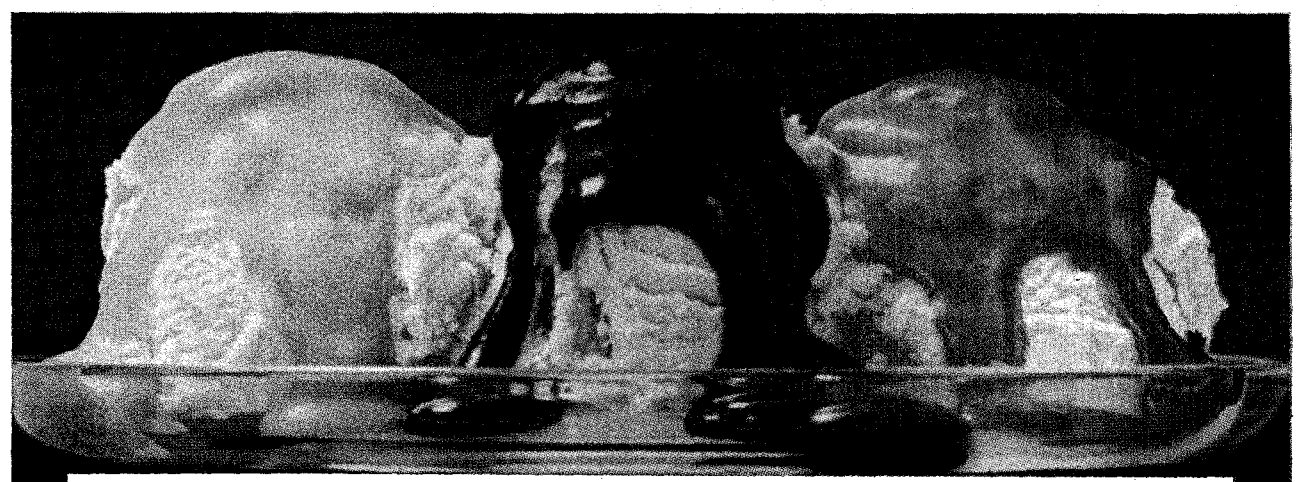

ORANGE SAUCE

Mix until smooth 1 package Jell-O Vanilla Instant Pudding, ⅔ cup Light KARO SYRUP and ¼ cup undiluted Frozen Orange Juice Concentrate. Stir in gradually, ⅔ cup Pet Evaporated Milk. Let stand to thicken about 10 minutes.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE

Mix until smooth 1 package of Jell-O Chocolate Instant Pudding, ⅔ cup Light or Dark KARO SYRUP. Stir in gradually ¾ cup Pet Evaporated Milk, 1 tsp. vanilla. Let stand to thicken about 10 minutes.

BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

Follow recipe for Chocolate Sauce, but use Jell-O Butterscotch Instant Pudding and Dark KARO. Omit vanilla.

Each of these recipes makes about 2 cups of sauce. Any left? Cover and keep in refrigerator.

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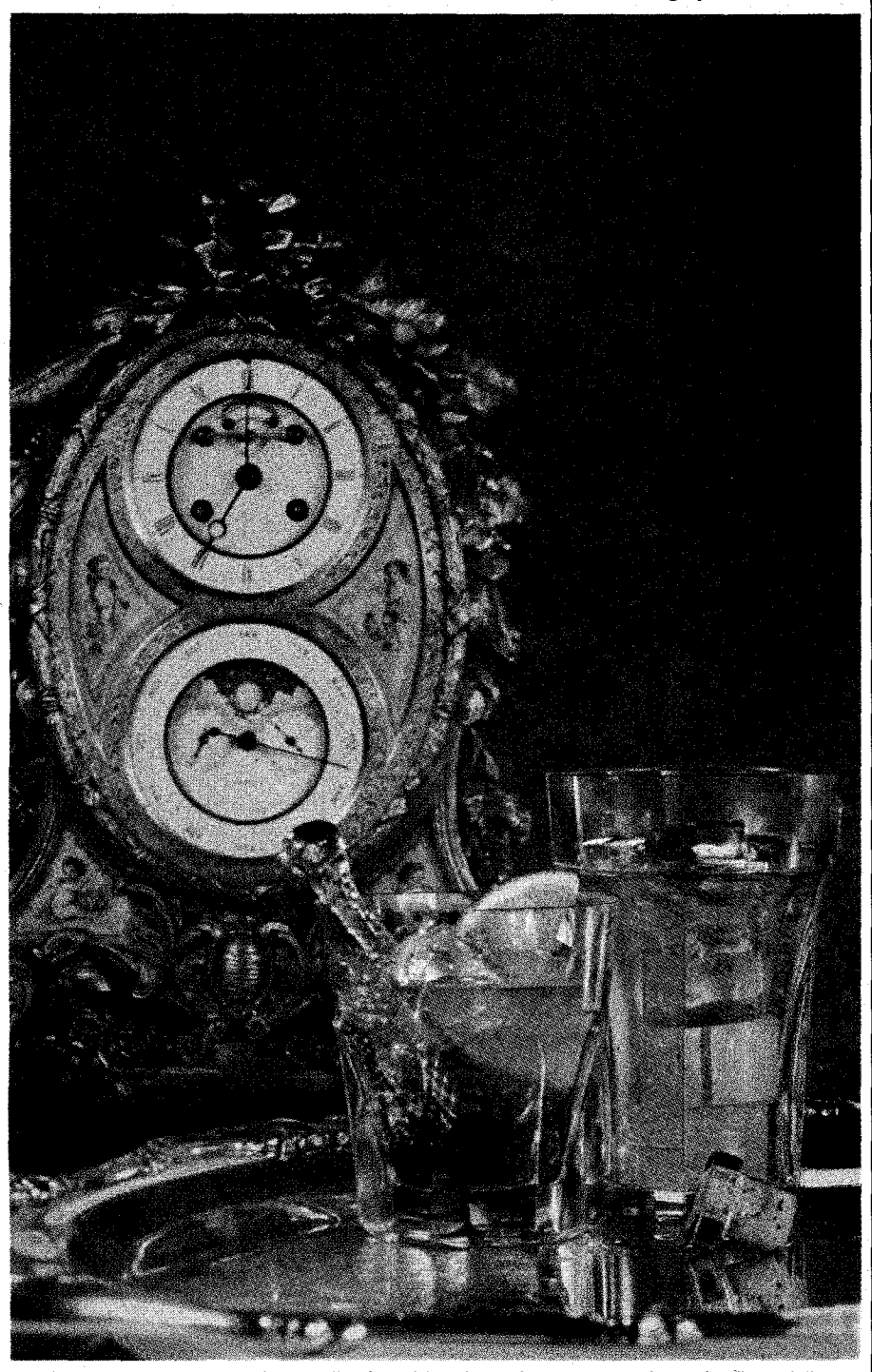

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When he returned from kindling their signal triangle, the sick man's eyes were open. Halsted squinted down his legs, once more wrapped in the blanket. He nodded in evident satisfaction.

"Morg, I decided to take care of the foot while you were napping."

"Hell, I wasn't asleep. It didn't hurt. I hardly felt it." The sick face, gray-bristled and hollowed under the cheekbones now, worked in what Mike took for a grin. "One good whack, huh?"

"What's that you say?"

"The foot, boy, the foot! You took it off at one clip just as I figured you would."

"Sure." He had sought a portent, and perhaps he had found one. If the delusion persisted, if Halsted continued to believe his wreck of a left foot were axed off, he would do a lot less fretting. "Now, how about some tea?"

"Yes, and a taste of mush. Thanks, son, you handled that well. From here on you're my personal physician. I feel much better already."

"I'm glad to hear it."

"I hope you buried it, Mike. Better pile rocks on top. I'd as soon the bears didn't have it. He was a big fellow we saw, him with the yellow front."

"He was indeed. Head like a keg." Mike shook the last of the tea leaves, now mostly powder, into the pail, feeling a good deal better himself.

"The pipes, too, son, I want 'em. You've shortchanged me on my floor show lately."

"Right away, pop. You must excuse a slight hissing."

Four fingers of whisky left. Halsted's unfocused gaze upon him, he went through his pretense of helping himself from the bottle neck.

The grimace that passed for a smile stirred Halsted's face. "I never had a boy," he said. "Just Linny, though I wouldn't trade her. But there's times I wish you were my son."

Clean out of his head! Mike thought with a griping of his heart.

He tramped off along the bar with his bagpipes, composing himself for music. Splashing across the branch creek, he heard from not too far away the snap of his gun and wondered what she'd loosed at. Not the high-speed load—that would have cracked louder.

This was a spacious bar, the footing good, a fine parade ground. Down where it abutted on forest, a pair of spruce had toppled in a crisscross during the last freshet. Mike saw, or thought he detected, a stirring there, the merest twitch and flicker. He stooped for a pebble and tossed it, but no bird flitted, no small creature scurried. This was a haunted house of a forest, sinister but empty.

Brush and limbs absorbed the stone. Until he puffed the bag and applied fingers to the chanter holes, there was only the gray river singing through silence.

A large and dusky bird sat on a bough, half shrouded by drooping tassels. Linn clicked the gun bolt to full cock, raised the abbreviated twenty-two in both hands, and settled the crude transplanted fore sight in the rear V. She let the blade center on what she could distinguish of the bird in the greenery, and with tongue between teeth and breath caught up, squeezed the trigger.

At the smacking crack the big bird spread wings and planed down much as their aircraft had glided to its death in the meadow pond. She ran toward it, and drooping wings beat upon the brown needle carpet, supporting a fury that glared with round yellow eyes while a hissing, hooked bill dared her to close the distance. No grouse. She had tumbled an owl.

Linn used words she had heard from Mike's lips, flipped the bolt, reloaded at random from her slacks, and shot the horned owl through the head. She had never in her life before killed bird or beast. This bloodletting disturbed her not at all; the Maxada was turning her into a thorough savage.

She ejected the spent shell—a potent little gun.

They had one making of mush, a pinch of tea, and beyond those stores the larder was bare. It occurred to the girl this was a poor time to be finicky. She tied the owl's shanks together with a strip haggled off her belt of twisted cloth and started back down the branch creek, strolling under a twilight arch of boughs, the relaxed wings flopping against her ankle.

At the end of her tunnel she saw their camp. Mike had lit the distress beacons, and smoke coiled up past the lean-to roof from the campfire. Homey. She had been lonesome back there, glancing often over her shoulder, fear never far. It would be good to be in camp, settling to the evening routine.

Emerging, she saw Mike where he paced and wheeled and strutted. She had been cold and wet all day and she was damp still. But the accursed rain had stopped for a while, and the fire would steam her dry.

She had acquired a fondness for the bagpipes and would miss them from her life, although distance did lend enchantment. Swinging the owl, the gun jammed pirate-fashion through her belt, she wandered down the bar. If Mike saw her, he paid no heed; but she was sure he didn't see her. When piping, he was a man transported, marching columns behind him and he out front with his Gaelic rock-'n'-roll, leading Highlanders to glory.

Mike Clendon was clean gone. Too far gone—and the owl settled quietly at her feet as the string slipped through her fingers—to realize that his audience had increased by two.

Herself with a popgun in her belt and the adrenaline thrilling its rouse-and-beware through her body—and in the shadows of the spruce tangle forty feet away, the furry friend whom they hadn't left behind after all. Mr. Big with his head sunk low, the fur hackled stiff on the ridged shoulder hump, and his teeth champing. The pipes overbore the sound, but the sight scared her silly.

Her feet took her forward. They insisted. She halted frog-eyed in Mike's line of march, one eye for him, one for the canary-patch grizzly.

"Mike." From a dry throat she tried to slip her voice under the skirl and drone, keeping her tone conversational as he had that day in the creek bed. "Big Brother is watching you."

He didn't hear. She was convinced that had she not stepped aside he would have marched over or through her. He wheeled, the pipes giving out with Highland Laddie, a glorious din, and as he passed, she flipped the gun bolt and groped the last cartridge into the chamber.

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

(Page 54)

1. Conn.	2. Wis.	3. Ark.
4. Vt.	5. Ala.	6. Idaho
7. N.Y.	8. Ky.	9. Mo.
10. Ind.	11. Ohio	12. W. Va.

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The bear had not shifted. It might rush him. And again, it mightn't. Linn felt through her terror, bowing her spirit, the weight of command.

She knew that the gun tossed its minuscule pill a trifle high and just a shade to the right. She raised it in both hands, settled the sights, and with breath held and tongue nipped, squeezed the trigger.

Mr. Big did not bawl. He erupted over the crossed spruce trunks in a clawing scramble. But, although they continued to thrust and flurry, his hind legs failed to clear. He hung there, nightmare made manifest, with muzzle in the gravel and rump in air.

Linn saw him die with the sough of the deflating bagpipes for requiem.

The reaction was much less than she had expected. She was, she thought, becoming hardened to cliff hanging. There was no quaking of the knees, no metallic aftertaste of terror. She strolled forward, picking her way daintily, while Mike allowed his mouth to close and snatched for the gun. He fumbled a shell from his pants, reloaded, and advanced cautiously upon the bear. Bending, he pointed the muzzle into an ear. Flame, violet in the dusk, jetted from the barrel.

Linn said mildly, "I don't think that was necessary, Mike."

"Perhaps not." He refused to look at her and spoke in a constrained muttering. "But it's best to play safe. You realize if you'd missed the eye, the spot we might be in?"

"I didn't miss, though, did I?"

He wasn't fooling her, not for an instant. She was, she knew, very much the little queen and she proposed to make the most of it. She stretched a hand and ruffled the coarse fur. Beneath it, the carcass was blood-warm; incredible that a great beast instant with menace so short a space before should sag here dead.

"That was rather an exceptional shot, Mike, don't you agree?" She was pleased with herself, but she pitied Mr. Big. He had sought no quarrel; he had guided them down a glacier and been wantonly crippled, and it was they, in the end, who had intruded upon him.

"It was the damnedest fluke I ever saw or hope to see," Mike told her crustily, dangling his recovered pipes, standing and staring.

"Did you know Big Brother was there?"

"Certainly. I had him fascinated." He swallowed hard, his voice firmed. "As long as I piped, he behaved himself. I even believe he enjoyed it. It was only when you came tripping along that he showed hostile."

"Oh. And if I hadn't come? When you'd run out of wind?"

"A good piper," he informed her primly, "never runs out of wind."

She leaned her back against the shaggy hindquarters and cocked a green moccasin on the bear's head. "Did you ever shoot a grizzly with a twenty-two rifle Mike?"

"No."

"Did Vesuvius Jones ever?"

It came grudgingly. "Not to my knowledge. But he will tonight for your dad's benefit—I'd about run out of yarns."

A tickling had started between her shoulders. She wiggled them against the bear. She swung a foot, very demure.

"Who won the War of Eighteen-twelve, Mike?"

"Will you settle for a draw?"

"Say 'grizzly.'"

"Why?"

"I just want to hear you say it."

"Won't 'uncle' do?"

"No."

"Very well." He sighed, scrubbed a hand through his beard and breathed deep. "Grizzly, grizzly, grizzly—satisfied?"

He was watching her intently. She drew her shoulders away from her quarry and reached to scratch. It was an awkward spot, hard to get at.

"As the hide cools," Mike said, "the passengers seek new homes. Please keep your feet to yourself tonight, Linny."

The grin cracked wide across his face. He yelled and tossed the gun, and thumped her back fit to drive the breath from her. They swaggered hardily along the bar, his arm across her shoulders—she with the recovered owl. Linn knew she would never pry a spoken admission from him, but his praise was implicit and she basked in it. The final barrier was down, and she had won full membership in the Maxada Club.

"Do we just leave him there, Mike? It seems a dreadful waste."

"Of course not! I'll skin him out. Morg will finish his ride like an emperor on that rug." His fingers kneaded her shoulder bones. "That'll be one for his barroom wall, eh, Linny? The surprise that man's in for in the morning!"

Morg was wrong, with his clumsy matchmaking. The ring wasn't that loose on her finger. There were times, simply, when she and Mike Clendon were very good friends. Outside all would be changed. But here and now she wanted no other friend.

The thought was on her, strong to the point of certainty, that the nice balance of their luck had swayed, the scales now loaded in their favor. Still, she did not put it into words, for that could be dangerous. Some things weren't meant for words; they were best approached obliquely and with eyes averted. She felt she understood better, now, Mike's aversion to calling a grizzly by name. Perhaps she was acquiring a woods *mystique* of her own. The haunted silence would never frighten her again. Back there she had slain terror with a .22 hollow-point high-speed bullet.

But in her secret heart, the great unmentionable would always be Mr. Big.

Mike ferreted ax file and whetstone out of his little sack of small gear. His ax had taken a chewing from the wire rope, and he abhorred a dull ax. A yard away, comfortable on spruce feathers, Linn stitched at her moccasins. The very good stone on her engagement finger winked coldly as she drew the needle through. Firelight was kind to face and smooth brown hair.

The fire purred. From the dark the Maxada spoke with a friendly voice. The scene was pleasantly domestic. In the shelter Halsted sprawled with eyes shut.

Presently Linn crept inside for the tea mug. "Asleep," she reported. And Mike, bowed over his work, said, "That's a mercy."

He traded file for whetstone. "Drop of tea left, if you'd like it."

"We'll share it."

She set the pail over the coals and resumed her stitching. The diamond twinkled.

"His name's Luke, isn't it?"

"Who?" She glanced up in a momentary vagueness. "Yes—Luke Blaine."

"Would you care to tell me about him?"

But what, after all, was there to tell? How interpret one person to another so different? Still, she tried. "I suppose he's a good deal like me, Mike. Quiet. Not at all exciting. I'm no adventurer and I've never needed Morg to tell me that."

The scarred eyebrow lifted at her. But she wished no distractions. There was a matter to be settled between them—a moment which had been preparing almost since she and Mike Clendon met.

"I dislike rapids and canyons and jams. I know the life I happen to be fitted for, Mike. Call it stuffy, I won't deny it." She lifted her head and smiled at him. There had been a kiss on the glacier moraine and a way he had sometimes of looking at her. She had met that gaze when she slopped up from the river and, wet and miserable though she then was, had felt her heart quicken. There was also—close now, she felt—the world outside where all would be different.

"Are you in love with him, Linny?" His hands were occupied again, the stone whispering on steel. It was a quiet question.

"I suppose so."

"You are or you aren't. That's no answer at all."

"Put it this way, Mike. I don't think it's good to care for anyone or anything too deeply. Not for me. I'm convinced of that."

"What convinced you?"

Firelight invited confidence. She had never told anyone how her first love had fizzled out. Not her father, although she suspected Morg might have guessed. Certainly not Luke. But she reviewed that naïve interlude now without humilation, speaking of it casually.

"I made a fool of myself over a boy when I was nineteen. Not a complete fool, Mike, I was saved from that. I opened the wrong door at the wrong time and heard myself described as a freak."

The sting was gone, lost, drowned in the Maxada. She looked back objectively, mildly amused at her own stupidity. "His exact words were, 'She's a freak, but a gold-plated freak. Her old man's rolling.' He was explaining me to another girl."

"Gold-plated." Mike did not look up from his honing. "Fair enough. But why a freak?"

"By his standards, I was." She smiled over a hurt once devastating, but no longer felt. "I'm not pretty," she said, firelight giving her the lie. "I don't sparkle. At parties I'm dull ——"

"Very dull, I'm sure. You should have broken a bottle over that fellow's head."

"The thought occurred to me. But I'm not the bottle-breaking type."

"So you slunk home in tears?"

"I did not!"

"In stiff dignity then. I'd enjoy killing him for that." He glanced up, speaking with a roughness in his voice. "Anyway, he was wrong. Pretty is the least of what you are. The fool lacked the sense to appreciate you."

So she had not averted the charged moment after all. But turn it she must. They were old, both of them, to be swept into lunacy by an attraction as transient as a vacation crush.

Her own voice sometimes betrayed her in crisis. She forced steadiness, speaking firmly. "I went home from that party with a lesson learned. You told me once you were wary of rich men's daughters, Mike."

"That's so—I'd forgotten." He no longer looked at her. Face in shadow, coppery cowlick over his forehead, he had returned to edging his ax. "And the lesson had to do with poor men's sons? He was one of those? Hoped some of the gold would rub off on him, I take it?"

"Yes. But Mike, I didn't ——"

"Wise girl!" Delicately he tested the bit with his finger. "We're a scruffy lot, us poor men, everlastingly on the make. Although once in a lifetime you might meet one who prefers to find his own gold."

"Mike, I didn't mean you, believe me. I meant only that—that we're so very different in every way, you and I." It was not what she had wanted to say, and it came out lamentably stiff. "I consider you my best friend. I'll miss you."

"Why, thank you, Linny. I'll miss you too—with your cold little feet."

He had a way of flustering her, tipping her off balance. She blundered on, poking thread at the needle eye. "If I've offended you or hurt your feelings, I'm truly sorry."

The whetstone snapped. Mike swore and sucked at a finger. He got up, shaking his hand. She saw the blood bead in the cut.

"Stupid of me."

"Let me put adhesive on it. I saved some."

"No need, thanks. By the way, Linny, your dad is convinced I've taken his foot off. Play along, will you? It may help."

"Yes, of course."

She had meant only to be sensible. She had seen this breach developing between head and heart, and for both their sakes set herself to mend it. And she had, it appeared, succeeded. Discussion over, subject closed. The *noli me tangere* would be observed.

"I'll get after the grizzly," Mike told her. "We'll be off early, so don't sit around till all hours."

"Mike, please." His was so easy a pride to nick. "We're still friends."

"Here comes her famous high *C* now."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Friends?" He gave her the word back, smiling down at her. She knew with a deep, unaccountable dismay that something grown important to her life was ended. Mike Clendon was more a stranger now than he had been that first hour in the high meadow. "It wasn't friendship I was after. I wanted to marry you. A daft notion, because I've nothing to offer."

Evenly, with the burr rolling in his voice, he added, "You'd not have liked Venezuela anyway, Linny. No bears—but probably snakes."

He picked up his ax. Head high, he stepped out of the treacherous, the betraying firelight. The click of his boot nails on gravel diminished.

Linn lay awake for a considerable time, the pack canvas over her, arms under her head. Mike had lit yet another fire away down the bar. He would be working there with his precious ax and his clever little knife.

Her own knife had been clever too. She had done an excellent job. Moodily she turned Luke Blaine's ring under her finger, drew up her knees and sought sleep.

Morgan Halsted, the fire purring against its green-log backstop, brooded with the packframe wedged behind him. He felt as he had once or twice in his life in an extreme of drunkenness. Loaded to the gills and knowing it, but with the core of his mind extraordinarily lucid. The next stage was collapse, falling on one's face, out cold under the table.

But in this clearheaded interval he yearned to take those two and bang their heads together. He had caught only a word here and there between dozing and waking. Enough, though, to convince him Mike was as stupid as she, which was saying a great deal.

They talked too much. They thought too much. They had talked and thought their way out of the best thing that had ever hit either of them, or was likely to; and he, by the holy, here he lay, helpless to do anything about it!

He stared at the fire that seemed to be many fires, a lurid whirl, holding himself together. Even in his first Navy hitch, in the days of youthful folly, he'd never tied one on to match this dilly. He was going—going—but still not quite gone.

They moved out at earliest light, while the mist was on the river and its night song reduced to a sullen muttering. Halsted rode on the canary-patch grizzly's pelt, lashed to the raft and vacantly staring, his daughter's ripped plastic kerchief knotted under his chin and the fine rain sifting down on him.

The river took them and whooped them along. It hurled other log jams in their path, but their luck was riding; always they found a side channel or water enough over the obstructions to labor the raft through.

The rain continued in a steady drizzle; over the valley, clouds lowered in a solid mass. Breakfast had been grizzly steaks tenderized with the back of Mike's ax, and for the hurt man a broth of boiled owl. The Maxada swept them down, the bars and the veined outcrops dwindling astern, the endless woods peeling by them. A time or two now they glimpsed deer, and once a dun, vanishing shadow which Mike knew for a cougar north of its customary range.

They dared a second and worse canyon, a place of horror. The river lipped yowling into it. Once they scraped rock, grinding along a ledge with the wild current lashing and battering, the raft groaning, rusted steel wire snapping. A whirlpool tilted and spun them under the face of a topless black cliff. In the gut of that canyon, death took on substance and grinned down upon them from a ledge. The skeleton nursed its skull in a lap of bones. The skull eyed them judiciously, speeding them with a "Tallyho, chaps!" as the river hurled them on.

That place of evil behind them, they enjoyed boating so smooth that caution was lulled and a distant roaring ignored till it swelled in close thunder. Then, two poles desperately prodding, they shot the raft for a niche in the granite.

Linn stayed with the raft. Mike limped back from scouting. A cataract they couldn't run, he reported, breaking over an escarpment in a forty-foot fall.

They unloaded. Mike set Halsted over his shoulder and fought first brush, then slides of knife-edged shale, then the sopping jungles again. An estimated hour later—she had given a smashed watch to the river—Linn pushed the raft out, watched it curvet through the first tumultuous run, then, weeping, shouldered the packboard and turned to the woods. She won through to the basin below the fall with the knees out of her pants and new scrapes over old. There she staggered on gashed and bleeding feet into catastrophe. Prying at the wreck of the raft, Mike had broken his ax, the wonderful Hudson's Bay chopper, their chief treasure. He crouched, swearing, in a shallow—pounding spikes with the axhead short-gripped by six inches of handle.

Mike taped the girl's feet with the last of the adhesive from the aid kit. They reloaded and shoved off. The river still ran sullen and gray, but it seemed, unbelievably, to have spent its worst violence. Bars were wider, longer, more frequent. They passed few outcrops now, and the forest walls were thinning.

A sound that was not river mutter assailed them; they looked up, poling, at a skein of geese—snowies, Mike identified them—yapping their way south. A matter of no import in a cruise that would never end. An incident—no more.

Late on in the day, the river broad now and flowing gently, playing Sweet Afton with tongue in cheek, Mike croaked from his crouch at the stern.

"I know that bluff." He pointed with his pole, wearing a wolf grin. "Maxada Head. You can see it from the salt chuck. We've made it; we're out."

She glanced dull-eyed at the bald, domed hill so close ahead.

"Did he make it?" she asked.

One of the newer virtues of the American woman is that she is often a good provider.

PAUL CARRUTH

Mike knelt, his cheek laid to the hurt man's, his fingers groping for a wrist. "Morg too. He's far from dead."

The bluff also dropped astern, the water deepened so that their poles no longer touched bottom. They coasted between flats littered with drift, the timber withdrawing, the valley trough easing and widening. A sea gull planed over them. The black birds stalking the mudbanks were not the great guttural forest ravens, but the crows of tidehead.

Linn opened the knotted bundle that held their gear, a scandalously sparse survival kit—but the thews of their salvation. She scooped water into the enamel mug and squandered the last of the rye-bourbon.

"It'll be salty," Mike warned her, and it was.

They shared the loving cup, Morgan Halsted rousing to take his sip. Mike Clendon crowned the Maxada with the last of it.

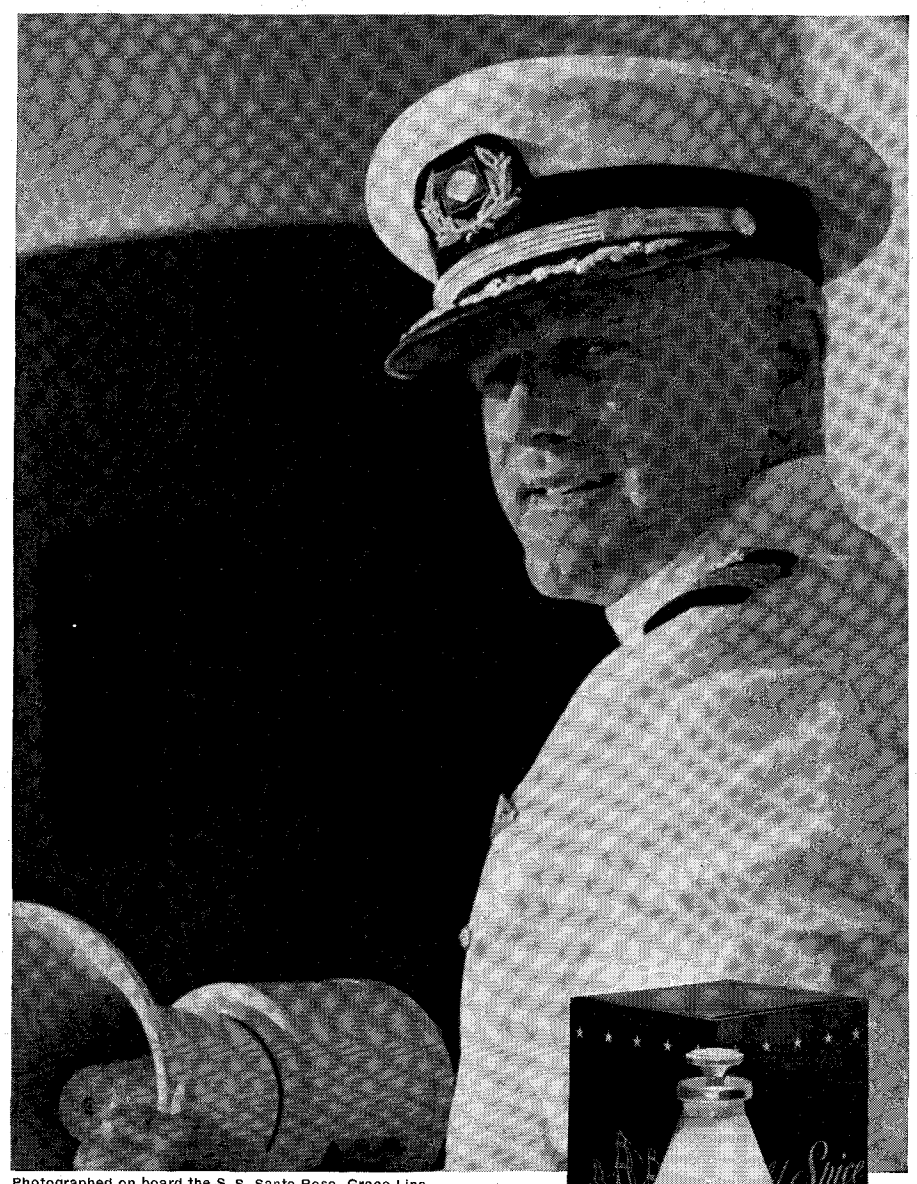
"My pipes, if you please," he said impersonally to Linn. "We'll tie it off in style."

She gazed, not at the black-and-white tugboat that rode with a log boom in the reach below, but back and up at Mike Clendon. All day, even in the worst of their rough, wild faring, he had been stiff with her, a cool stranger. The sense of loss struck to her heart, so that even in what should be triumph, her eyes stung with tears. She saw him braced and enormous, no shirt to his back, but a man bigger than mountain or glacier or river, or the witchwood that lay behind them. It was a hardship, no doubt, to pipe without room for pacing.

The Maxada Club was in dubious shape, one on the floor and all but under; one far past her prudent limit and one with a dram too much taken. But they drifted on down toward the tugboat to a skirling of Highland Laddie.

TO BE CONCLUDED

MEN WHO FACE
SUN AND WIND



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The Wonderful World of Tony Curtis

(Continued from Page 27)

step. "Now this was a remarkable test," he says, "and I used to do it in every new neighborhood." He would pick his time—after school was out and when two or three of the neighborhood kids were watching and maybe nudging each other, saying, "There's our mark." And he would do his trick with the trolley and then sass the motorman—"which would break up these kids," he says, "and from then on they wouldn't fool with me."

But what he didn't realize was that this strategy of being the "crazy kid" not only saved him from getting beaten up by the other boys but also prevented him from really meeting them at all. "I wanted very badly to become one of them," he says, "but I couldn't because they wouldn't accept me."

This ostracism was all the more painful for Bernie because it seemed to confirm a dreadful secret fear which haunted his youth. He was a rather beautiful child, with the same vivid coloring he has today—dark hair and skin and dark-rimmed, astonishingly blue eyes—and on three or four occasions, starting when he was seven, male perverts made unnatural advances to him. These encounters not only shocked and frightened him; they came to make him wonder if he were in some shameful way different from other boys. "It wasn't a matter of any homosexual tendencies," he says, "because I had none." But since he never discussed these incidents with anyone, he never discovered that the same thing happened to other boys too.

Almost equally upsetting was the fact that, little by little over the years, he came to realize that people considered him different because he was a Jew. Sometimes it would be just a feeling, an atmosphere of tension in a new neighborhood—particularly in a predominantly Italian, German or Irish section, where there were few other Jews. "I'd get to a new school," he says, "and when I'd have to stand up and give my name for the first time, I could feel resentment in the room."

And sometimes this resentment would be overt and physical, as it was the day a big Irish kid pushed him against a wall and asked him his name. Bernie, terrified, answered that his name was O'Flaherty. "And he grabbed me by the shirt," Tony recalls, "and slapped me in the face and said, 'That's for saying you're Irish,' then backhanded me and said, 'That's for lying,' and then doubled up his fist and punched me in the mouth and said, 'That's for being a Jew.' And I thought, *What an idiot I was. If I'd have just said I was Jewish, I'd have gotten one punch. This way I got three.*"

But he couldn't understand what lay behind such hostility. What did it mean, being a Jew? "The whole thing was so irrational," he says, "that this completely threw me. So I just said, 'Well, everybody's a little kookie, and I just got to be careful.' So consequently I walked through the streets like I was walking through a jungle."

Then, on top of everything else, when Bernie was thirteen, his brother Julius, ten, was killed. They had been out following a parade, he and Julius. "And I remember that night I said, 'Get out of here. Go with your own friends.'" But when Bernie came home after the parade, Julius hadn't returned, so Bernie and his father went looking for him. Then someone told them that a boy had been hit by a truck a few blocks away, and somebody else said, "Yeah, that's the kid's brother." And they took Bernie to the hospital to identify Julius.

Losing his brother was bad enough in itself, but far worse was the fact that Bernie blamed himself for Julius' death. Like all children, he carried in his conscience an accumulation of real and imagined sins, and Tony says, "I was sure this was my God's way of punishing me for being a bad kid. I remember going down to the East River and asking God: if He would return my brother, I wouldn't tell anybody that he'd been returned—just let me see him."

The one place where he could forget his guilts and fears was in the movie theater. Looking back, Tony says, "My whole culture as a boy was pictures. For eleven cents you could sit in the theater, right in the front row, and sit for ten hours, which I did constantly." His particular idols were Cary Grant, Jimmy Cagney, Humphrey Bogart and Errol Flynn. "Each of these fellas," he says, "gave me a different feeling when I left the theater. Cary Grant made me feel chic and smart. Jimmy Cagney made me feel cocky. Humphrey Bogart made me feel mean. Errol Flynn made me feel dashing and swashbuckling. And I remember I would come out of a movie, and I would be choking with the desire to do what these fellas had done on the screen. I started hitching rides on trolley cars, but I used to do it the way I imagined Errol Flynn would leap on a trolley car. It was never just to get a ride; I was off to conquer something."

The spell of the movies colored everything he did. "Each day," he says, "when I went out into the world—and it really was going into the world when I'd leave my neighborhood—it was a whole new experience. What will I run into? What will I find? Do I dare go out by myself? And we would go all over Manhattan, two or three of us—like knights, close together—just waiting for a situation to come up. Run! We had to hide, steal. We did everything. And it really was thrilling."

For a time he and some of the other boys formed a "gang" which they called The Black Hand—"I don't know where we got the name; it must've been in a movie"—but they never were in the same league as the juvenile gangs of today. "We never had that great desire to prove ourselves men," Tony says. "It was more out of camaraderie we did it." They didn't carry knives or wear uniforms. "We couldn't afford to buy jackets—that kind of jazz," he says. "You know what a leather jacket costs—with the zippers and everything? And the boots? These delinquents nowadays, they kind of swing pretty good."

Instead Bernie and his companions found an outlet for their energies in a sort of guerrilla warfare they conducted against the German-American Bund, which became extremely active in New York in the late '30's. Bully boys on soapboxes ranted Nazi race doctrine, and ersatz storm troopers marched beneath the swastika. "And I wasn't really patriotic," Tony remembers. "All I felt was, this is wrong."

Bernie, with perhaps two or three friends, would watch these Bund parades from roofs along the way, and they would fill milk bottles with water—or more unpleasant liquids—and throw them down at the marchers. Or they'd roll lighted firecrackers in among the group clustered about a street-corner orator. "You know," Tony says, "this was a period in which it was fun for us, and it was also anger for us. We fought it like a war."

And, in 1943, when he was seventeen and still in high school, Bernie enlisted in the Navy. It wasn't so much that he was itching to fight Japs—or even Nazis. He was simply fed up with school. So one day—"It just happened overnight really"—he and two or three other boys went and enlisted. "And I went home and told my folks, and two weeks later I was off. Just as fast as that."

After boot camp, he went through signal school, volunteered for submarines and, after sub school, ended up on a submarine tender in Guam, as a member of a relief crew. When a sub came in from patrol, the regular crew would be sent to a rest camp, and a relief crew would move aboard—to chip and paint and housekeep—until it came time for the regular crew to return and take her out again. Bernie's was not a glamorous job. Finally, about a month before the war ended, he was assigned to a fleet submarine, the Dragonet, on which he made one brief war patrol. Then, after two months of occupation duty in Japan, he was shipped back to the States and discharged. He was home for Christmas, 1945.

His naval service was neither particularly unhappy nor particularly happy. His principal memory of this period, in fact, concerns the time when distribution of movies to his ship got snafued and for weeks the only film aboard was the old Cary Grant picture Gunga Din. Now movies, as any former sailor will recall, took precedence over anything except actual battle and mail call; and to sit through an evening without a movie was unthinkable. Consequently, Gunga Din was shown night after night, until the crew began chiming in on the dialogue, which they came to know probably better than Cary Grant himself had ever known it. The logical next step was to turn off the sound altogether and let the crew take over. "Every one of us would do different sounds," Tony says. "One guy'd make elephant noises. I'd play Cary Grant."

Tony is a pretty fair mimic, and he has since used his Cary Grant bit off and on over the years. It came in handy, for instance, when he was working on Some Like it Hot, in which at one point he masquerades as a millionaire playboy. As Billy Wilder, the director, explains, "We searched for some speech affectation for that millionaire, and Tony would sort of once in a while come out with his Cary Grant impersonation; and then we decided, 'Well, that's it. That's what we're going to use,' because that's about as high-brow, in the low-brow's opinion, as you can possibly be."

NEXT WEEK

CAN CASTRO SAVE CUBA?

A Post Editor's Visit With the Rebel Hero

By Harold H. Martin

A Famous Historian Sets the Record Straight:

THE REAL JOHN PAUL JONES

By Samuel Eliot Morison

IN COLOR:

WYOMING'S WONDERFUL WOMEN

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND 32

THE CASE FOR ABSTRACT ART

By Clement Greenberg

THE STRUGGLE TO GET HOFFA

REVELATIONS OF THE THIRD HEARING

By John Bartlow Martin

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But all this was still far in the future for the Bernie Schwartz who came back to New York after the war. For some months he debated what to do with his life. Then he learned that he could go to acting school on the G.I. Bill, and he enrolled in the Dramatic Workshop. Thinking back, he doubts that the school actually taught him much, but perhaps that is hindsight based on his low opinion of the Actors Studio, best known for its teaching of The Method. "These people," Tony says, "have taken the idiosyncrasies and genius of Marlon Brando and built a way of life around him. Confront them with a role that asks them to do a simple action or a simple line, and they're completely tied up. They want nice, wholesome stories like I Hate My Mother, My Sister's a Prostitute, you know, or I Smoke Marijuana. It's gotta be all involved and complex."

But from acting school Bernie moved on into stock theater—which he still considers the best training ground for aspiring actors—and in the spring of 1948 the agent he had subsequently acquired decided that the boy was ready for bigger things and took him to see a New York talent scout for Universal-International Pictures named Bob Goldstein. "Bernie seemed a lively fellow with a nice smile and bubbling personality," Goldstein remembers. "I was rather impressed with his bounce and eagerness." He was, in fact, sufficiently impressed to send Bernie to the West Coast, where the studio signed the twenty-three-year-old actor to a seven-year contract with a starting salary of $100 a week.

The first thing the studio did was change his name. Bernie suggested Anthony Adverse, the title of a book he had read in the Navy, but Universal balked at that; so Bernie Anglicized the name of a favorite uncle to Curtis and became Anthony Curtis—until, in his eighth picture, he shortened the first name to Tony.

Other things were harder to change than the name. He had, in Goldstein's words, "the accent of an immigrant taxi driver with a mouthful of hot bagel," and his taste in clothes was abominable. Even today, as Billy Wilder says, "Tony's pants are just that one inch too narrow, and the blue jeans are just two inches too tight around his buttocks." Tony shrugs. "It's a little vulgar yet, maybe," he admits, "but you can't dress like Cary Grant overnight."

When he first came to California, however, Tony was a very gauche young man indeed. "I wore my hair very long in those days," he says, "and I affected a style of clothing that I thought was very chic, but what it made me look like was a gunsel out of Chicago. I liked, you know, shoulders on a suit, and I had quite a peg on my trousers, and I'd wear big, flaring collars."

One of the actors at Universal started kidding Tony, pretending to admire his clothes. "He'd go into the commissary," Tony later learned, "and say, 'This kid is the silliest. Man, he just breaks me up. Watch this.' I'd come in and he'd say, 'Gee, Tony, that's a marvelous jacket you got on.' I'd say, 'Well, gee, I'm glad you like it'—and I really felt he wasn't putting me on. Then I'd leave, and he'd break up."

This went on for some weeks, until one night at a party the other man, tired of the game, told Tony what he really thought. "He said something very vulgar to me," and Tony, who has always hated to fight, knocked him down. "And I left in a terrible state," he says. "I started to cry outside. I felt nobody really liked me. Everybody was putting me on. I was a big joke."

Tony is a highly emotional person, easily moved; and when he tells the story even now, his stomach knots up and he feels the same panic he felt then—"the feeling that I was going to throw up, that nothing I could do would help."

But most of the kidding he took in the early days—and he took a good deal—was more kindly intended. Typically, wags in Universal's publicity department once bribed his landlady to say she'd never seen him before, removed his belongings from his apartment and hired an actor to pose as a long-time tenant. "I really thought I was cracking," Tony says. This sort of thing happened constantly, and he was naïve enough to be taken in every time, but, he recalls, "I said to myself, 'Well, they don't do this with people they don't like.' So I kind of enjoyed it."

Things have changed a good deal for Tony since those days. Now he is likely to be the one who pulls jokes on other people. Toward the end of the fourteen weeks it took to shoot Some Like it Hot, for instance, he and costar Jack Lemmon decided that director Billy Wilder needed cheering up. It is no secret that Marilyn Monroe's frequent tardiness and uncertainty about her lines sometimes made life on the set rather difficult. "Marilyn's a marvelous performer," Tony says, "but she's hell on the people she works with."

So, with Lemmon's help, Tony cooked up a surprise for Wilder. There is a sequence in the film in which a mammoth birthday cake is hauled into a banquet of gangsters, and Edward G. Robinson, Jr., jumps out of it holding a submachine gun with which he cuts down a number of the assembled hoodlums. But Tony and Jack thought that a small substitution would do Billy good; so, in the delighted Wilder's own words: "I said, 'Action,' and they wheeled that cake in, and cameras were rolling, and out of that cake came a nude, naked girl." (Tony claims that "naked" is a slight exaggeration. "She had on her working clothes," he says. "She was a strip-teaser.")

Back in his early days on the Coast, however, Tony was usually on the receiving end, and even his family was not immune. About a year after his own arrival on the Coast, he brought his parents and young brother Bobby, born in 1940, out to live in California; and, of course, he took them to meet his friends on the Universal lot. Al Horwits, the studio's publicity director at the time, recalls that one day, when Tony introduced Manny Schwartz to one of the script writers, the writer expressed his pleasure and then said, "Do you mind if I ask a personal question, Mr. Schwartz? What's the matter—'Curtis' isn't good enough for you?"

But, of course, life was not all practical jokes. Tony was working, even if not in the kind of roles which catapult an actor to stardom. His first picture, released in 1949, was Criss Cross, in which he performed a fast *rumba* with Yvonne De Carlo. His scene lasted something less than a minute on the screen. Next he was given a featured role as a young hoodlum in a picture about juvenile street gangs—quite a good part for a newcomer. But then he was demoted to bits again, and in half a dozen movies during 1949 and 1950 he did little more than put in an appearance—usually as a gangster or a cowboy. His lines were seldom more demanding than "They went thataway."

But a curious thing happened during this period. Almost from the start Tony attracted a quite remarkable fan following. The studio publicity department pushed him, of course, but even beyond this, the movie magazines began featuring him in issue after issue, as letters poured in asking about "that boy who danced with Yvonne De Carlo." Tony was pleasec and co-operative, but, he says, "I never did it as a means to an end: 'Now I'm going to get in a movie magazine so I can be famous and popular.' I did it because I felt that this was part of my job."

The result, however, was that Tony quickly became a full-fledged bobby-soxers' idol, the object of the kind of hysterical adulation which, he feels, has caused a good many actors serious trouble. "Because," he explains, "they take it as a personal thing. And that's not really true. I believe we are just a symbol of something for these people—of what they would like to be or like to be married to. And the fact that we are the ones that the symbol fits is nothing but luck—you know?"

What it was about Tony that made the symbol fit him is anybody's guess. "There was a great charm about Tony," says Blake Edwards, a director and close friend. "He was representative, I think, to a lot of people. They made an identification with him." Kirk Douglas thinks Tony's appeal lay in the fact that "he was very young-looking, fresh-looking, good-looking—alert, alive, inquisitive—and all these qualities sort of bounced off the screen."

At any rate, prodded by his popularity with the fans, the studio decided to try Tony in starring roles. The first of these, released in 1951, was an Arabian horse opera called The Prince Who Was a Thief. Tony, of course, was the prince—and not a very regal one, according to The New York Times. One of the troubles, no doubt, lay in the fact that, while Tony had by then greatly improved his diction, traces of New York did occasionally creep into his speech. "I had one scene with Piper Laurie," he recalls, "sitting on top of a hill, looking down at this beautiful castle. I had my arm around Piper and I said, 'Yonder lies the castle of my fodder.' And it's still in the movie!" This breaks him up.

But if Tony's diction suffered a slip now and then during this period, it was probably because, since August of 1950, he had been devoting most of his energies to the wooing of Janet Leigh. Not a man to take the direct, simple approach, he never asked her not to go out with other men; so, he says, "She had occasional dates with other people, and I had to move them out."

... ...

Lines for an Educated Spaniel

By Peg Bracken

I sit on the porch, for the
night is warm,
And read in the evening
Journal
Of guilt and greed and
gathering storm,
Of murder and theft
diurnal;
But nose on paws in the
parking there,
Rover is reading the evening
air,
And the news he finds
therein is fair,
And reasonably eternal.

A family of field mice just
passed by;
A Canada goose flew over;
The smell of rain's in the
evening sky;
There's a ripe old bone in
the clover.
How lost and luckless are
those like me
Who can't read air, and
field, and sea;
And, oh, what wouldn't I
give to be
As literate as Rover!

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"A guy would bring me home," Janet recalls, "and go up to the front door with me, and there would be a note from Tony under the door. It would say, 'Don't kiss him. I'm watching'—and he was, too, across the street. Or it would say, 'If he comes in, don't let him stay too long.' And I had to read these notes in front of my other dates."

Finally, the following April, he proposed—by long-distance telephone, while Janet was on location in Pittsburgh—and they decided to get married in June, at a time when both would be in New York ballyhooing their respective pictures. They drove to Greenwich, Connecticut, for the ceremony, and a couple of days after the wedding Janet flew back to the Coast to start another picture, while Tony proceeded with his tour.

It wasn't much of a honeymoon, Tony recalls, but the tour could hardly have been more successful—he was mobbed. "We got to Chicago," he says, "and went to the theater to autograph pictures, and while we were there, one girl came up and kind of pulled at my sleeve. And before you know it I had no jacket, no shirt, no tie—everything had been torn off. Even my pants were torn." The theater manager screamed, "Get that kid out of here,"and a police escort rushed Tony back to the hotel. But when Al Horwits at Universal heard about the incident, he was enraptured. He sent Tony a breakaway suit—one that would fall apart at the merest touch—and ordered, "Next time take pictures."

A week or so later, however, Tony was called back to California on a less lighthearted mission. His father, who died last fall, had suffered a heart attack, his first, and though he shortly recovered from it, Tony did not resume his travels. Instead, he and Janet set up housekeeping in a small one-bedroom apartment on Wilshire Boulevard.

In many respects it was an ideal marriage, a fact the fan magazines repeated so tirelessly that, Tony says, "There used to be terrible jokes around town about Janet and me—how we had this awful icky feeling about ourselves." But in other ways theirs was a rather shallow, unreal relationship. Both of them were strongly attached to their parents, and "We were like playmates," Tony says. "We were two little children from two different families kind of playing house." In addition, they were both busy working, and the few hours a day they had together, one or the other was apt to be tired and edgy. "And we had some tense moments," Tony says.

Perhaps the most important cause of this tension at home was the fact that, little by little, Tony had started to lose his old happy-go-lucky attitude toward his work. For six years he had taken things at the studio pretty much as they came: bit parts, bigger parts—it was all crazy, man, a ball. He was in Hollywood, wasn't he? Working in pictures, living out the old dream? By 1954, however, as one lightweight starring role followed another, he began to realize that what he was doing wasn't really acting at all. "But they never really pushed me," he says. "If I had difficulty with a scene, they cut the scene out. Everything I did fitted my personality. If I played a prize fighter or a knight in armor, it was basically the same story."

By and large the critics gave him the back of their hand—"and they were right," he says. But the studio wasn't interested in making him an actor; he was a profitable commodity just as he was—as long as they could use him in low-budget pictures and finish shooting in a fast three weeks. And as Tony began to realize how precarious and, in a way, how false his position in Hollywood was, all the old insecurity came flooding back.

"Maybe," he says, "in realizing that there was more to acting than what I had been doing, I saw the great lack I had as a performer, and the great lack I had as a person. And maybe one side of me was saying, 'Grab what you can and run with it,' and the other side was saying, 'You're a schnook and you're distasteful and you're dishonest and you're just nothing.' And I found myself terribly insecure, terribly frightened by life."

Blake Edwards, his director friend, who had been through a bad period himself, saw what was happening to Tony and sent him to his own psychoanalyst. Tony went to the doctor regularly for the better part of three years, and slowly but steadily the analysis helped, teaching him to talk out his problems. "This is the difficult thing for human beings to do," he says, "to articulate their weaknesses. But I feel if you're going to survive as a human being, you have to do it, because as soon as you say it to yourself, all of a sudden you realize that maybe all is not lost."

Probably as important to Tony's recovery as the analysis itself was the strength and support that Janet increasingly gave him. Two years younger than he, pert and blond, with mischievous eyes and a well-filled blouse, she was then decidedly the more important star of the two. M-G-M had signed her when she was Jeannette Morrison, a nineteen-year-old student at College of the Pacific; and in the next eight years she had made twenty-eight pictures, starring opposite such leading men as Stewart Granger, John Wayne and Robert Taylor. Few actresses were more in demand, and her future seemed gilt-edged.

But when it became apparent that Tony was really seriously sick, Janet realized she had to choose between her husband and her career, and she chose without hesitation. Her first step was to tell her agent that she would no longer make pictures that took her on location, away from Tony; and, as a result, her only film work since then, with one exception, has been as a costar with him. In addition, Janet began encouraging Tony to take up outside interests—photography, music, painting, golf, the flute—and to read books, to make up for his lack of formal education. It was like starting a nuclear reaction; Tony hasn't stopped since. "He has a thirst for learning," Janet says, "a grasping for knowledge that is very stimulating."

"Tony is an interesting boy," says Blake Edwards. "Where most people are the product of some particular era, Tony has in the past few years really begun to identify with *now*. And he has to hurry; he's making up for so many years." Indeed, Tony gives off an almost palpable aura of vital nervous energy; his walk and his gestures are quick and restless, as if he were moved by springs constantly wound tight.

Perhaps the final rung to his salvation was hammered into place when he was offered a part in Burt Lancaster's 1956 production, Trapeze, and when—after much backing and filling—Universal agreed to rewrite his heretofore-exclusive contract to permit him to make pictures outside the studio. With Trapeze, Tony really started studying his craft. For the first time he was costarred with people who knew something about acting—with Lancaster and Gina Lollobrigida—and it amazed him to find how much he could learn from simply watching them.

Since then, he says, "I haven't cared about the billing. I haven't cared about the money. I've just wanted to work with the masters." When, for instance, he read the script of Kirk Douglas' forthcoming film, Spartacus, he asked to play a certain part in it, even though it meant he would have only two scenes.

"I'm replacing this loose board on the steps."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"And I was in the peculiar position," Douglas says, "of telling him I didn't think he should play it—as much as I would have loved to have him in the picture. I didn't think the part was right—unless we did things to it. So we have now changed the part; in the development of the script there were a couple of other characters who became integrated into Tony's part. But Tony was completely content to play it like it was in the beginning."

Working with actors like Douglas and Lancaster, Tony has developed a habit of watching them and thinking to himself, *Boy, there's a nice gesture. Maybe one day it'll fit in.* And he stores up in his mind the little mannerisms he sees other people use before the cameras or at a party or anywhere.

Sinatra, for instance—"Frank has wonderful little idiosyncrasies," he says. "I love his skulls; he does slow skulls"—a skull is a take, or facial reaction, as in "double take." "He gets a little quizzical look in his eyes, as if to say, 'I didn't quite understand what you said?' So I do that in Operation Petticoat at one point."

But it was in Some Like it Hot that Tony's mental file of borrowed mannerisms really proved its worth, for in this film he portrays a Prohibition-era saxophonist who masquerades as a member of an all-girl band to escape the lethal attentions of some Chicago gangsters, and then, to woo the band's vocalist—Marilyn Monroe, an obviously bona fide girl—switches disguises to that of a millionaire yachtsman. He thus, in effect, plays three parts in the picture, and to get the kind of characterization he wanted for each of these he consciously blended the personalities and mannerisms of two or three different people.

"Now for the musician," Tony says, "I used a little touch of Kirk and Burt and a great deal of Frank. You know—the kind of guy that's swingin' all the time; he don't give a blank about anybody. He's only lookin' to get a girl, see to it that they eat and bet on the dogs. Then the woman I play is Janet when she gets mad at me and gets kinda 'Yes? What is it?' Sophisticated, hoity-toity—you know? And in a couple of places I used my daughter Kelly when she gets kind of intense and listens. And for the wealthy American I used Cary Grant's voice, but underneath it I used a little of Jimmy Cagney—the kind of vitality that Cagney can get."

Billy Wilder, who both produced and directed the picture, considers that Tony has a genuine flair for comedy—and not only for comedy. "I think he's about ready to play everything," Wilder says, "and about as well as anyone around. The one thing he still needs is to find a definite Curtis style."

Blake Edwards says, "I think that what happens now is strictly up to Tony. How far he goes from here is a matter of really working at his craft." And Tony is working at it, deliberately seeking new and different kinds of roles for himself.

"It's like when I was a kid," he says. "We'd get on the tenement steps, and I'd jump four steps to the street. And then I'd get back one step and try it again. Then farther back. I'd say, 'Where was the point that you just can't make it any more?' And as an adult now and as an actor I test myself in the different parts I play and say, 'At what point can't I do it? At what point am I going to fall right on my face?'

"But I can't play it cozy. You play it cozy up to a point, but at another point you say, 'Well, you gotta go, man; you just have to! You can't sit around with two of a kind. You gotta go for broke sometime." THE END

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Why Cleveland Loves Colavito

(Continued from Page 25)

Yet as recently as the spring of 1958 Frank Lane was trying to deal Colavito away, and at bargain-basement terms. Lane readily admits that the only reason Cleveland still has its glamour boy is that none of the other American League clubs held him in very high regard either.

Hardly anybody thought much of him, in fact, except the dwindling body of Indian fans. When the news broke that Lane contemplated trading Rocky, letters of protest poured in. One fourteen-year-old miss advised the general manager that if he went ahead with his plan, "You might as well go out and shoot yourself before the public does."

Lane, who was finding himself under siege from all directions at that time, could not resist writing back, "You sound very much like my daughter only I am more afraid of her than I am of you."

Rocco Domenico Colavito, Jr., has always had certain spectacular assets. He can hit a baseball about as far as anybody else in the business, and he possesses what Hank Greenberg, the Hall of Famer who preceded Lane as the Indians' chief executive, unhesitatingly calls "the greatest arm I have ever seen."

On the other side of the ledger, however, were weaknesses that left a succession of managers dubious about Rocky's chances of ever becoming a top-flight ballplayer. Although Colavito is built like a whippet—six-three and around 185 pounds—his feet are so flat that he has always had trouble untracking himself both on the base paths and in the field. Despite his power, he was so eager as a rookie to wallop every pitch out of the park that he tended to lunge wildly at the ball. He was ridiculously easy to fool.

Rocky Colavito's original popularity with the fans, then, always stemmed more from his unaffected, boyish personality than from his day-to-day performance. Rocky has a youthful exuberance, an eagerness to be liked, that very quickly communicates itself to the spectators. He never stops hustling on those flat feet. He tips his hat with beaming pleasure when he is cheered. He signs autographs cheerfully and endlessly.

In a day when rowdy and malicious kids sometimes make life miserable for big-name stars away from the field—as Mickey Mantle, for one, could testify—Rocky has little difficulty keeping them under control. "I'll tell you what," he'll shout to hundreds of milling autograph hunters, "if you'll do me a favor and line up, I'll sign for all of you." Because the kids sense that Rocky will stay to the bitter end, they form a fairly orderly line for him.

After this year's home opener at Cleveland, the Indians' publicity director, Nate Wallack, found it necessary to remain at his desk for a couple of hours to clean up some work. When he finally left, he saw one man still standing outside in the gathering darkness signing autographs. He did not have to turn on the floodlights to know that it was Rocky Colavito.

This patience with the youngsters goes back to the days when Rocky himself was a small boy, standing outside Yankee Stadium and dreaming vainly about getting Joe DiMaggio's autograph. "I made up my mind then," he says, "that if I ever became a big-league player I'd never pass the kids by."

His great friend, Herb Score, who first played with Colavito at Reading, Pennsylvania, in 1953, gives witness that Rocky was just as friendly when he was in the minors. "He hasn't changed one bit," says Score. "Five minutes after Rocky meets someone, he's treating him as if he's known him for five years."

Rocky is one of those rare individuals who really wants an answer when he asks people how they are. He is a confirmed handshaker and backslapper. After hitting a home run he joyfully rushes up and down the bench grabbing the hands of all his teammates. He has a handshake that could bring tears to the eyes of a longshoreman, and his present manager, Joe Gordon, sometimes makes a show of cowering into a corner to hold him off. "Only I'm not so sure that I'm kidding," Gordon says.

Frank Lane used to think that Rocky's enthusiasm was just an act—"a Salesman Sam," Lane called him disparagingly. Now Lane realizes that Colavito's behavior is entirely spontaneous, and he kids him about it in friendly fashion. "Hey," he'll say, "I lost sight of you for five minutes after you hit that home run yesterday. What did you do, rush back to the latrine to see if you'd missed shaking hands with anybody?"

At a time when attempts to trade Colavito were still in progress last year, Hal Lebovitz of the Cleveland News wrote a column headed, Don't Knock the Rock. The slogan was quickly picked up both in the Cleveland locker room and in the stands, and when Joe Gordon took over the club from Bobby Bragan late in June, he made it his personal war cry. If Rocky has had any kind of day, Gordon will come back to the locker room shouting, "Don't knock the Rock! Don't knock the Rock! Down the long and hallowed annals of Cleveland history rings the cry, don't knock the Rock!"

Colavito loves to have that kind of turmoil and excitement revolving around him. Should Gordon somehow forget his lines, Rocky may look over at him with a luminous, expectant smile and prompt, "Don't knock the Rock, huh, Skip?"

Although he is a notorious streak hitter, the Rock never loses his unflagging—and sometimes unbearable—optimism. He refuses to use the word "slump." "Here's how I feel about it," he says. "Ted Williams is the greatest hitter in the game, and he can't come close to hitting .500. If Williams has bad days, who am I to think I'm not going to? There are going to be periods of slackening off, and when they come you can only go out to the park early and work extra hard to overcome them. What's the sense of worrying, when everybody knows that the more you worry the worse you get."

Rocky and the Indians had both slackened off considerably just before he hit those four consecutive home runs at Baltimore on June tenth. Going into that game, Colavito had made only four hits in his previous thirty times at bat, while the club had lost nine of its last ten games.

In the entire history of baseball, only seven other men had ever achieved four homers in a single game, and only two—Bobby Lowe in 1894 and Lou Gehrig in 1932—had done it in successive times at bat. Baltimore's vast Memorial Stadium was the unlikeliest of places for these records to be threatened. Prior to Colavito's explosion, no batter had hit more than two homers there in one game, and no team had totaled more than three.

Colavito's day started quietly enough with a first-inning walk. His initial homer, in the third inning, was a 360-foot drive into the left-field bleachers off starting pitcher Jerry Walker. The three others all traveled more than 400 feet—a 425-footer off Arnie Portocarrero in the fifth; a 400-foot line drive off Portocarrero in the sixth; and finally, a 425-foot shot into the left-field bleachers in the ninth inning off Ernie Johnson.

Among other things, this was a triumph for the Colavito brand of positive thinking. On the road, when Colavito and Herb Score are getting ready to leave their hotel room for the ball park, Rocky invariably will say—especially if Score is due to pitch—"Let's go, we're going to kill 'em today!"

Score, with a more pessimistic outlook that is easily traceable to a bloody history of serious injuries, will automatically answer, "Maybe we will if we're lucky, Rocky. You never can tell what's going to happen, though."

"Whatta ya mean?" Rocky cries, perpetually astonished at such an attitude. "We'll rip 'em good for you."

Rocky and Herb are both devout Catholics. They go to church together on trips and, in crucial moments of a ball game, pray for each other. "In the basic things," Score says, "we have the same ideals and principles. We're more like brothers than like friends. He's just the nicest, most accommodating guy you could find."

Although Rocky has the sort of open, cheerful nature that is generally associated with raw country boys, he was born and brought up in the tough Crotona Park section of New York's Bronx. His father, Rocco, Sr., was an Italian immigrant who took up truck driving. His mother died when he was only nine years old. In his early teens Rocky spent enough time in poolrooms to become one of the top players in the area. He also came in contact with some pretty rough characters. Kids he associated with ended up in prison for almost every crime in the book, including murder in at least two cases.

Rocky's family, however, always exerted a far stronger influence upon him than his associates did. He was the youngest of five children of a closely knit, religious household in which the father, in the patriarchal Italian manner, was firmly in control.

At the time of his mother's death Rocky's two brothers—Domenic and Vito—were sixteen and fourteen. His sisters were eighteen and ten. "In some ways," his brother Domenic says, "Rocky was considered something of a sissy. He did most of the shopping for us and, when he had to, he could cook us up a pretty good meal."

He was never forced, or even urged, to join one of the tough street gangs. Rocky early acquired a reputation as the kid who was going to be a big-league ballplayer. In addition, he was the smiling, good-natured boy whom everybody automatically liked. The neighborhood seemed to take a special pride in him, and there was a general understanding that he was to be let alone.

Rocky can't recall a time when he wasn't playing some form of baseball. At the age of five, his brothers would take him into other blocks and set up wagers that he could throw a ball farther than any nine- or ten-year-old who could be put up against him. The Colavitos never lost one of these bets.

Rocky played on a semipro team with his brothers before he was nine. The game took place at Coney Island, and a side pool put up by each team was at stake. When the time came to start, the team from the Bronx found itself with only eight men. Rather than let the pool go by default, they put little Rocco out in right field.

He walked twice and struck out twice as his team won, 10–9. In the last of the ninth, with two men on and two out, a high, towering fly was hit to right field. "I can still remember how my knees were shaking," Rocky says, "but—I know this is hard to believe—I made the catch."

The rest of the players ran out to him, lifted him to their shoulders and carried him over to the stakeholder to pick up the loot.

If Rocky had ever had any doubt about what he wanted to be, it was dispelled as of that moment. He stopped playing pool for a time because Domenic warned him that the strong, overhead lights might be harmful to his batting eye. He since has gone back to pool as a hobby, but he still has never taken a drink or smoked a cigarette.

There is a story that he spent most of his summer afternoons at Yankee Stadium, studying the movements and mannerisms of his idol, Joe DiMaggio. Rocky says this isn't entirely accurate. "I did love to watch DiMaggio hit, though. I idolized him, and I always insisted on wearing the same number—No. 5. But I never consciously copied anything he did."

This last statement brings a smile from anyone who knew Rocky in his early days. Colavito was such a carbon copy of DiMaggio when he first reported to the Indians' minor-league camp at Daytona Beach in 1951 that the other players immediately dubbed him, "Joe D." He had DiMaggio's wide-legged batting stance, he knelt in the on-deck circle in DiMaggio fashion and he approached the plate swinging three bats, like DiMaggio. Even standing in the outfield he had the peculiar sideways stance that was a trademark of all the DiMaggios. On top of that, Rocky had taken his identification number—255—and snipped off the first two digits before pinning it on his back.

He held onto DiMaggio's number and DiMaggio's batting style through his first two years in the minors. Then he got off to a very bad start after moving up for his third season to Reading of the Class A Eastern League in 1953. His manager, Kerby Farrell, told him bluntly that if he ever expected to make the majors, he had better stop being Joe DiMaggio and start being Rocky Colavito.

By this time, Rocky was taking such a brutal riding from the opposing benches about his DiMaggio complex that he was happy enough to make the change. Farrell had him bring his feet closer together and go into a slight crouch. Rocky found that he did indeed see the ball much better and went on to lead the league in home runs and runs batted in.

Today in Cleveland he wears No. 6, and says he wouldn't go back to No. 5 for anything. However, many of the old mannerisms remain. (*Continued on Page 64*)

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

The easiest way for a bachelor to get out of a sand trap is to stay away from the beach.

Conscience is a small, still voice that makes minority reports.

Anyone who thinks hard work doesn't hurt anybody never took his family on a vacation.

A woman who turns out as you expected probably isn't driving.

You can tell what a lot of teenagers will be when they grow up. At least seventy.

Anybody who thinks American children aren't original has never heard them spell.

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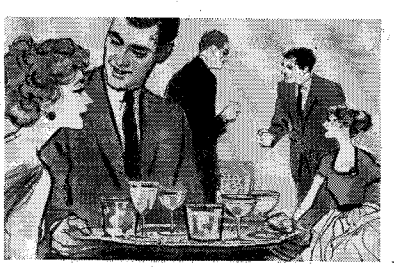

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(*Continued from Page 62*) When Rocky approaches the plate swinging three bats, or goes slack in the batter's box between pitches, he becomes again, for brief moments, the very image of Joe DiMaggio.

Colavito did more than change his batting stance in Reading back in 1953. He met Carmen Perrotti, of nearby Temple, who became his bride the next year. They now have two children—Rocky, three, and Marisa Ann, one. In the winter the Colavitos make their home in Temple, a small hamlet in the quiet hills north of Reading. Their modest brick, split-level house could hardly be more different from the tenement houses in which Rocky spent his youth. "I would never want to bring my kids up in the Bronx," Rocky explains. "It has nothing to do with the people, it's a matter of space and fresh air. In Temple they have room to breathe."

Rocky endured considerable baseball frustration in the years following his marriage. But then, he had been having his share of disappointments from the time he first set out to play professional ball.

He was only sixteen when he decided to forego his final two years of high school and augment the family finances with some of the big baseball bonus money he had been reading about. The nearby New York Yankees quickly disabused him of the notion that the base lines of the country were paved with gold. Their best offer was to take him to spring training and give him $500—if they then decided to sign him.

The Cleveland Indians got interested in Rocky when Mike McNally, the general manager of their Wilkes-Barre club, came up to Crotona Park to look over half a dozen prospects gathered together by Lou Zacklin, the manager of Rocky's semipro team. McNally recalls, "It was one of those cold, blustery autumn days when nobody can really hit. But I took one look at this baby-faced kid's arm, and I knew we should be able to do something with him."

However, Rocky first had to go through an involved process to get excused from organized baseball's rule that a boy may not be signed before his high-school class is graduated. After submitting his special circumstances to the commissioner's office, Rocky still was required to wait a full year. He finally became eligible at the very end of 1950.

At this point Cleveland wasn't the only club interested in him. The Philadelphia Athletics, in fact, had him all but wrapped up. They had offered him a $6000 bonus plus a major-league contract for at least $5000. The Indians were offering only a $3000 contingent bonus—$1000 when he signed, another $1000 if he lasted out thirty days and a final $1000 thirty days after that. His pay was to be a Class D wage of $150 a month.

The A's deal fell through when their scout phoned Rocky that the club—then nearing the end of the trail in Philadelphia—had just mortgaged its ball park and did not feel in a position to hand out any bonuses.

Cleveland still didn't have Colavito, though. A part-time scout for the Phillies, Fred Mathews, was extremely high on him. Two days after Christmas Mathews offered him substantially the same deal as the Indians. Rocky said that unless the Indians' figure was topped, he felt morally committed to McNally. Mathews assured the boy he'd try to get him more money. He promised to phone back the following afternoon.

Rocky waited for the call in vain. That same night McNally turned up at the Colavito home with a contract. Brother Domenic, who was doing most of the negotiating, demanded that Rocky get the $3000 in a lump sum. When McNally could do no more than raise the initial payment to $1250, Domenic turned him down.

Suddenly Rocky's father, who had been listening quietly, snapped something in Italian. After a few short verbal exchanges, Rocky signed the contract. What Mr. Colavito, who found such sums incredible, had said was, "Sign before you don't get anything."

The next morning Mathews phoned to tell Rocky that the Phillies had raised their bid. Because of the holiday season it had taken him an extra twenty-four hours to obtain a decision—just long enough to lose Colavito for the Phils.

As Rocky slowly worked his way up in the Cleveland organization he acquired a potent ally in Hank Greenberg, the general manager. Whenever Greenberg, who is now a part owner and an official of the Chicago White Sox, looked at Rocky in those early days, he was reminded of himself at a comparable stage. It wasn't only because Greenberg had had flat feet too. Like Rocky, Greenberg came from the Bronx and played his first ball at Crotona Park. Like Rocky, he was a long-ball hitter with grievous weaknesses that he was fiercely determined to overcome.

"I wish I could say his personality reminded me of myself too," Hank adds, with surprising wistfulness. "He had such a sunny disposition. He still does."

Greenberg was hardly alone in taking a special interest in Colavito. Through the years Rocky had enough hitting advisers to make up a complete batting order in themselves. It was common knowledge that if you set Rocky up for a slow curve, you had an awfully good chance of catching him swinging ahead of the ball. He variously was counseled to move up in the batter's box, aim the ball back at the pitcher, lean back on his right hip, shorten his stride, cut down on his swing, keep his elbows in against his body. The most common refrain was, "Just try for singles, kid, and with your power the homers will come." Eventually Rocky became so confused that Greenberg issued orders that nobody was to discuss hitting with him except the batting coach, Tris Speaker.

In 1956, following two good years at Indianapolis, Rocky was sure he had finally made the Indians. However, two months after the season opened, manager Al Lopez ticketed him for San Diego. Terribly upset, Rocky burst into Greenberg's office, threatening to quit. Greenberg quieted him down by promising to bring him back in a few weeks.

Rocky had a fine time in California, murdering Pacific Coast pitching and wowing the fans with pregame exhibitions of distance throwing. He would stand at home plate and heave the ball over the center-field fence, 424 feet away. One of his heaves was measured at 436 feet. Another, which bounced off a batting cage well beyond that point, was not measured. The longest measured throw in organized baseball was made in 1953 by Don Grate in Chattanooga—443 feet, three and a half inches.

After five weeks and a couple of phone calls to Greenberg, Rocky was brought back. Playing regularly, he finished out the 1956 season with twenty-one home runs and a .276 batting average. Still, when Lopez quit at the end of the year, he confided to friends that Greenberg's interference in the Colavito case had been one of the prime reasons.

Although the 1957 manager, Kerby Farrell, had managed Rocky through three good years in the minors, he had hardly more patience with him than Lopez. Bouncing in and out of the line-up, Rocky did manage to increase his home-run total to twenty-five, but his batting average slipped to .252. On top of everything else, his friend Hank Greenberg was squeezed out of the front office.

The night Rocky hit his four home runs, Greenberg was sitting in the bleachers trying to work out a trade with Frank Lane. Lane had to leave in the eighth inning to catch a plane, but Hank told him, "I'm going to stay to see Rocky hit No. 4."

At training camp in 1958 Rocky was under the skeptical scrutiny of a new manager, Bobby Bragan, and a new general manager, Frank Lane. Before the Indians broke camp, the outspoken Bragan was telling Cleveland writers, "If it weren't for his reputation as a home-run hitter, I'd release him right now."

During the early part of the season Bragan frequently had Colavito on the bench. Rocky wound up going to his manager late in May and vowing that he'd hit thirty-five home runs if he could get to play regularly. At the time he had two. Hedging a little, he said, "Well, more than a month has already passed, so you better make it thirty."

"All right," Bragan said. "You're my right fielder."

For psychological reasons, Bragan immediately quoted Rocky's promise to the newspapers—holding, for effect, to the original figure of thirty-five home runs. Rocky still has not forgiven Bobby for what he regards as a breach of personal confidence.

"Here I was," he says, "just twenty-four years old, and I'd never hit more than twenty-five home runs in the majors in my life. Supposing I'd failed, wouldn't that have been beautiful? You shoot off your big mouth like that, and if you don't come through you're a loud mouth and a braggart. I made up my mind it was the last time I'd ever say anything like that, and you can bet your boots it will be."

As it was, he not only finished up with forty-one homers, but also was second to Jackie Jensen in runs batted in, with 113, and eighth in the hitting percentages with .303. He struck out eighty-nine times—not exceptionally high for a slugger.

Bragan himself lasted exactly one month from the day he restored Rocky to full-time duty. "I know I've been made the goat on Colavito," says Bragan, now managing Spokane. "But I know in my heart that I never hurt that boy. If you'll look through the records you'll see that when I sat him down he had knocked in one run in three weeks. When he showed me he had confidence in himself, I put him back in the line-up, and when I left he was hitting .313." Upon the occasion of Rocky's thirty-fifth home run, Bragan sent a telegram of congratulations.

Joe Gordon was the manager who finally got Colavito to do all the things everybody else had been telling him to do for years. "Gordon had the same problems himself," Rocky explains. "He understands me as a hitter, and I understand what he's telling me."

Like the managers before him, Gordon made a special point of telling Rocky to cut down on his swing. In a game against Kansas City Gordon finally ordered him to poke the ball to right field on pain of being fined. So Rocky swung easily—and the ball jumped off his bat and sailed out of the park in left center.

Gordon relates, "When he came back to the bench to shake my hand, I said, 'Did you learn anything?' and he said, 'I sure did.' And the very next time at bat he fell back into all the old habits. That's why I laugh when people give me or anybody else credit for Rocky's hitting. Everybody does it for himself."

Rocky thinks his main problem now is just to watch the ball. "I know that makes me sound like an idiot. Any kid in the bleachers knows enough to watch the ball. But the pitchers give you a lot of motion now, and you're thinking about the situation and the men on base, and you can easily get out of the groove. While I wait for the pitch I keep saying to myself, *Watch the ball . . . watch the ball . . . watch the ball.* When I'm watching the ball good I see it round and clear, and I can see just where it crosses the plate. When I'm not hitting, it comes in kind of square."

One thing about Colavito that has fascinated everybody, including Manager Gordon, is his extraordinarily powerful throwing arm. Last season Gordon conceived the plan of bringing Rocky in from the outfield to the pitching mound when the situation demanded a strike-out, and then sending him right back out again.

On August thirteenth, with Cleveland trailing Detroit, 2–1, the Tigers got men on second and third with none out in the seventh inning. When the count got to one-and-one on the hitter, Coot Veal, Gordon came out and, it seemed, signaled to the bullpen for Don Ferrarese. But Ferrarese stayed. All at once the 14,351 fans became aware that Rocky Colavito was walking in from right field.

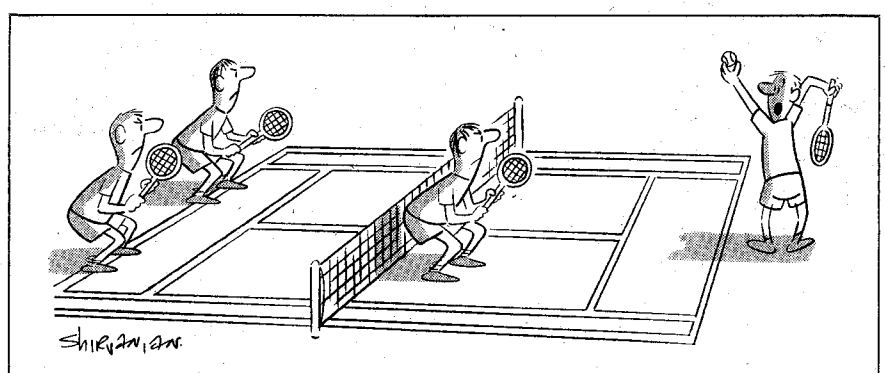
One veteran Cleveland sports writer, recalling the scene fondly, says, "In all my years in the press box, I have never experienced the sense of sheer electric excitement that filled the park at that moment."

Rocky got a second strike on Veal, who then upset the script by flying out deeply enough to bring the runner in from third. In three full innings, Rocky did not allow a base hit. He struck out only one man, though, while walking three.

That experiment apparently was the end of Rocky's pitching career. Colavito's hitting would appear to be a sufficient contribution to the Indian cause. It brought him a contract this year for $28,000, exactly double his 1958 salary. Early this season Joe Gordon was saying, "Rocky still reverts to swinging wildly every once in a while, but he does it less and less. Fundamentally he doesn't have a weakness, except for his own intensity. He can hit any kind of pitch to any part of the field."

And then, measuring his words, Gordon went on, "Rocky Colavito should be the best hitter in baseball. Not next year or five years from now—this year."

THE END



"Are you with me or against me?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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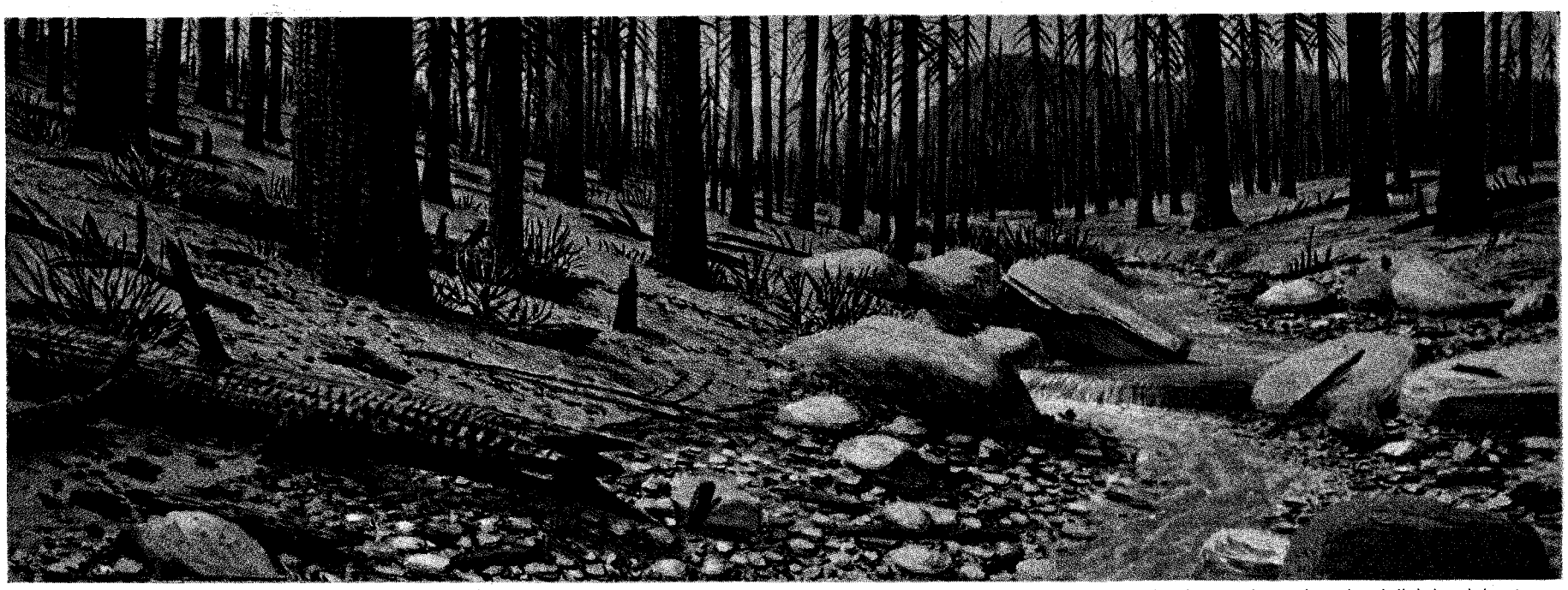
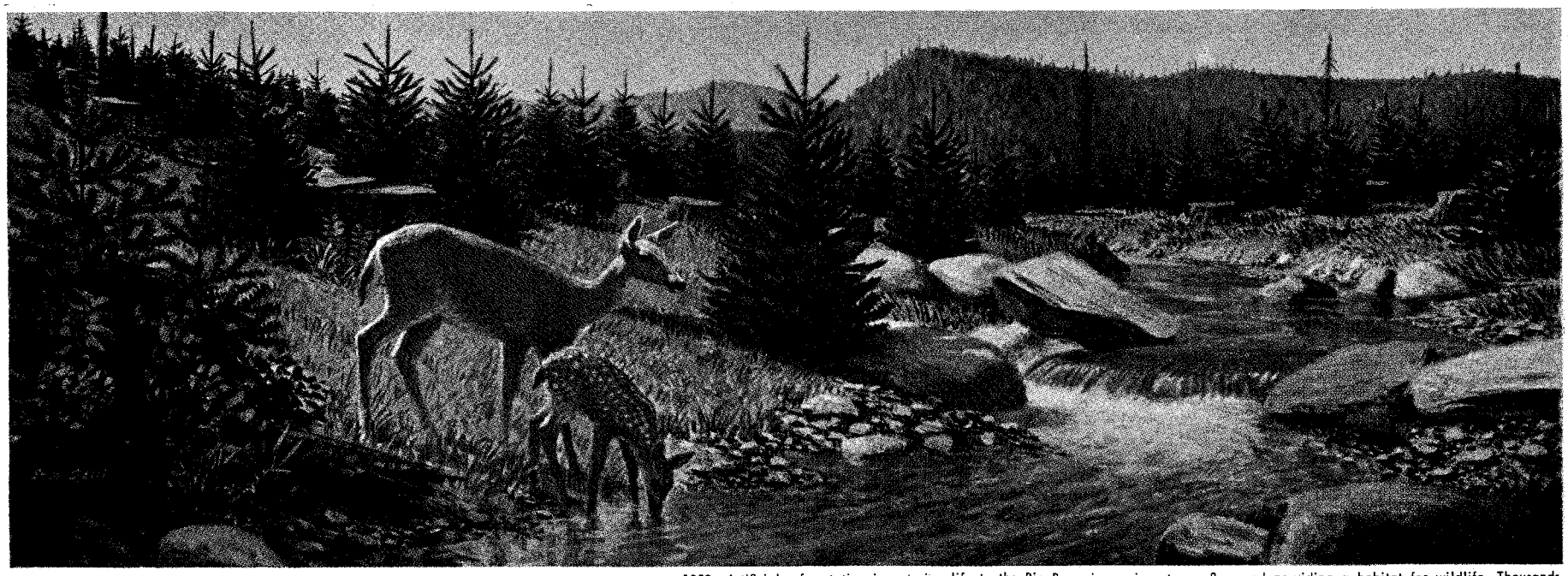


1933—Fire stilled all life in Oregon's Tillamook forest, leaving only blackened tree trunks, powdery ash and silt-laden, drying streams.



1959—Artificial reforestation is restoring life to the Big Burn, increasing stream flow and providing a habitat for wildlife. Thousands of scorched trees have been felled and their usable wood recovered. Intensive fire prevention measures protect the new tree crops.

restoring life to a forest killed by carelessness...

The Tillamook fire killed about 12 billion feet of timber. Since nearly all natural seed sources were lost, the vast area is being reforested by use of aerial seeding and hand planting techniques.

The time was high noon, August 14, 1933. A hot east wind greedily drew the last moisture from parched ferns, bushes and fir needles. The humidity dipped down to an explosive level. Oregon's great Tillamook forest lay in the shadow of death.

One careless act ignited the inferno. In eleven tragic days, 270,000 acres of virgin timber burned. Thousands of birds and animals perished and myriad streams were deprived of the protective forest cover that sustains them year after year.

Today, many areas in the Big Burn are again green with growing trees. Oregon's State Board of Forestry, supported by people and industry in the state, has made tremendous progress toward rehabilitation of the seared land. Yet, the severe loss already suffered and the herculean task still ahead should serve as solemn warning to people everywhere to be careful with fire in the woods.

Fire prevention is *everybody's* business. Help Keep America Green and preserve the benefits of our forests...wood, water, wildlife, recreation and payrolls.

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in Pennsylvania,
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the first oil well. This oil had
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Nature's Miracle Molecule makes
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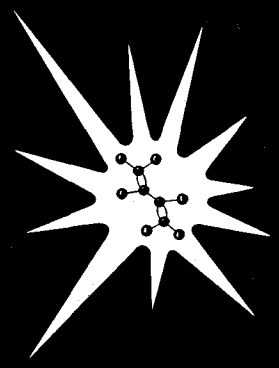

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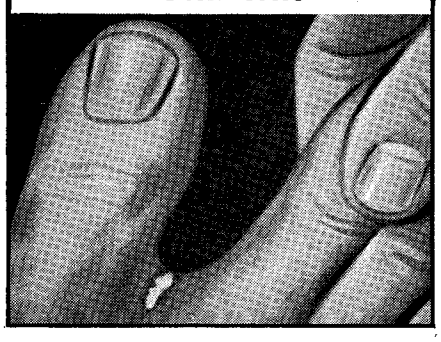
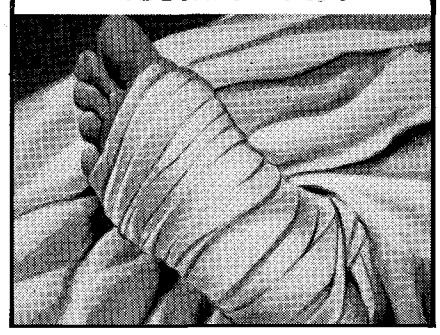


Raw, red cracks between the toes, itching or peeling are the first signs of Athlete's Foot. At this early stage, Athlete's Foot is easy to treat—if you act *fast!*

BECOMES THIS!



Left untreated, Athlete's Foot fungi burrow, spread. In advanced stage, like ringworm of the foot above, see your physician or podiatrist.

Absorbine Jr. kills 100% of Athlete's Foot fungi in laboratory test tubes in less than 5 minutes!

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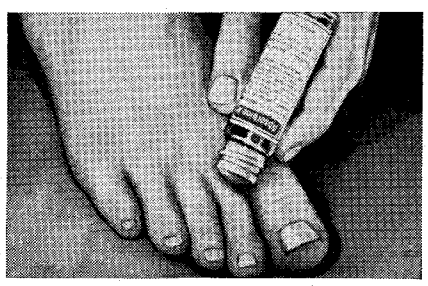

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America's No. 1 Formula for Athlete's Foot

Absorbine Jr

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

A Most Beautiful Model

(Continued from Page 17)

is due here any time to see how it's coming along."

Tim thought so hard that he scowled. "Couldn't you ask Picasso and Norman Rockwell to do them?" he suggested.

Mr. Burford leaped up. "By golly, that's a terrific idea!" He flung his hand up to his hair and the brush left a blue streak on his forehead. "I'll send them a telegram. I'll say—what'll I say? Dear Pablo, please rush a set of your finest legs by return. How's that? Dear Norm, on the subject of ——" Mr. Burford stopped; he threw his brush down in disgust. "Nah! There isn't time. Besides, they may be busy."

"Who, Norm and Picasso?" Tim looked at the couch. Norman Rockwell stretched, turned around twice, twitched his whiskers and went back to sleep.

"I could ask them," Tim said. "They're not busy now."

"Let me get this straight," Mr. Burford said in a hushed voice. "You know what Picasso is doing, you can actually see Norman Rockwell? Right this minute, across all the far-flung miles of time and space? Please, you wouldn't kid me?"

"They're not so far." Tim pointed to the two Siamese cats curled up on the couch.

"Oh. Sure." Mr. Burford shook his head. "Boy, do I need a coffee break!" He plugged in the hot plate. "How's about a bite to eat? A hamburger strike you? If you'll just run down to Uzbeck's." Mr. Burford pulled out a dollar bill.

Tim licked his lips. "I'm not supposed to eat before lunch. Thank you."

Mr. Burford said, "Let's call it *petit déjeuner. Almuerzo.* Let's say chota hazri."

"Chota hazri," Tim said. He took the bill and tiptoed to the door.

"Get three," said Mr. Burford. "The extra one is for good old George. Chili sauce. And don't forget the dills."

Tim nodded. He reached the door, gave it a quick tug. There was no slavering wolf outside, though Mr. Burford said it practically lived there. As always, Tim just missed it.

He went zooming down, captain of a rocket ship coming in for a landing on the moon. He cruised past the third floor—3B, where he and his mother lived; and 3A, that had a card with a printed name: MISS MARY EULALIA RUMSEY. Maidenly, starched, Miss Mary kept goldfish, and she creaked. It was always pink, beaded dusk in Miss Mary's, even at bright noon.

Tim braked on the second floor of the tall, decaying building. Like its neighbors in this city backwater, it had been somebody's mansion once; but now all the Uzbecks lived on the second floor and rented the rest of the house as apartments.

Tim, the connoisseur, sniffed at the cooking smells that enriched the Uzbecks' corridor. Then he sped on down, taxied along the hall and opened the front door.

He was stopped by the all-night snow that sparkled on Hollis Street, blanketing the sidewalk. He dared not chance it. He might step on a crack that he couldn't see in the pavement, and that would break his mother's back.

He climbed along the iron rails the few feet to the entrance to Uzbeck's Snacks and Delicatessen.

Inside, the store was cozy and redolent. Miss Mary was there, saying in her uptown voice, ". . . and a quarter pound of your nice potato salad." Miss Mary had fluffy hair and a pale mustache, and she smelled of dried leaves. She said, "You'd better make that half a pound, the girls are dropping in for a game of bolivia."

Mr. Uzbeck smiled at Tim. He said, "Nu, Tim. What can I do for you?"

"Three hamburgers, please. Chili sauce. And don't forget the dills."

"That'll be all," Miss Mary said. She opened her purse, then she pulled off her glove and it caught on the charm bracelet at her wrist. "I lost my heart outside in the street last night," she sighed. "Such a nuisance! When I was fishing for my key."

"At your age!" Mr. Uzbeck rolled his eyes.

Miss Mary tittered. "One of my lucky charms, you know. It was only a tiny wee thing, made of soft white gold, but I valued it dearly." She turned to Tim. "If you should find my heart, little boy, I'll give you something for it."

"How's that beautiful mother of yours?" Mr. Uzbeck asked Tim.

"Fine, thank you. She's wrestling with a murderer."

"A wonderful woman!" said Mr. Uzbeck admiringly. "Working all the time. How such an innocent young girl, you should excuse me, knows to write detective books——"

"She has to," Miss Mary cut in. "She has to pay the bills for that sick husband of hers in ——" She stopped and widened her eyes at Tim. "Little pitchers!" she said archly.

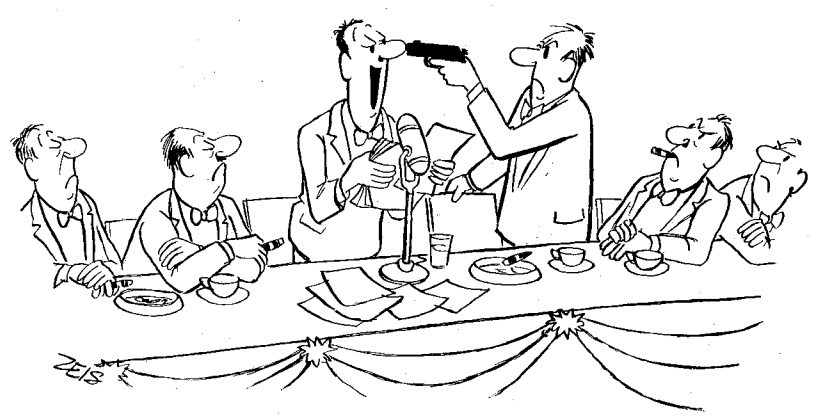
"I'm a big pitcher," Tim said. "I'm the world's greatest, an immortal." He stepped up to the mound, he was in Yankee Stadium, last game of the Series, last half of the ninth and the score was tied. In the tense hush he began his windup.

"Oy," said Mr. Uzbeck. "A six-year-old, he's the world's greatest immortal pitcher already! So mind the trays."

"Don't forget my heart, little boy," Miss Mary trilled as she went out.

Mr. Uzbeck put three meat patties on the grill. Tim listened to them spit. He said, "Mr. Burford's got a five-hundred-dollar ulcer this time."

Mr. Uzbeck cut three buns. "Mr. Burford's ulcers, it should happen to me. You want a slice pastrami?"



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well, I see my time is up . . ."

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"I'm not supposed to eat before lunch. Couldn't you say it's chota hazri?"

"I say it's pastrami. That other I don't stock." Mr. Uzbeck shaved off a slice. "Take it anyways, eat it in health." He said, "Go on up by the inside, you got no galoshes on."

Tim took the hamburgers through the back storeroom. He climbed the stairs, chewing pastrami, and wondered why everybody suddenly stopped talking about his father. He knew his dad lived far away in the sanatorium with his chest. Mom got letters from him all the time. She would take the letters to the window and read them, and sit staring out at the sky. After some letters she would hug Tim and laugh, and after others she would bite her lip and her eyes would be bright, trying not to cry. And sometimes she couldn't help it, she cried. What was so secret about that?

When Tim arrived at 4B, Mr. Burford was sitting on the couch with his eyes shut, listening to the hi-fi. Hot coffee and a glass of cold milk stood on a cleared-off corner of the painting table.

Tim put a hamburger into Mr. Burford's groping hand.

"You know who that is?" Mr. Burford asked with his mouth full.

"Sure. Satchmo." Mr. Burford always played Satchmo.

"The world's greatest artist." Mr. Burford flourished his hamburger. "Listen to that! That's the way to paint legs."

Tim listened, but he couldn't hear any legs at all. He said, "Can I borrow a pencil and paper?"

"The world's greatest artist," Mr. Burford mumbled. "Help yourself."

Between bites, Tim began to draw a rocket ship. "Is everybody the world's greatest artist?" he asked.

"Everybody."

"Is my mom?"

"Unquestionably the world's greatest artist."

"And you too?"

Mr. Burford grinned. "Only in the slapstick sense of the word," he said.

There was a rap outside. Mr. Burford went to the door. "Well," he cried. "Here's good old George!"

A lean man entered, unbuttoning his topcoat. He brought with him the smell of the cold, clean winter air.

Mr. Burford said to him, "I want you to meet my best friend, Tim. The noblest critic of them all."

"An honor," said George.

Tim shook hands. He thought that good old George was not so old, although he had a high, blond forehead. Tim said, "Mr. Burford's got a five-hundred-dollar ulcer for you, if you like it."

"That's neighborly of him," George said. "But I've already got one of my own, thanks."

"It's not quite finished," Mr. Burford said. "But take a look anyway."

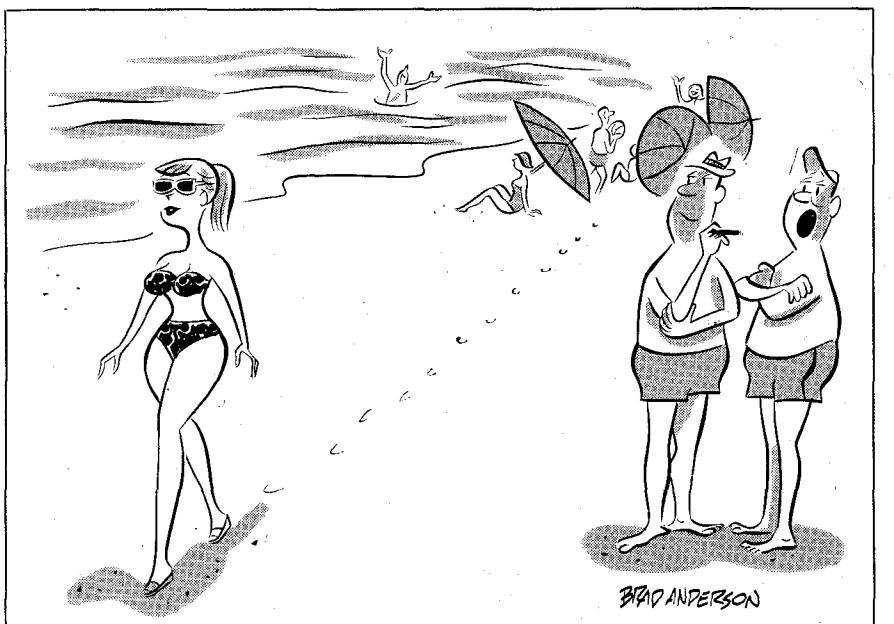
The three of them stood before the swim-suit lady, turning their heads gravely, first on one side, then on the other.

At length George said, "H'm'm." Then he said quickly, "I'm not knocking it, mind you. Far from it. It's just the anatomical legs—all those muscles! What we need here is something other-directed. Know what I mean? Glamour!" George sketched with his hands. "Give me glamorous, seductive legs, and the rest is jake."

Tim watched solemnly as George was speaking. "You're not human," Tim said.

"Not this morning, I'm not," George said. "I'm sick. I've got trouble."

Tim said, "You're the greatest genius of the lot."



"So we decided to settle out of court for thirty thousand polka dots."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I didn't know it showed." George's smile made Tim feel ticklish clear down to his toes.

Tim said, "There should be a lesson there someplace."

Mr. Burford said in a rush, "There's a hamburger and coffee waiting for you, George."

Tim went back to his unfinished bun and his drawing.

George said to Mr. Burford, "The answer for you is obvious. All you need is an elegant model, female type, and you've got it made. I wish the answer to my headache were as easy."

"I can't use elegant female models," Mr. Burford said. "They make me itch. What's your problem?"

"Carmer's Canned Beef," George said. "I wish I'd never heard of the stuff."

"All the beef gone putrid?"

"Please!" George said. "Take your hat off, Carmer's is our fattest account! We're putting on a tremendous spring campaign, we'll hit all the magazines across the country. Double-page spreads, the works." He said, "Carmer's has been on every kitchen shelf since the dawn of the century. So after everything has been said and said again about it, what's left to say?" George shuddered. "Big meeting of the top brass this P.M., and I'm the boy who's got to come up with something dazzling, or else. And by a sinister wrench of fate I can't get off my launching pad. My fuse has sputtered out, completely! Sure, I know, I can make with the words. I proliferate on all sides like Maoris' tattooing."

Tim pricked up his ears. He had once seen a man in a carnival with tattoos all over him, gorgeous paintings of steamboats and mermaids, serpents, lions, and ladies that danced when the man flexed his muscles; but Tim never dreamed that similar tattooing proliferated on all sides of Miss Mary!

". . . yet," George was saying, "my mind has been numb for days. Plain old mental block. Therefore, I am now going to crawl down a rathole and tear my brains apart."

Tim's attention came back to George. "Won't that hurt?"

"Like fury." George glanced down at Tim's drawing. "Looky here, a rocket ship! You going to put a label on it?"

"What for?" Tim asked.

"So we'll all know what it is."

"But we all know what it is. You just said what it is. Of course," Tim added wistfully, eying the pots of paint, "if I had lots of colors it would look much nicer."

"I'm a devout believer in four-color work myself." George shrugged into his topcoat and stalked to the door. He paused with the door open, then turned and came back to peer intently at Tim's drawing. "H'm'm," he said, and the skin on his high forehead moved up. "H'm'm," he said again, and frowned. He walked thoughtfully out of the room.

Tim shared everybody's crumbs with Picasso and Norman Rockwell. He was touching a final pencil lick to his rocket when he heard his mother's lilting voice. "Tim! Oh, Tim, where are you?"

Mr. Burford called, "He's here, Mrs. Shea. Won't you come up?"

She wore old black corduroys with elegance; the masses of her honey hair hung tousled to her shoulders. She looked pale, there was a smudge on her tip-tilted nose.

Mr. Burford stared at her and swallowed. He said, "Who won?"

"Who won what?" Tim's mother asked blankly.

"The wrestling match. With the murderer."

"That!" She laughed at Tim. "So far, it's two falls to the villain, with no help in sight. I'm stuck. And how is your ulcer?"

"Don't mention it, please!" Mr. Burford's gaze narrowed. He gulped, his face flushed scarlet. "Pardon me for asking," he blurted. "Have you got glamorous, seductive legs?"

Her stare shriveled him. "Come on, Tim," she said. "Lunch."

Tim crept to the door, yanked it open and looked outside. Still no wolf. Just once he wanted to see it slavering. He thought it would be lathering soap on its face before shaving, as in Mr. Spirelli, Three Barbers, Manicure.

"What in the world are you looking for?" his mother asked.

"The slavering wolf," Tim said.

"You're looking on the wrong side of the door," she said, and slammed it in Mr. Burford's stricken face.

After lunch Tim was helping with the dishes. "Did a letter come today?" he asked.

His mother hesitated. "No. Not yet. Perhaps it will get here by the late post." Of a sudden she trembled. A cup fell down to shatter at her feet. She gripped the sink with white-knuckled fingers. "I'm tired!" she whispered. "If only I could rest an hour, if only I could sit and do absolutely nothing!"

"Why don't you?" Tim asked.

She straightened wearily and smiled. "Mr. If Only never gets anything done. So we won't let him in, we'll do it by ourselves." She swept up the shards. "Even my wretched villain. He leads a charmed life, but we'll get him in the end. I wish to heaven I knew how," she added. "And you, young fella, you want to take a nap this afternoon?"

"No, thank you."

"You want to play?"

"Outside," he said.

"I'm sorry, Tim. Truly, I'm sorry! I know it's no fun, but I've simply got to work. I'll make it up to you one day, that's a promise! Will you believe me?"

"Sure I believe you, mom!" Tim smiled.

"I don't know how I'd live without you," she said. "Come on, then. Into your coat! Cap. Mitts. Keep them on, mind."

Tim asked, "Are you going to work again?"

"Chained to that clacking machine." She tossed her hair back from her face. "Kiss your best girl now, darling. Be sure and come back before it gets dark!"

Tim went out in the hall, wondering what to do first. He looked across at Miss Mary's, and thought about his mother's villain with the charmed life. He remembered Miss Mary's heart; she had said it was a charm too. Maybe, he thought with excitement, if he found Miss Mary's heart it would work magic so that she would give him one dollar. Then he could buy Rain's wondrous box of paints! But how did a charm work?

He rushed downstairs, into Uzbeck's Delicatessen. "Hello yourself," said Mr. Uzbeck. "How's your nice mother?"

"She's chained to a clacking machine," Tim panted. "Do you know how a charm works?"

"A question." Mr. Uzbeck's hand went to his cheek. "What kind charm you have in mind?"

"A magic charm, to make your dreams come true. Does it really work?"

Mr. Uzbeck's dark eyes crinkled, he stroked his hairless scalp. "For me, no. Only for towheads with blue eyes. You got to do it exactly right, though. Watch!" He licked a fat thumb and stamped it into his palm. "Then you take your magic charm"—he reached for a sausage—"and you hold it in your hand. Tight, tight. You shut your eyes." Mr. Uzbeck screwed up his eyes as though in agony. "You say the mystic words: 'Shalom! Shalom! Shalom!' After that you open your eyes, you open your fist, and there you are!" Mr. Uzbeck opened his eyes and saw the ruin of a sausage in his hand. "Nothing to it," he said.

"Gosh, thanks! Now I've only got to find the charm."

"An essential," Mr. Uzbeck agreed to Tim's disappearing back.

The snow was trampled into slush and the afternoon thaw piled the gutter as Tim began at the top step by his front door. Slowly he worked down, one step lower at a time, sifting the cold, gray slurry in his hands until his mitts were sodden through. He peeled them off and thrust them into a pocket.

His naked fingers ran like ferrets into every joint, each crack, each chip-edged break in stone. He knew it was just beyond his reach—the heart, the box of brilliant colors—so he must reach a little farther for it.

No more steps, he was on the sidewalk. From rails to gutter he pounced, treasured and discarded limp cigarette stubs and shreds of paper that turned to muck in his hands. He backed farther from his door, kneeling to gather all that never could have been a heart with fingers growing red and numb.

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The low sun slipped behind an edge of murk, chill crept along the street and slowly the pavement saddened to a pig-iron shade. Tim's eyes began to water. He saw that he had reached as far as the corner of Grant Avenue. Mr. McConkey was walking his beat in broad, benevolent blue.

"Good night to ye, Tim," the policeman said. "Out late, aren't you? And why not? Winter's about done. Stays chilly, though."

The lampposts around them burst into sudden primrose bloom against the purple haze.

"You'd better be off indoors," the policeman said. "Say hello to your mother for me. Good night, now."

"Yes, sir. Good night, Mr. McConkey. But please," Tim said, "I want to see this first."

Tim stared into the brightness of Rain's Hardware window. There it was!—the box with the glorious, nested colors, the brush still waiting for his hand. And above it, the sign: $1.

As he pressed his nose against the glass, mist came up between Tim and the box. The colors bleached out behind a thickening fog, seeped back away out of sight, out of reach, to the far end of the world until they were blotted out.

The raw night bit delicately at Tim's spine. He whirled, shivering. Mr. McConkey was gone.

Tim went back into Hollis Street. It was a tunnel of shadows now, baleful darknesses splayed out between the brassy teeth of the store-front lights. The houses drew away from him, towered up into gloom and stared down with their hooded eyes. Red and green worms crawled on the face of the buildings, crackling their neon intestines off and on.

Tim tromped resolutely through freezing gutter mud and searched in the rutted road. His feet were leaden, fingers stiff and slow.

Doors had already clicked shut, suppers were soon to come; the street lights were a tundra apart in empty Hollis Street. A nightmare shadow lanced out, shrank back again to the feet of a passing stranger.

Tim looked up at length and recognized his door. He knew it was past the hour when he should be upstairs. There were warmth and security inside; outside, there was a lost heart. He sat on an icy step, put his hands within his jacket, under his armpits, and tried tiredly to recall what a heart looked like.

A man hurried past; his cigarette sparked as he flipped it to the curb.

Tim's teeth chattered. He huddled his knees under him, burrowed chin into collar. Down the road a dragon snorted steam from a basement laundry.

A shapeless figure loomed. As it came near, Tim made out an old man in a dirty cap, who swayed bent head as blindly as a slug.

Tim cowered back, hoped that Mr. McConkey would come by this very minute.

A yard away, the tramp stopped. He peered, muttered; reached a claw hand down.

Tim saw it then at the man's feet—a pinpoint dazzle of lights in the shape of a heart.

The tramp's hand fumbled, clutched. Tim was paralyzed. The hand moved up again. Miraculously, the heart still glittered on the ground! The tramp sucked at his new cigarette butt and shuffled off, complaining to himself.

Tim leaped to the spot. Then he knew why the old man had not picked it up; there was no heart there.

He went back to his step and palmed moisture from his eyes. He opened them and there it shone again; a minute, steady beacon. Tim shifted; the beacon disappeared. He tilted his head back; it was there once more. He crept up cautiously, holding the luster in his sight. Tim's incredulous fingers touched it, clenched it with all his strength. The heart!

He turned his streaked face to the sky and smiled.

He raced in to the exultant warmth, rehearsing the wish he now must make, remembering the words, seeing all the splendid colors, the colors of circuses and suns and azure oceans that he held tight in his hand. He thought he would go upstairs, close to Miss Mary before he made his wish, so that the charm would be strong.

Tim had passed the second floor when his mother found him. "Darling, where on earth have you been? I've been frantic! I was just going out to look for you." She hugged him. "Poor lamb, you're frozen! Run up quick; I won't be a minute, might as well go on down and see if there's any mail. Dear God," she sighed, "please let there be a letter!"

As Tim listened to his mother's heels clicking down to the mailbox, he thought how happy she would be if she got a letter from his dad tonight. Somehow, his feet began to drag. He looked up along the staircase—the old familiar route of pirate raids, the Indian trail, wake of an ocean liner to its ports of call. Tim thought of Rain's paintbox; he thought of all those friendly, welcoming ports of call.

He was outside Miss Mary's door. Tim faltered, he found it hard to see clearly. Then he drew a sobbing breath and squeezed the heart in his fist. He reviewed all he wanted to say, and uttered the mystic words. At last:

Please, he thought behind closed lids, *let mom get a letter tonight. Let Mr. Burford paint his glamorous legs. Let good old George climb out of a rathole and get off his launching pad. Let Mr. Uzbeck get lots of ulcers, like he wants. No, wait! Mr. Uzbeck doesn't paint, so ulcers won't do him any good. Let him stock chota hazri. Let mom get her villain in the end, and let her sit down and rest. Thank you. Amen.* "Shalom!" he said aloud.

Miss Mary opened her door. "Heaven help the child, how dirty he is!"

"I found your heart." Tim proffered the golden wishes in his grubby hand.

"Such a nice little boy, you've found my favorite charm!" Miss Mary seized the trinket. "I must give you a present. Come in, close the door. Don't come any nearer, your boots are muddy."

Tim watched her with awe; so many things about her that didn't show on the outside! He wondered how Miss Mary's tattooing proliferated, and if the needles had hurt.

She brought him two thin slices of caraway-seed cake on a paper doily on her best china. "One for you and one for your mother," she smiled. "Don't forget to return the plate!"

When he got home, Tim's mother was there before him. She held a letter in her hand and she was crying. But she was laughing too.

She knelt and hugged him close. "Tim, the most wonderful news! Your dad is going to be all right, he'll be home by spring! He was waiting to hear what the doctors said, that's why his letter was so late. Oh, Tim, we'll be the happiest. . . ." She noticed the plate in his hand. "What have you got there?"

"A present for both of us from Miss Mary," Tim said.

"How very kind of her! This surely is your day," Tim's mother said. "You can have my piece, too, with your supper."

Scrubbed, fed, into pajamas and swathed in fleecy bathrobe, Tim was sitting close to his mother in the hour before bedtime, absorbed in her reading of a sea fight near the Spanish Main. Hers was a specially dramatic rendering, with gestures.

"You're the world's greatest artist," Tim said as he watched.

She ruffled his hair. "Get along with you, Timmy Shea! I do believe you're the world's greatest little kidder."

"Mr. Burford said you were the world's greatest."

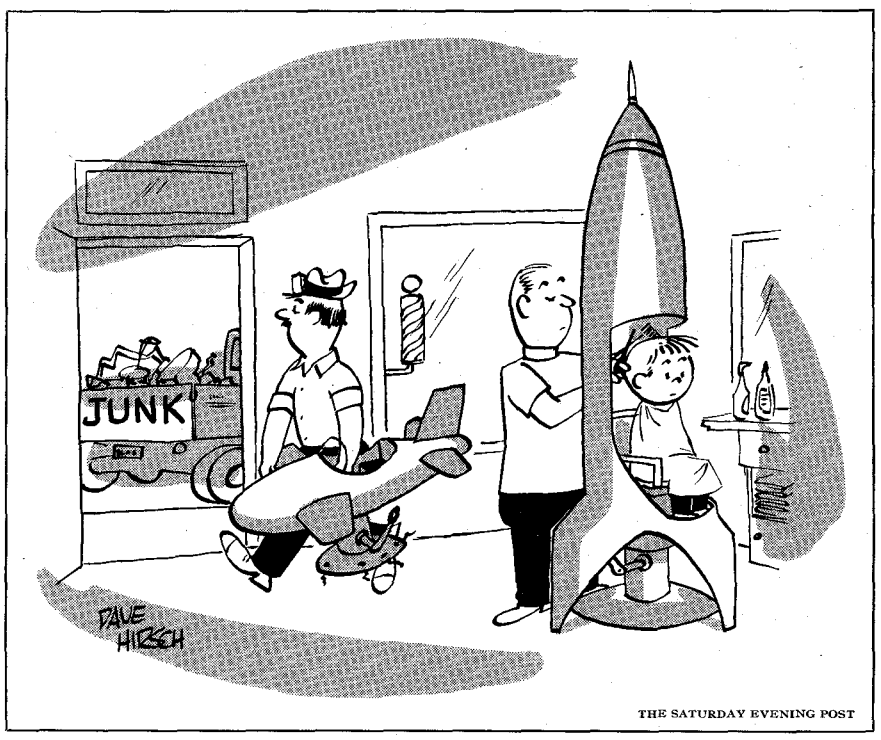
"Did he, indeed! You know, I used to like your friend—until today. Wonder what made him get so fresh?"

"He wasn't fresh, he was just asking," Tim said. "He needs some glamorous legs to paint, so that good old George will like his five-hundred-dollar ulcer."

"Oh?" Tim's mother put the book aside; she stretched out her toes, smiled down at her long, smooth legs. Suddenly she chuckled. "I'll be right back," she said.

She went into her bedroom. She was wearing a swim suit when she came out again, and a pair of mules as soft as little clouds. She caught up an old camel's-hair coat.

"Come on, chaperon," she said. "Let's share the wealth. Let's give Mr. Burford a great big surprise!"



An hour later, with crumpled drawings strewn around, Mr. Burford was still surprised. "I really think I've got it licked," he said. "Would you mind if I tried one more drawing?"

"I wouldn't mind if you tried two," Tim's mother said. She lay stretched on a rug on the dais under the lights, utterly still and relaxed. Somewhere in a corner Satchmo's horn was making muted music; one of the cats slept purring across her stomach.

Tim looked at his mother. "That's warmer than sitting on a piece of ice," he said.

"Especially with Norman Rockwell in my lap. Or is it Picasso? What a delicious thought! All I need now is for Gat Gunsten to use his handsome, fat head." She laughed at the question in Mr. Burford's face. "Gat is the hero of my current opus, and a more noble, stubborn private eye you've never met. He's managed to get into the clutches of a fiendish murderer, and I can't think what he can do to save himself."

"Why doesn't he yell for Mr. McConkey?" Tim asked, wide-eyed.

She turned to him in amazement. "Lord, yes; the cops! It's time they complicated the plot. Darling, you're not only a chaperon, you're a genius!"

"Aw." Tim turned to Mr. Burford. "When will you have your ulcer done?"

"I'll work all night," said Mr. Burford cheerily. "I'm in the groove, the greatest artist in the world. Come up in the morning and you'll see!"

When Tim went in next morning, Mr. Burford was putting the last touches to his work. Tim thought the legs looked nice now, like his mother's. He said, "The lady looks fine."

"You can say that again!" said Mr. Burford. "You'd think she was painted by Norman Rockwell."

Tim looked at the Siamese cats on the couch. "And Picasso?"

"Perhaps in his blue period," Mr. Burford conceded.

Footsteps drummed on the stairs, the door crashed open, good old George came charging in. "Where is he? Where's that genius of an adman?" He spotted Tim. "You're the lad I want to see. You really buttoned up the bird for me, you put me in orbit!"

"I did?" Tim said.

George slapped Mr. Burford's back. "The deal went over like an I.C.B.M. Just a sharp, clean photo, full color, with the name in central focus—Carmer's Canned Beef. No other words. Remember what Tim said about the picture of his rocket, why it needed no label? Same with Carmer's; everybody knows what it is, we've already said what it is!" George turned to Tim. "So help me, I should be in the office this minute, but I had to run down to pay your salary. Didn't know what you really wanted, had an idea, though, when I saw you eying those paint pots." He held out a gift-wrapped parcel. "So I got this in the hardware on the corner. And this goes with it." He produced a pad of creamiest water-color paper. "From me to you," George said. "Go on, open it!"

Tim carefully undid the gift-wrapped parcel. He opened the black box and stared at the colors.

"Now you've got it, what are you going to do? I want to hear this," George said. "You could come up with another million-dollar idea."

They whirled before Tim's fascinated gaze, all the things he now could paint; they came before him in a shimmering blur that danced up to the sky.

Tim sighed with bliss. He said, "I'm going to proliferate like Miss Mary's tattooing." THE END

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Every Bird Wind Seal Shingle is sealed down in place on your roof with a grip that can't let go. Why: — dots of powerful adhesive on every tab go into sticking action by the heat of the sun. Result: — an absolutely tight roof, no matter what the wind or weather. Free booklet gives details; write Bird & Son, inc., Dept. S-7, East Walpole, Mass. Or your lumber dealer has yours.

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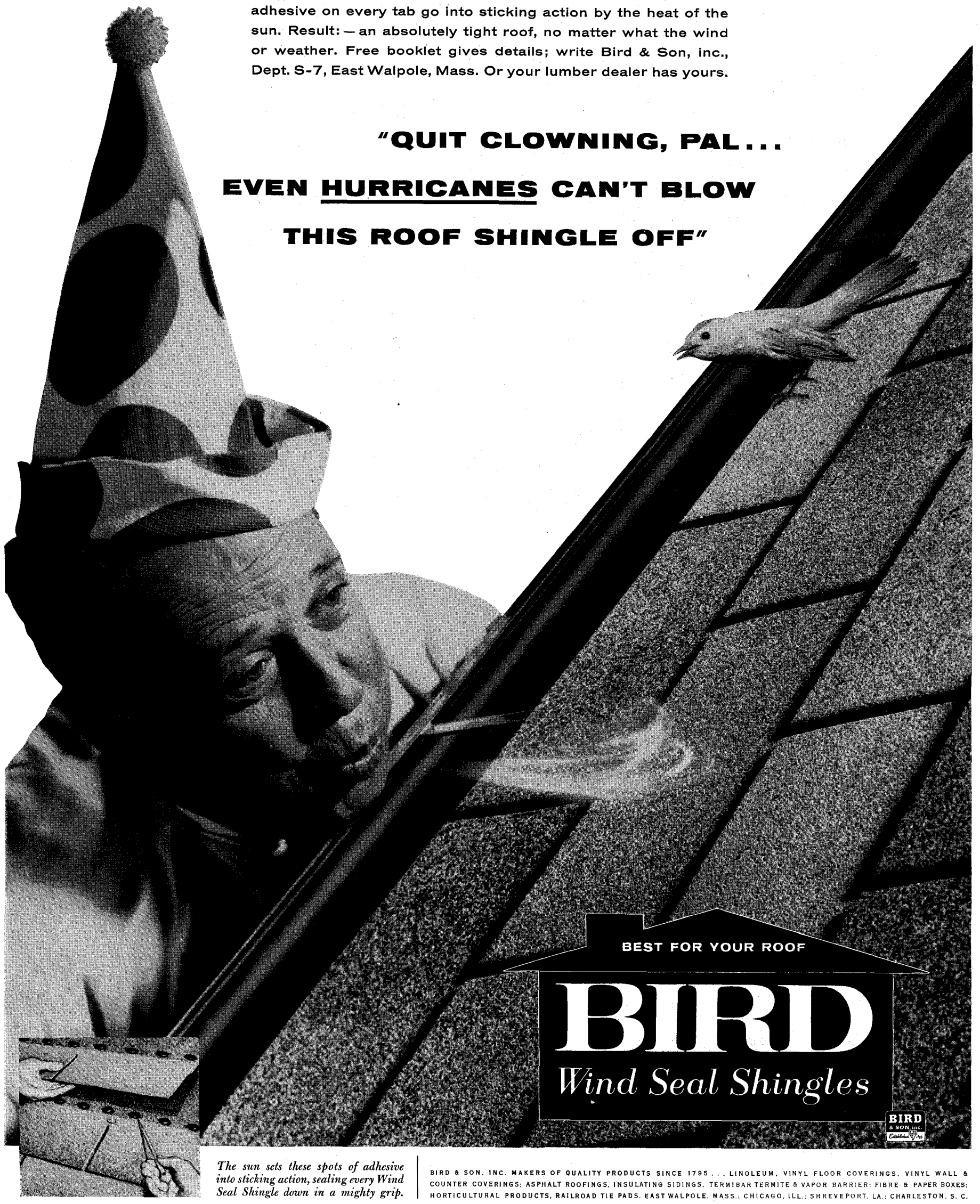

The sun sets these spots of adhesive into sticking action, sealing every Wind Seal Shingle down in a mighty grip.

BIRD & SON, INC. MAKERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS SINCE 1795 . . . LINOLEUM, VINYL FLOOR COVERINGS, VINYL WALL & COUNTER COVERINGS; ASPHALT ROOFINGS, INSULATING SIDINGS, TERMIBAR TERMITE & VAPOR BARRIER; FIBRE & PAPER BOXES; HORTICULTURAL PRODUCTS, RAILROAD TIE PADS. EAST WALPOLE, MASS.; CHICAGO, ILL.; SHREVEPORT, LA.; CHARLESTON, S. C.

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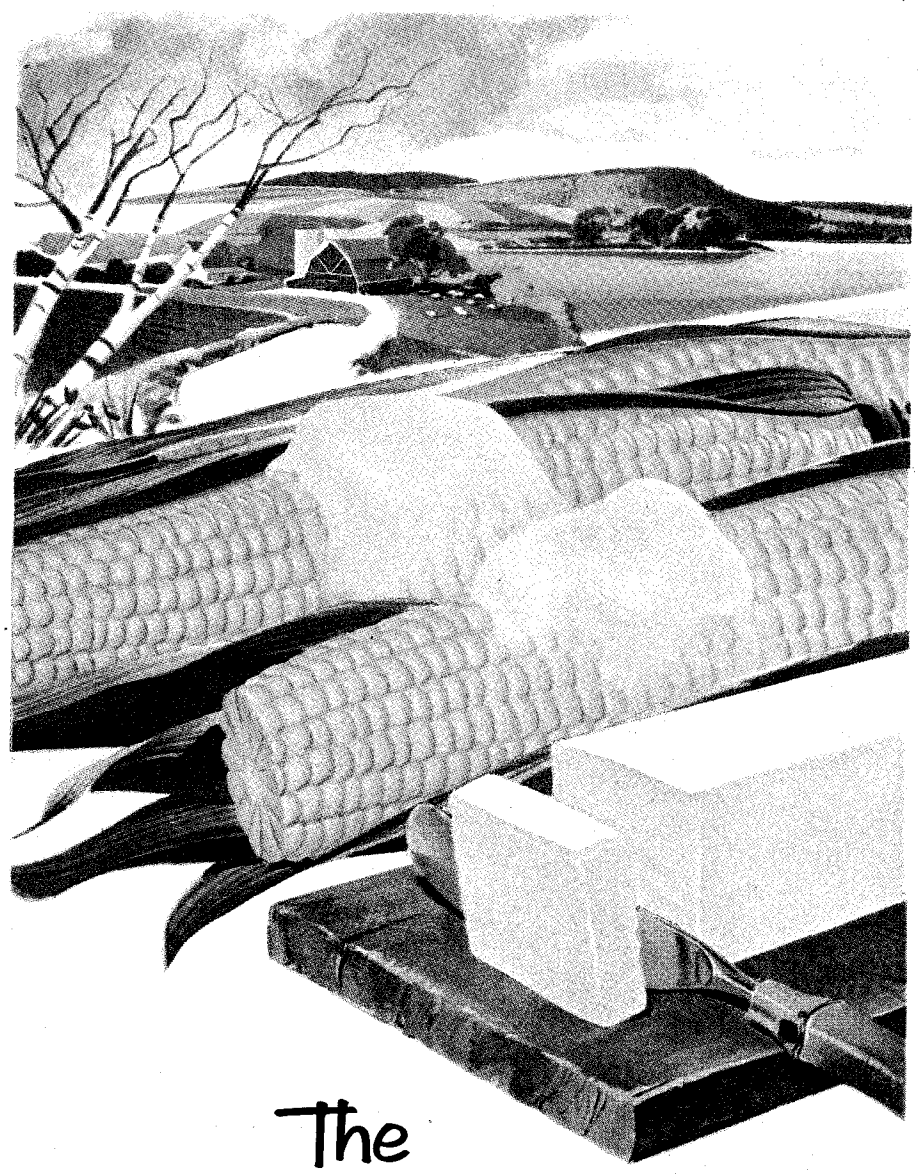

The top crop's in!

Milky sweet and begging for Land O'Lakes® Sweet Cream Butter*

A full ½ gallon of country-fresh sweet cream in every pound

*LIGHTLY SALTED OR UNSALTED

Mark of Treachery (Continued from Page 29)

up to the second floor. He was heading for the office of the assistant general manager, but the sound of voices coming through the partly open door of the secretary's office caught his attention. He paused and eavesdropped. In the atmosphere of hostility which lay upon the station, he did not feel that eavesdropping was a thing that should not be done. Two girls were talking. He recognized first the voice of his secretary, Gwen Silver.

"There's a pay phone in the garage next door," Gwen was saying. "I daren't take a chance, but you can slip out and telephone him."

"What goes on?" asked another feminine voice, singularly similar to Gwen's.

"Tell you tonight. You tell him to have lunch with me at the usual place. It's important. Ten minutes past twelve."

"You're really sold on this man, aren't you?"

"What do you think?" retorted Gwen.

"Is he sold on you? Or is he just using you to pull out his chestnuts?"

"He'd better be playing it on the level," Gwen said. "You get out to the telephone as soon as you can make it."

"All right. But I don't like it. Me, I don't buy unless a guarantee is printed on the label. You got a good job here. So have I. . . ." Her voice tailed off.

Avery retraced his steps into the big room housing the artist and the carpenter shop and waited for his secretary to come out and go back to her place. Then, he descended the stairs to his own office, leaving the door open so he could see past the receptionist into the lobby. In a couple of minutes a girl came down the stairway—a svelte, graceful girl who was almost an exact replica of Gwen Silver. She slipped out into the street, was gone ten minutes, and returned with an air of surreptitiousness which made Avery sure she had been doing something she should not have been up to.

He waited half an hour and then pressed the buzzer to summon Gwen, who came in with her notebook. Avery dictated half a dozen letters, and as she got to her feet to return to her own cubicle, he said casually, "Have you a sister employed here, Miss Silver? Haven't I noticed a girl who looks very much like you?"

She turned and cast a quick, suspicious glance. But his face was bland. It gave her no reason for alarm.

"Yes, Mr. Truslow. My twin, Clarabel," she said and swished out of the office.

Promptly at twelve Gwen Silver went out to her luncheon. Avery waited for her to reach the street, and followed. He was in time to see her turn north at the corner. He was not adept at shadowing, but the girl walked hurriedly, never looking behind her. So, to keep her in sight was an easy matter. She walked two blocks north and then three blocks east and entered a small eating place, more a tearoom than a restaurant. He passed the place and saw his secretary make her way to a corner table in the rear. Whomever she had made her appointment with had not yet arrived.

Avery crossed the street and waited some distance away. He had not long to wait, for, walking hastily, came Tom Skeen, his predecessor at station HARP-TV. Avery was not surprised. But he was surprised as a third person arrived, from the opposite direction, and joined the pair at their discreet table. This made the thing really serious. For the last comer was Henry Greet, general manager of rival television station GPHR-TV. He would have given much to be close enough to hear what passed between them. But he did not need to overhear to be assured that the meeting boded no good for station HARP-TV. Nor to be certain that he had caught his secretary in an act of treachery. There were various possibilities. Of course, the girl might have made the luncheon appointment merely because she was infatuated with Skeen, but the presence of Henry Greet made that improbable. It was

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"But I thought you had a mandate from the people!"

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more likely that she came to these men bearing information which would be beneficial to the rival station and harmful to the one in which she occupied a confidential position.

It was one thing to dislike him, Avery Truslow III; it was quite another thing to let that dislike, or infatuation for Skeen, result in overt treachery. Avery stood, alarmed and unhappy. His first impulse was to cross the street, confront the trio and discharge Gwen Silver summarily. But second thought prevailed. He would wait. Now that he was put definitely on his guard he would wait and watch and see if he could not turn this disloyalty to his advantage.

He was about to turn away and go to the club for his own luncheon when he saw, waddling toward the tearoom, a huge, cumbersome figure whose clothes were draped on his enormous body, rather than fitted to it. Trotting at his heels—heels and feet that were concealed by old-fashioned congress boots—were two tiny dogs. Mr. Parsifal Nebo's rosebud lips were puckered as he whistled a gay, lilting air.

He walked swingingly, but with intention. Before the little eating place he paused, scooped up the miniature Chihuahuas and dropped one in each capacious side pocket of his jacket. Then he threw back his shoulders, removed his hat to smooth his hair, and entered. He walked directly to the corner table at which sat the trio. Without invitation, he drew out the fourth chair and seated himself.

It was an odd tableau. Quite evidently, the two men were nonplused. Gwen Silver was frightened. Tom Skeen arose in a hostile manner, but Nebo waved an airy hand at him and uttered a couple of words. Skeen sat down again, abruptly.

It was manifest to Avery that the arrival of Parsifal Nebo was as unexpected as it was startling. It was evident, too, that the gigantic man was blandly in command of the situation.

Nothing was to be gained by remaining and watching through the window, and Avery realized that there was always the possibility that he might be discovered. So he moved away rapidly. Though the exact purpose of the meeting of Skeen, Greet and Gwen Silver had not disclosed itself, its general purpose could not be doubted. That purpose was to accomplish something to the disadvantage of station HARP-TV. How Parsifal Nebo knew the meeting was to take place, and what was his purpose in joining it so disconcertingly, was not to be fathomed. Nebo had been urbane. His manner had been almost taunting. Was this, Avery asked himself, to his advantage? Could the huge man be in some manner an ally? Or was he an interloper, an individualist, not friendly to either party, but aiming at some advantage for himself?

Avery had lunch at his club and walked heavily back to the office. He could not concentrate upon details. From his unpleasant speculations emerged one question. Why had Gwen Silver found it so necessary to see Tom Skeen? What nugget of information had she unearthed that made it so essential for her to meet the man—and without delay?

The only important bit of information that Avery could think of was the news that had been brought to him by his sales manager, information that had been imparted with the door ajar between his office and Gwen Silver's cubicle. That was the news about Intercontinental Oil and the new television policy about to be instituted. If that private information had been treacherously imparted to Skeen and to station GPHR-TV, then the fat was indeed in the fire.

Avery sat in the projection room with a Mr. Stowe, who represented the advertising agency that now handled the account of the oil company that was shifting over to weather and news. The sales manager also was there, and Deke O'Brien. It was the hour when HARP-TV went on the air with its weather report and its local news. For this important showing there had been intensive rehearsals. There had been drawn a new, large map of the country, upon which the young man who expatiated on the temperatures and the rains and the snows and the cold fronts could point out and write interesting figures. He was a rather original young man who spiced his information with humor. For the local news, there was the ordinary recitation of the events of the day, plus a film of a three-alarm fire and the dedication by the governor of a new hospital and the incredible appearance in the city's public park of a wild buck which had wandered in from nobody knew where.

It was an interesting program and the two young men who spoke were possessed of satisfactory appearances and good speaking voices. Avery and O'Brien were satisfied with it and hopeful it would make a solid impression.

The minutes ticked off. Then came station identification, a ten-second announcement of a department-store sale, and the weather was on the air. It started off splendidly, but then something happened to the voice. The spectators could see the lips moving, but there was no sound. Then there was sound, but it consisted of a hoarse, unintelligible grating noise. It did not clear up. Avery could feel his cheeks reddening with embarrassment. Then, more than halfway through, the sound became pleasant again and the weather finished in a satisfactory manner. Then followed local news. The sound was all that could be asked, but the picture commenced to flicker. Then, when the film of the fire should have appeared, there was nothing but streaks and splashes. This persisted until the governor's dedication came on. This passed off splendidly. But after that, there was sound but practically no picture. It came and went. It was blurred. It vanished altogether.

O'Brien got to his feet and disappeared. Avery sat still until the end. He could find no words of apology or explanation.

"Mechanical difficulties," said the agency man. "On television we must expect them."

"Could you—would it be possible to stay over until tomorrow night?"

"I fear not, Mr. Truslow. I'm flying back at midnight. . . . Well, I must move along. I have another engagement at eight. . . . Sorry things were not more satisfactory. This I must say, in fairness to you, sir. Our information was that we might encounter mechanical defects in your broadcasting, and inefficient techniques. These things so often occur in the smaller stations. Regrettable. I would suggest, Mr. Truslow, that before you compete for national programs you improve the purely mechanical side of your operation. . . . Delighted to have met you, Mr. Truslow. Perhaps sometime in the future ——"

He left the sentence hanging. Avery accompanied him to the door and returned to his office where he sat with head in hands. It was the first major defeat of his life; his first experience with calamity, and it shocked and bruised him. The world seemed to have exploded under his feet. He could see ahead of him nothing but the blackness of failure. Word of this debacle would spread like wildfire. HARP-TV had lost this plum because it was inefficient, amateurish, not to be trusted with important programs.

O'Brien opened the door and came in quietly. His homely face was stormy.

"Well," he said bitterly, "we took it on the chin."

"Disgraceful," Avery said. "We'll never live it down. How could it have happened? How, tonight of all times!"

"It didn't happen," O'Brien said savagely. "It was perpetrated. It was done on purpose. It was sabotage. I can't prove it. I don't know exactly how it was done, but, by jumping jiminy, I'm going to find out."

Avery raised his head. His eyes, which had been pools of despair, came to life.

"So that's it," he said. "Skulduggery. Not incompetence. Right. That is something else again. For a moment I was licked. But this kind of a licking I don't take. We've lost a battle when we didn't know there was a war." He looked at O'Brien and smiled. "Are you licked or can you get up off the floor?"

"All I need," O'Brien said, "is a sniff of smelling salts."

"Not a nice awakening," Avery said. "Even now I can't believe it. I was a babe in the woods. I believed in Santa Claus."

He was silent for a time, staring down at his clenched fists. "I'm pretty naïve," he confessed. "I've a lot to learn."

"What you need to learn, lad, you don't get out of books, or associating with nice, clean gentlemen. You get it by experience, of which you've had a sizable chunk today. Every chunk added to what you got makes just a little bit more. You're nuts if you think the world came tumbling down today. Just a little hunk got knocked off the rock of Gibraltar."

"I'm obliged to you, Deke," Avery said slowly. "The best lecture I ever listened to."

Next day it was common talk in downtown Van Buren that station HARP-TV had lost, through poor management and inefficiency, the plum of business which the big oil company had to give; and that station GPHR-TV had won it by putting on a sample program so excellent that it had been snapped up forthwith. At the club as he ate his lunch, Avery was conscious of covert smiles and whisperings behind hands. Nobody jeered audibly, but the businessmen of the city were not averse to letting it be seen that they held Avery Truslow III in low esteem.

It was humiliating, especially to one who had been reared in the Truslow atmosphere, to be looked down upon and covertly sneered at. But the sense of humiliation was not deep-seated. It gave place to a more admirable determination. Avery was sensible enough not to blame Van Buren for its attitude toward him, or even to blame the employees of his station for their aversion. Neither group knew him. The larger section knew of him only vaguely as a sort of remittance man of whom failure could be expected. The smaller group had been skillfully influenced by the same thing, plus an active whispering campaign against him. It was not pleasant to be set down as a little son of the rich and a complete failure in a job obtained by nepotism. But Avery was strengthened by the knowledge that it was not his own fault. He had not been a failure. He had not been there long enough to prove to be a failure or to demonstrate

So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

Here is a strange play which occurred in an actual game elsewhere when a batter failed to run on a dropped third strike. In our hypothetical game let's say Milwaukee trails Los Angeles, 3–2, in going to bat in the top of the ninth inning. Dodger pitcher Don Drysdale gets the first batter out on a pop fly, but a single by Bill Bruton and a double by Joe Adcock place runners on second and third.

Drysdale bears down and strikes out the next batter. The third-strike pitch, however, gets away from the Dodger catcher and rolls to the screen. The batter, apparently thinking it was only the second strike, remains by the plate.

Bruton streaks home with the tying run. Adcock also tries to score, but a throw from the catcher to Drysdale nips Adcock at the plate. Drysdale then turns and tags the batter, still standing at the plate.

The Braves trot out for the last of the ninth, but the Dodger and Brave managers confer with the plate umpire. What happens next?

See page 73 for answer.

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the ability to succeed. This latest misfortune, about which all the town seemed to have heard, was no fault of his, but had been caused by chicanery and treachery. What had for a moment been a keen humiliation became something quite different. It became an inspiration. It stiffened his spine, made firm his resolution.

As he passed the round table in the corner at which a dozen of the town's principal business and professional men habitually sat—among them Tom Skeen and Henry Greet—he walked so that he brushed the backs of their chairs. And he met eyes that were turned upward to peer at him.

He nodded nonchalantly. "Quite a stunt you pulled off, Greet," he said pleasantly. "Congratulations."

Greet was taken aback. He flushed, did not know how to reply. In a moment he said stammeringly, "Thanks, Truslow."

Avery let his eyes sweep over the table. "Mr. Greet is a genuine go-getter," he said.

Skeen sneered. "He wouldn't have to be much," he said, "to put it on your eye."

"It's fine and dandy," Avery said genially, "to be a go-getter. It's one of the qualities I admire. But ——" He paused and raised his brows in a droll manner. "But there's another attribute I admire even more."

"And what might that be, Mr. Truslow?" asked a rising young lawyer named Jenkins.

"Why," Avery replied, "the ability to keep what you went and got."

He turned away and sauntered out of the dining room. There was a brief, uncertain silence. Then young Mr. Jenkins tossed his napkin on the table and got to his feet. "Could be," he said, "you wise lads might have taken a snap judgment. Maybe you better copper a few bets."

"Hell's bells," said Skeen, "he doesn't even know what happened to him."

"Friend," Jenkins said, "that boy knows exactly what happened to him, and maybe how it happened. He dropped past to tell you so. And he didn't lose his temper, even when Skeen got nasty." Jenkins walked away a couple of paces, stopped and turned and spoke again. "Here's a word of free advice: 'Never underrate a man who keeps his temper and his good manners.'"

"Maybe," jeered Skeen, "you're fishing around for a client."

"I don't have to fish for clients, Tom—or jobs." This one was to the chin. "But if Mr. Truslow offered me a retainer, I'd be glad to accept it." His eye glinted. "Which I couldn't say for some of the rest of you."

So it will be seen that Avery Truslow III had not made a unanimously adverse impression in Van Buren.

Gwen Silver opened the door and informed Avery that Miss Morningstar was on the telephone. He lifted the instrument with a twinge of guilt which was not abated by Miss Phryne's inclement voice. Though he had spoken with her but briefly, he remembered her distinctly as a baffling sort of young woman, not to be solved at a single meeting. She was lovely, with a fixed sort of loveliness. Perhaps a bit austere to look at. Certainly she impressed one as being reserved and conscious of social position and dignity. But then, she gave you minor shocks by displaying quite another sort of personality. It was as if a pixy peeped out at you through a thorn hedge.

When she heard his voice, she expressed herself without preliminaries. "I was assured," she said in a chill, brittle voice, "that the Truslows had at least ordinary good manners."

"I'm afraid you refer to the older generations," he said. "They did their best with me, but I wasn't good raw material."

"Perhaps we are old-fashioned in Van Buren, but we maintain certain standards of decorum. We find it suitable to do so. When we invite a stranger into our homes we expect at least a token of appreciation of our hospitality."

"I'm groveling," Avery said penitently.

"Now," she said, with one of her surprising changes of manner, "let's get down to brass tacks."

"I shall be delighted."

"You don't look like a young man who would have to have a house fall on him to get an idea."

"I'm very obtuse," Avery said.

"Then here it is in words of one syllable. I suggested to you that Miss Sewell would not be exactly affronted if you should pay her some attention."

"I remember."

"But you're not so stupid as to believe I go around pulling another girl's chestnuts out of the fire."

"Quite so." He paused a moment, recalling their brief chat. "And what chestnuts do you scrape out?"

"My own. By indirection. By guile. I'm not a cave woman, Mr. Truslow, to go out with a cudgel, knock down my man in the street, and drag him home to my lair. I'm circumspect and very aristocratic. In my weak, woman's way, I thought you might be intelligent and useful."

"Now that I recall our delightful conversation," he chuckled, "I remember that the name of Deke O'Brien was mentioned."

"It was," she said. "He's a class-conscious dolt."

"Standing in awe, I take it, of the heiress of the Morningstars. Cophetua and the beggar maid in reverse."

"What, if anything," she demanded, "do you intend to do about it?"

"Suppose," he suggested, "you give me an inkling."

"There is a thoroughly delightful and almost respectable place to dine and dance out on Vandercook Lake. It can be reached by automobile, even an early model." She paused. "Are you in funds?"

"In moderation."

"I'll stake you if it strains your pocketbook. The point is, can you deliver that diffident, skittish, humble member of the lower classes named O'Brien at such a merry-making? Say on Thursday evening."

"Miss Morningstar," he said earnestly, "I'll dress him in his best store clothes and drag him there in irons."

"I'm beholden to you," she said.

"But there's a point to be touched on. Deke O'Brien is all wool and a yard wide. I think he has a future, but, whether or not he has, I'd be irritated to have any playful member of the local aristocracy use him for a private jumping jack and then, when the fad cooled down, toss him on the ash heap."

"Mr. Truslow," she said in her most forbidding voice, "your solicitude is admirable. What I am about to say is for your private ear."

"Yes, ma'am," Avery answered.

She stepped wholly out of character—or wholly into character. Avery did not know which. "I'm for that dumb cluck," she declared, "and I'm going to land him if I have to use a sixteen-pound line and a tarpon reel. . . . And now, laying aside my affairs for the nonce, how would you like to speak for yourself, John?"

"Please enlarge upon that."

"I've a guest named Felicia Sewell who is in possession of a collection of admirable members, features, intellects and attainments. Just a hint, my backward friend. A lad named Avery Truslow III might do himself good in that quarter if he were spry. A point which the lady herself has not even dimly perceived as yet."

"In mythology," Avery suggested, "Cupid was masculine."

"We're living in Van Buren," she retorted, and then became serious, even grave. "Mr. Truslow," she said, "that girl's in some sort of a jam. When a lady is in a jam she's in a very lonely place. She needs male company. We will see you and Humble Pie on Thursday evening at seven."

She rang off abruptly. Avery pressed his buzzer and directed Miss Silver to summon Deke O'Brien to his office. That angular gentleman with the ill-assorted collection of features, came in presently.

"On Thursday night," Avery said, "you will report for duty properly accoutered for sylvan repasts well before the hour of seven."

"What gives, and what's this about sylvan and repasts?"

"We dine and dance with two charming ladies at a den out on Vandercook Lake."

"Customers?" asked Deke.

"Miss Sewell and her hostess, Miss Phryne Morningstar."

"Not me," Deke exclaimed. "Get you another boy."

"Do you like your job, O'Brien?"

"It's a living."

"This is an order."

"Why, thanks. That's exactly what it needed."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Listen, Avery, I don't bat in that league."

"You never know till you step up to the plate and swing."

"But, Miss Morningstar ——"

"Maybe," said Avery, "she's so dumb as to think you're in a pretty good league."

Deke turned and strode toward the door. Then he halted and came back. "I've been putting in extra hours trying to find out how that program was gimmicked. You agree it was gimmicked, don't you?"

"I do."

"I'm no electronics expert. And I daren't call in any of our engineers. But I've nosed around. It would have to be a pretty simple device. One that could be turned on or off in a second, and made to disappear. The same result could be had—a scrambling of the program—if a rival station sent out its sound truck and jammed our band. Set it at our frequency. Or, maybe, if somebody up in the transmitter station on the mountain jammed the microwave receiver. There's a hole in the wave guide that a man could plug with tinfoil. Or maybe you could create interference waves or distortion waves by plugging in an oscillating generator. A man who knew his business could gum up the works. Either here in the station or up on the mountain." He shrugged with discouragement. "It'll take an electronics detective to run it down."

Avery scowled. It was unpleasant to realize that his problem was not alone one of solving the difficulties present in operating a TV station—of selling its time, of operating efficiently its maze of apparatus; but most pressing was the necessity to cope with disloyalty, with treachery, with vicious and malignant sabotage.

At five o'clock he arose from his desk and walked the few blocks to his hotel. There he took a shower and changed from his business suit to more comfortable sports clothing. He reached up on the closet shelf for a Panama hat and his fingers encountered the briefcase that had been, without his consent, entrusted to him by Felicia Sewell in her previous incarnation as an ill-favored servant girl. He took it from its resting place and weighed it in his hand, and reflected that his custodianship had not been of the most careful sort. He assumed that the contents of the briefcase were of value and that, for some reason, Miss Sewell felt it necessary to get it out of her possession. If it was dangerous to her, then it might not be harmless to him.

He sat down in his comfortable chair with the case on his knees and reflected that he had enough troubles without the addition of this perplexity.

He reviewed his acquaintance with Miss Sewell, if acquaintance it could be called. His first glimpse of her had been in early morning at that street intersection in the village near his home. She had stood there rather forlorn, with a large suitcase in one hand and the briefcase in the other. A rather pathetic little creature who had thumbed a ride to the city. This, within a mile or two of his home and rather less than that from the house where a man named Huber Aldrich had met with tragic death. She had clung to him like a limpet to a rock all the way across the country to Van Buren, keeping skillfully in character save for one little thing—an apparently unbreakable habit of eating daintily. Then, on the outskirts of Van Buren, she had said good-by. By chance, he had seen her emerge from the rest room of the gas station metamorphosed into a beautiful young woman, expensively dressed and certainly not of the servant class. His next meeting with her had been in the home of one of the

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city's most prominent and respected citizens—Judge Morningstar—whose wife had been a schoolmate of his mother's. If ever any young woman offered impeccable credentials it was Felicia Sewell. No girl of questionable background, of doubtful family, of dubious character would have been received in that home and presented to local society as an honored guest. It was baffling.

To reduce the mystery to its simplest terms: Here was a lovely girl who had thumbed her way across country in disguise. She had in her possession something she was afraid to keep. She emerged now as a welcomed member of Van Buren's most aristocratic coterie. And she offered no explanations.

Avery was young and a youth to whose nature romance was not repugnant. Here were romance and mystery of a sort. In him there was a touch of Galahad. *Noblesse oblige* forbade him to pry or to question. It required him to accept and to trust—to accept the thing she required of him, which was the preservation of the briefcase and its contents. And to trust her as an individual. It did not strike him that he was being credulous. To see Felicia Sewell was to know that she was above reproach. So, youth and romance took possession and command. And Avery Truslow III, laying aside all logic and reason, was ready to lead with his chin and to run the risk of becoming the dupe of a girl engaged upon some dubious adventure.

He removed the packets from the briefcase, which he tossed back on the shelf. He thrust the sealed envelopes into his pockets and carried them down to his car, where he entrusted them to the compartment in the dashboard. Tomorrow he would place them in the security of the office safe.

He drove out to an open-air movie, where he was entertained, but not ecstatically, by a Western picture. He had never attended this sort of theater before and it was a minor experience to see gigantic figures galloping across an acre of screen. At the end of the show he stopped to buy a ginger ale. When he came out of the fountain he was annoyed to see a man sitting behind the wheel of his car. But before he could protest, a second individual prodded his back with a hard, metallic object and issued orders.

"Get right in, chum," this person said in an uncouth voice. "You got you a shoffer and no wages to pay."

"Suppose I don't?" Avery said.

"Suppose he don't!" exclaimed the man with the gun. "Now that's a laugh, what? Just suppose he don't."

"Yeah," said the man behind the wheel. "Just suppose he don't. A nice, polite invitation, and he don't accept it. Ask him if he knows what a morgue is, pal."

"Do you know what a morgue is?" asked the first speaker. "So you got a choice. And me 'n' my friend don't much care which you pick."

Urged by a painful prod, Avery got into his car. The man behind him got in as well, and he sat between the two strangers.

The driver started the motor and they pulled out of the parking space, heading toward the city.

"Who are you men? What do you want?"

"We're what they call incognito, and how's that for a big word? We're just hired hands and we don't know from nothin'. We get told to fetch you, so we fetch."

"To whom?" Truslow asked.

"He's got grammar," admired the driver. "Do you know when to say whom, Slim?"

"No, and I got a prejudice against them that does," Slim answered.

They drove for twenty minutes. Avery maintained an uneasy silence. His captors spoke no further word until they stopped in the driveway beside an old-fashioned brick house with a high porch. Avery was manhandled out of the car and shoved toward a door on the ground level. Inside was a half flight of wooden stairs, leading to the main floor. The trio proceeded to the front of the house and into a room that, forty years ago, had been the parlor. The door was opened and Avery was thrust inside. The two gunmen followed.

The room was lighted. It was furnished with threadbare furniture and cheap wooden tables and an old secretary against the far wall. On a wooden chair at the side of a marble fireplace was a mastodon of a man, somewhat disheveled, but smiling. At the sound of the entrance of the three men a little, sharp-nosed head was thrust from each side pocket, and beady eyes stared inquisitively. Mr. Parsifal Nebo spoke in his diapasonal voice.

"Well, Mr. Truslow," he said, "will wonders never cease?"

"Why," demanded Avery furiously, "did you have me dragged here by these gangsters?"

"You wrong me, young sir. Grievously you wrong me. For I, too, am an unwilling guest. If you will but use your eyes you will discover that my wrists and ankles are secured by strong and painful cords. . . . No, sir. I share your predicament."

Avery saw it was so. Parsifal Nebo was most securely tied to the chair in which he sat.

"Then who," Avery demanded, "is the author of this outrage?"

"Very good. Very good indeed. 'Author of this outrage.' Even *in extremis* a Truslow does not neglect his parts of speech." The huge man smiled, not gaily. "I fear I cannot assuage your curiosity, young sir. I have no more idea who snatched me from the comfort of my room and brought me hither—or why—than you yourself appear to have."

Avery turned upon his captors. He was about to ask a question, when the larger of the pair spoke oilily. "Jest set," he said, "and you'll find out when he gets ready to tell you."

TO BE CONTINUED

Answer to

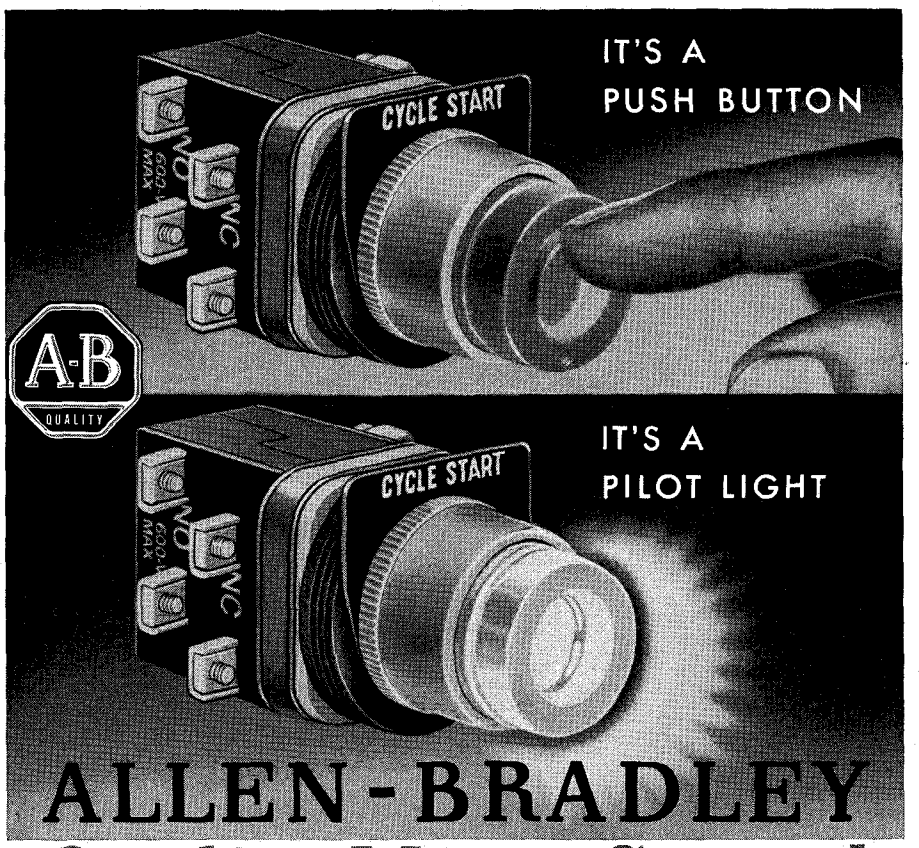
So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 71

The game is over. The Dodgers win, 3–2.

Bruton's run is canceled out by Section 4.09a, which reads in part: "A run is not scored if the runner advances to home base during a play in which the third out is made on the batter-runner before he touches first base."

The batter became such a batter-runner after the dropped third strike.



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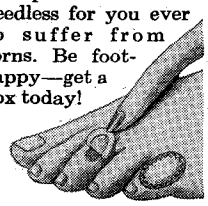

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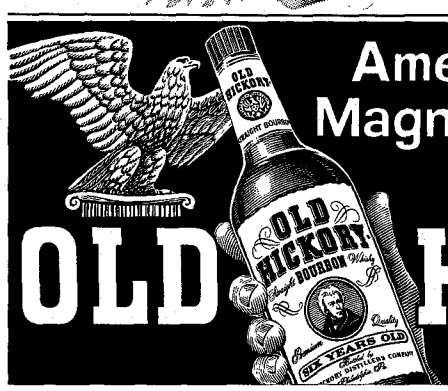

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Love Gas (Continued from Page 31)

would be a good thing for the merchants, the mothers were forming committees to keep what they described as "this ghastly time bomb" away from their children, homes and firesides. And the mothers, bless their hearts, were, as always, triumphant after their fashion. While they didn't succeed in keeping the Facility out of Dexter, it is mincing no words to say that they did succeed in creating a most hostile attitude.

Perhaps hostile is too mild an adjective. Those fine and honorable folks, the good citizens of Dexter, hated our guts.

Our staff personnel found that, suddenly, there were no homes for sale or rent at any price. No matter how high their credit ratings may have been, no store in Dexter would permit them to open a charge account. Gasoline stations instituted a double standard of prices, as did the local restaurants, when they spotted a customer as what they referred to as "one of them stink-bomb test-tube twiddlers."

Relations were, to say the least, uneasy, and there was little real contact between town and gown, as it were. To no one was this more distressing than to me, and I spent whatever time I could spare in attempting to ameliorate the unfortunate situation. Speeches to Rotary and Kiwanis, to Parent-Teacher Associations, to anybody who would listen as I explained that we represented no danger to Dexter's health and prosperity.

But Dexter is on the fringe of the Pennsylvania Dutch country, and its inhabitants, descendants of the sturdy yeomanry of Hesse, Saxony, and many another Teutonic principality, simply became more stubbornly opposed to us.

Into this strained atmosphere, about six months after the Facility began operations, came Dr. Samuel Preston, on assignment from the Pentagon to become chief of what we called Project Boomerang, which was the code name for research directed at discovering countermeasures for known or conceivable enemy nerve gases.

Sam, or Doctor Preston, I should say, came to us with a fine record. Tall, rather lean, he retained a certain boyishness despite his thirty-odd years. This may have been accentuated by his close-cropped hair—what I believe is termed a "crew cut"—and his habit of shoving his spectacles up on top of his head in moments of stress or deep thought. I did feel, however, that his informality did not sit well upon the holder of a doctorate, and the rumor which shortly reached my ears to the effect that he was wont to refer to me, behind my back, of course, as "Old Moose Jaw" only helped to confirm this impression.

His work, nevertheless, was beyond cavil. To cite only one instance, it was largely due to his efforts that we were able to produce an antidote to —— Am I correct in assuming that this is an executive session and that the transcript of my testimony will not be made public?

Thank you, Mr. Chairman. As I was saying, then, an antidote to a recently developed Russian chemical agent which caused its victims to lose ocular perspective judgment, with consequent grave effects upon the efficiency of troops firing infantry small arms, and artillery observers.

For this achievement, Sam received a personal commendation from the Secretary of Defense at the Pentagon. It would be pleasant to record that this marked a banner day in Sam's career, but the plain truth is that it didn't. As we drove back to Dexter from our most inspiring interview with the secretary, it was obvious that Sam was in the throes of depression.

"The fact is, Doctor Thisby," he burst out as we passed through the charming little city of Frederick, Maryland, "I couldn't care less about this commendation. What good is a commendation to a man who's in love with a female who won't even give him the time of day?"

A few tactful questions on my part brought out the rest of the melancholy story. While we were obliged to import our technical staff at the Facility, our administrative people were natives, so to speak. The Pennsylvania Dutch might have moral objections to our installation, but they also have an eye of legendary keenness for the odd dollar. They would work for us, but that did not mean they would mingle with us socially.

In sum, gentlemen, Sam had fallen completely, head over heels, in love with Miss Amy Niederhause, the young and lovely creature who supervised our technical library. And Miss Niederhause had, in Sam's words, given him the old subzero shoulder.

"I will not," she had advised Sam, "bandy chitchat with a man who sits up nights inventing poison gases and other such hideosities. You should be ashamed of yourself, Samuel Preston, you monster." Or words to that effect.

Now I knew and highly approved of Miss Amy Niederhause, who was and is tall and blond and slender, after the manner of fashion models, yet without their angular proportions, if you follow me. Indeed, I found it difficult to imagine why she chose to bury herself in our technical library when she might easily have made a fortune in New York. But I digress.

Back at the Facility, I determined to have a quiet talk with this unreasonable young woman, for the question of Sam Preston's morale had grave implications for Project Boomerang.

"Young woman," I told her sternly when she appeared in my office. "you are tampering with the nation's security. You work here and have, in effect, taken the king's shilling. I must insist that you adopt a more co-operative attitude with regard to Doctor Preston."

I must confess that I found her cool, level stare—especially when produced by a pair of absolutely superb sea-blue eyes—somewhat disconcerting. Similarly her reply, which was simply, "Ha!" after which she withdrew in a manner which would not have reflected discredit upon royalty.

Gentlemen, to say that Amy Niederhause's attitude had a disastrous effect upon Project Boomerang would be to understate the case. Sam Preston became a poor, broken figure of a research scientist; his work grew slovenly and uninspired. And I began to wonder whether I should not ask the Pentagon for a replacement project chief.

"How're you coming along with Substance X-74?" I asked him one day as we shared a table in the staff cafeteria. My query was in reference to a remarkable new chemical formula which, we had reason to hope, might provide immunity against certain types of gases designed to nauseate their victims.

"It works fine with white mice," Sam replied in lackluster fashion, "but I haven't heard that we're planning to use white mice to fight our wars. Whether we could make soldiers out of guinea pigs and hamsters, I couldn't say."

I need hardly say that I found Sam's outlook far from reassuring.

At that moment, Miss Amy Niederhause passed by, bearing a tray, her hips swaying subtly, her walk as stately as that of a grand duchess. Her gaze was straight ahead and wavered not. Gentlemen, if ever a man looked like a whipped dog, that man was Sam Preston.

"That girl could stand a good jolt of laughing gas," I said, essaying a quip to cheer the poor fellow. To my astonishment, a strange, wild light blazed up behind Sam's horn-rimmed glasses. His long jaw jutted forward and his normally friendly expression hardened to one of fierce determination.

"You'll have to excuse me, Doctor Thisby," he snapped abruptly. "Got to get back to the salt mine. And about Substance X-74, I hope to have some positive results by the end of this week. We're testing a couple of variants that may have some very interesting possibilities."

Ah, gentlemen, those were historic words. Someday they will be graven in stone over the entrances to great universities, and school children will be required to learn them by rote.

From that moment on, Sam Preston was as a man transformed, driven by some titanic inner urge. He burned, as it were, with a hard, blue flame, and night after night his laboratory blazed with light as he bent over his beakers and retorts or examined his white mice. A week passed and then another, and I began to fear for his health.

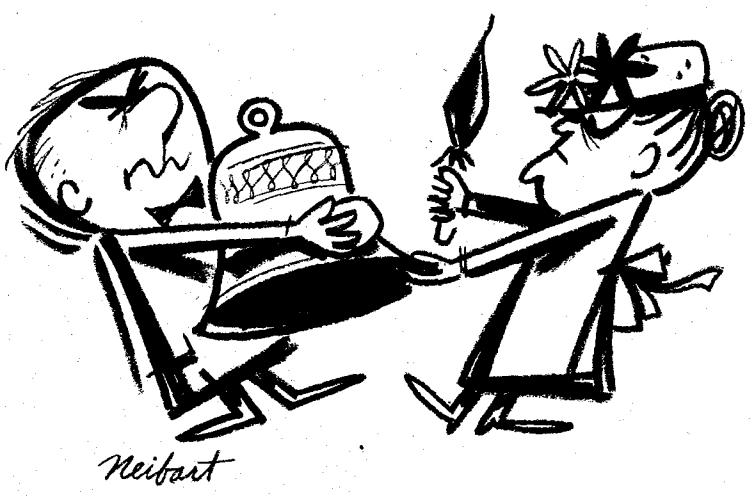
Finally, not quite a month later, I was summoned to the telephone in my apartment in the Facility's housing area just before midnight. Sam Preston's voice rang with jubilance.

"We've done it, doc," he cried joyously, forgetting in the moment of exuberance the normal formalities. "I'm making the last test tonight on the greatest thing since sliced bread!"

Hurrying out of my smoking jacket, I thrust myself into my topcoat and hastened through the dark autumn night to Sam's lab. Somewhat to my surprise, it was dark except for a single light burning on his desk. Fast asleep on the desk were a white mouse and a large, gray, battered-looking tomcat. I must concede that I completely overlooked the significance of this curious juxtaposition. Of Sam there was no sign, and I was prepared to return to my quarters, mildly annoyed at this casual reception, when I heard a door at the far end of the laboratory slam.

"Just finishing off my experiment," Sam told me cheerfully, as he approached. "By tomorrow morning, doc, we may well be sitting on top of the biggest story in the world. Care to step outside and see what I mean?"

Not a little bemused, I permitted myself to be led out of the laboratory to what we, at the Facility, call Tank Yard Number Two. (*Continued on Page 76*)



You be the Judge

By GERALD I. RALYA

Horace, having just purchased the town's one big factory, proudly renovated the building and made it a community showplace. He took special pride in the large antique bell hanging over the entrance. Then a lady named Estelle claimed that the bell belonged to her late father. She sued to obtain it.

"Here is a paper, signed by the previous owners of the factory when they bought the place twenty-seven years ago, saying that this valuable bell was not included in the sale but remained the property of my father," Estelle announced. "According to the paper, the bell is to be yielded 'at any time.' As my father's sole heir, I now demand the bell."

"This is the first I've heard of such a paper," Horace testified. "I naturally assumed that the bell went with the factory. In remodeling the front of the factory, I arranged for the bell to retain its place of prominence. In any case, you have waited too long to claim it."

If you were the judge, would you make Horace surrender the bell?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Horace won. The court said he was an innocent purchaser. The prior owners had apparent ownership of the bell and the apparent right to dispose of it. In waiting twenty-seven years to claim the bell, Estelle waited too long.

Based upon a 1901 Rhode Island case.

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Is not the softest
thing I know

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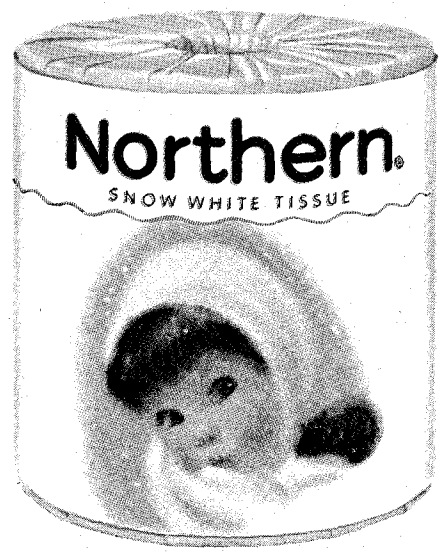

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(*Continued from Page 74*) There, in welded and reinforced tanks of heavy steel are contained many of the gases with which our work is concerned. It was to one of these, looming huge and black in the starry night, that Sam led me. The beam of his flashlight flickered over the big tank's rounded sides and focused on the complicated mechanism of the release valve. A faint wisp of escaping gas wavered briefly in the ray of white light, and I felt my knees buckle beneath me.

"Just about empty, I see," Sam said, his voice quivering with what I felt certain was an insane gaiety. "Been waiting for a breeze to the south. Had to make sure the stuff wasn't carried in the wrong direction."

Gentlemen, I confess to a moment of sheer, unreasoned terror.

Sam Preston had just unleashed a gas attack on the city of Dexter, Pennsylvania.

This was madness. Worse, it would be mass murder, a disaster of unconceivable dimensions.

To the south, Dexter lay sleeping, its thousands upon thousands of inhabitants perhaps even now breathing the first, invisible wave of the cloud sweeping slowly over them on the wings of that cursed breeze.

But I had to do something. Call the Dexter police. Alert the Civil Defense people. Yet panic would roar in the streets if an effort were made to evacuate the city, and who could say whither the wind might list if it changed direction? Where, then, would safety lie?

Later, the law and the United States Government could deal with Sam Preston. Provided the psychiatrists ever let him go. In that instant, gentlemen of this committee, I wished for nothing so much in this life as that Dr. Samuel Preston would drop dead at my feet. I swear it.

Turning blindly, I started back to the laboratory to use the telephone there, and then I realized it was hopeless. Ah, how I reviled the name of Amy Niederhause, for it was she who had shattered this once-noble mind, she who had driven Sam to this extreme of maniacal revenge. All that was possible now was to place the Facility on an emergency basis, order all personnel to don gas masks, and prepare a morgue and hospital beds in every available building to care for the thousands of casualties which would be pouring in, assuming there was anybody left in Dexter to do the pouring.

"It's all right, doc," Sam was saying as I staggered into the laboratory. "It's perfectly all right. We can call it Thisbyite, and give the formula to every last government in the world. Look at Joe and Moe on the desk, there." He pointed to the still somnolent white mouse and gray tomcat. "That's the effect of Thisbyite, doc, right there on my desk. It's happy gas, that's all."

"What are you trying to tell me?" I demanded in a voice of thunder, for while I endeavor to exercise the strictest self-control at all times, on this occasion I found my rage incapable of being contained. "What is this idiot's babble of happy gas, doctor? What is this so-called Thisbyite you have sent down upon an innocent and sleeping populace? Young man, you are mad, and I command you to remain here until I have alerted the Facility and secured a physician."

And now, gentlemen, I arrive at a crucial point in my testimony. For it was at this juncture that I realized that it was just possible that this gas—this Thisbyite, if you will—might pass over Dexter to be dissipated and eventually rendered harmless among the green hills of Maryland, some forty miles to the south. Indeed, it was even remotely possible that the gas might be nontoxic, as Sam Preston kept insisting. It was, in point of fact, also remotely possible that we might be able to keep the whole terrible affair safely buried under a Top Secret classification.

I thereupon made what my colleagues of the military describe as a command decision. I would not alert the Facility, and I would not call a doctor to place Sam in a strait-jacket. I would do nothing to cause comment.

Perhaps, gentlemen, it was only a momentary shift in the wind, or perhaps some tiny cloud of Thisbyite had been caught and retained by some projection of the laboratory's walls. In any event, having made my decision, I found myself much relieved. Let me phrase that more forcefully. I felt wonderful, absolutely wonderful. A kind of don't-give-two-hoots-in-Hades feeling, if you grasp my meaning. After all, they couldn't do more than shoot us if Sam had succeeded in eliminating the citizenry of Dexter. And it wasn't as if Sam had done it from pure meanness. I mean to say, a man in love can't be expected to act reasonably all of the time, can he? What was everybody so excited about? Take it easy, Thisby, I told myself. You only live once, don't you?

"Tell you what, Sam, old boy, old boy," I found myself saying heartily, "let's you and me drop by my place for a little old nightcap, eh? It's not every day that Mrs. Thisby's son gets the chance to gas forty-odd thousand Pennsylvania Dutchmen. And you can tell me all about this Thisby-watchumacallit. Yessir, let's you and me go strike a blow for the common people."

My, but I felt fine. Just simply fine.

Dawn broke clear and sparkling, even as Sam and I chatted. By that time we were discussing the merits of Keats as opposed to Shelley. And I saw my command decision justified.

Gentlemen, to this day, Dexter doesn't know what hit it. Or even that it's been hit. Indeed, until this moment only Dr. Sam Preston and I have been aware of the existence of Thisbyite.

Yet what has happened to Dexter, Pennsylvania, may serve as a bright and shining example to a world weary of conflict and tensions.

Dawn, as I say, broke clear and sparkling. I will allow to a certain anxiety as I waited for the first of our local employees to turn up for work. And to a certain amount of astonishment when they began to turn up early.

The usual traffic jam at the gates, normally marked by harsh words and rude gestures as driver cut in front of driver, was entirely absent. Traffic flowed smoothly, I perceived from the windows of my office in the Central Administration Building, and within minutes, the halls outside were loud with cheerfully chattering stenographers and secretaries.

The work day had barely begun when my telephone began to ring. The very first caller was none other than J. Alexander Diffenderfer, president of the First National Bank and Trust Company of Dexter, and formerly chairman of the Keep Poison Gas Out of Dexter's Back Yard Committee of One Hundred. And as fine a friend as a man might wish, as I was shortly to learn.

"Here's how it is, Walt," he boomed genially. "Some of the boys and I would like very much to have you join the City Club. We play some downright mean poker Wednesday nights, and our squash courts are as good as any in the state."

"Why, thank you, Mr. Diffen——" I began to reply, when he interrupted with an explosive laugh.

"Knock off that Mister stuff, Walt," he bellowed. "Just call me Diffy. My friends call me Diffy. See you at the club."

From that moment on, I had barely time to attend to even the most essential administrative details, and before lunch I had agreed to serve as a judge of the Miss Dexter County Beauty Contest, to speak at a joint meeting of the Dexter Elks, Moose, Owls, Eagles, and Red Men, to join the Dig For Dear Old Dexter Club (sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce), and to assist in selecting Dexter's Doggiest Dog of the Decade (sponsored by the Dexter County Humane Society).

Dazed but happy, I wandered down the corridors of the Central Administration Building to the cafeteria. In a corner sat Sam Preston and Miss Amy Niederhause, beaming at each other over their coffee, and as one drugged I carried my tray from the counter to their table.

"Why!" cried Miss Niederhause, giving me the sort of look that sends fond uncles scuttling off to the nearest doll shop, "if it isn't dear Doctor Thisby. Thisby-whisby, darling, do sit down, please. And tell Sam he can take Saturday off. State's playing Cornell and it's a hundred-mile drive, dearest Thisby-whisby."

"Anything you wish, dear girl," I replied with a joviality hitherto repressed by the nature of my senior status. "Indeed, my charming Amy, the whole staff shall have Saturday free for fun and games. Life is too short to abide the hours set by the Department of Defense. Let joy reign supreme is Walton Thisby's motto. And what's more, I'll be Sam's best man."

Perhaps a lesser man might have, at this time, concluded that Thisbyite was a thundering success, but to one trained in the sciences, to jump at conclusions is to deny a first principle. Additional evidence was imperative, I realized.

Gentlemen, I need not have worried for the fraction of a second. From that day forward, Dexter was a changed city. Its valiant policemen, long accustomed to lucrative rake-offs from the proceeds of fines imposed for violations of the city's incredibly complex traffic laws, became as gentle as the staff of a kindergarten. Its magistrates became models of tolerance and humanity. Its bankers, for generations steeled in the fine art of mortgage foreclosure, began happily to authorize loans on no collateral whatsoever, gaily crying: "It's only money."

Relations between the Facility staff and the town improved past belief, and the mere display of a Facility identification card was sufficient to insure at least a twenty per cent discount at any of Dexter's mercantile establishments.

From a sullen, earnest, dull, nose-to-the-grindstone sort of town, Dexter was transformed into a gladsome place, and tourists began to drive out of their way for the sheer pleasure of stopping briefly in a city where their presence was regarded not as the most brazen trespassing, but rather as an occasion for extra courtesies and good cheer.

Dexter boomed as hate gave way to friendliness, distrust to trust. Magazines and newspapers of national repute and circulation sent photographers and reporters to record the phenomenon of what they dubbed "The Happiest City."

My own cup of happiness ran over on the Sunday when I sat down for one of Mrs. Rudolph Niederhause's superlative Pennsylvania Dutch dinners, marveling as I did that her daughter had been able to retain her spectacular figure when such magnificent cookery had been hers from birth. Such fried chicken! Such sweets, such sours! And what shoofly pie! But again I digress.

Across the table, Sam and Amy unashamedly held hands, on one of which there sparkled a diamond of truly imposing dimensions.

"Of course, it's not quite like the cigar-manufacturing game," Mr. Niederhause observed as we rocked on the front porch after dinner, sampling one of the products of his factory while Sam and Amy did the dishes, "but I think Sam will make Amy a real fine man. What do you think of this perfecto, doc? Take a box along home with you."

Well, gentlemen, there you have it. Now that we're sure Thisbyite's effects are permanent, we're ready to divulge the formula to the world.

Think of it, gentlemen. Contemplate two mighty armies opposed to each other, prepared to launch attacks so terrible that the very earth itself might crumble beneath the force of their bursting bombs and exploding missiles. And then, when the weather is right, a massive wave of Thisbyite is released. On both sides, winsome smiles replace grim frowns. Machine pistols are tossed aside and atomic cannon are garlanded with boughs and seasonal blossoms. The contrails of jet fighters spell out messages of good cheer from one general to the other, while heavy tank squadrons, enemies only moments before, engage in obstacle races and other contests of skill and daring.

But it need never come to that. Contemplate a tense diplomatic conference, when a single unkind phrase might lead to the creation of the situation I have just outlined. A bomb, no larger than those used to contain insect repellent, would do the trick. Treaties would be signed without qualm or quibble, and the wit and irony normally expended fruitlessly in such assemblies could be usefully devoted to essays in learned journals.

Armies, air forces, navies and missiles will become quite obsolete. Instead, there will be strategically located bases, not more than a few acres each, of storage tanks full of Thisbyite. Then, massive retaliation will be largely a question of which side can make the other laugh harder, feel better and act more human.

That, gentlemen, pretty well sums up my testimony. I had hoped that Doctor Preston himself would be able to be present here today to give you the more technical details of the chemical composition of Thisbyite. But just this morning I had a wire from good old Sam and Amy from Bermuda. That's where they're spending their honeymoon, I should explain. Wonderful pair of kids.

What's this, you say, senator? Why, it's one of our smaller bombs. Brought it along in the event you gentlemen might care to find out how it acts. Really very simple, gentlemen. I simply remove the cap and lightly press the nozzle. There we are. Just a simple Pouf! That's pure one-hundred-proof Thisbyite.

I beg pardon, senator? Why, I'd be delighted, absolutely delighted to join you and your colleagues for dinner. And a ten-thousand-dollar raise! Why, gentlemen, I don't mind if I do. THE END

West-Thrusting Headlands

West-thrusting headlands just at sunset hold
These twin perfections to be sensed and seen:
Sunlight splashing the water gold as gold,
Sea wind spurning the water clean as clean.

By Richard F. Armknecht

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The Deadly Torrent (Continued from Page 21)

"All the same, she may not be alone between the sheets tonight."

"So they have made a mistake up there, have they?"

Père Arneguy had no respect whatever for the contractors and engineers who were damming and tunneling the foothills of the Pyrenees above his village.

"At that level one does not make mistakes," Dumont answered, rushing to the defense of fellow technicians. "And you have nothing against their electricity, I suppose?"

Arneguy mischievously shrugged his shoulders. In fact he had a high opinion of electricity. "It's true one hasn't got to take a spanner to it," he said.

"And what in God's name is wrong with a spanner? This from him who farms with a sword and rake like an ancient Roman!"

Père Arneguy grinned at the retort. He enjoyed a ferocious mock battle with Georges Dumont. He did in fact keep a vast cuirassier's saber hanging on the wall of his cottage, and it was not wholly for decoration. In one point he obeyed the laws of economics; he kept nothing he did not use. The sword, which had as fine an edge on it as his scythe, was occasionally drawn from its scabbard for odd jobs too delicate for the billhook and too heavy for the pruning knife.

As for the rake, it was the proud jest of the village. Arneguy liked beds of noble width—parade grounds of crumbly loam where lettuce plants, radishes and spring onions were massed in column. Once the crop had been thinned, no weed was allowed to grow so large that a hoe would be required to remove it. The rake was sufficient. It was a formidable weapon of his own invention, with four-inch tines and a nine-foot handle. His immense forearm handled the tool as delicately as a toothpick, stirring the soil between a dozen lettuce plants simultaneously.

"All the same, when I make a dam it lasts."

"The dam is immovable forever, Père Arneguy. But one cannot foresee freaks of geology. There must be a cave in the limestone below the center of the lake. They say there was a swirl on the surface as if a plug had been pulled out."

"The water has reappeared?"

"It is beginning—in the gorge east of the dam. If they cannot control it, the flood will come tonight and last four or five hours. Achard is in no danger, but all livestock and farm machinery must be moved from the bank of the river. Incredible, the activity! Dynamite, echo soundings, bulldozers lowered into the gorge!"

"And the island?"

"There will be a team and trucks in half an hour to evacuate the island. Will you let the widow Ibarre know, and see that she is sensible?"

"At once," said Père Arneguy, driving right home the cork of the bottle with his gray-haired fist.

As the roar of the motorcycle faded away between the hills, he tramped down to the river at the bottom of his land. For most of its course it was a mountain torrent, but at the lower end of the little Achard valley it was blocked by the boulders of an old moraine through which the water tumbled down to the Gave d'Oloron. Above these rapids it gave the impression of some peaceful tributary of the Loire with a fertile island floating in the middle of it upon which was an ancient, whitewashed farmhouse standing well above the level of the spring floods.

Now, in autumn, it was hardly an island at all. On the eastern side the water divided into several little branches running between pebble shoals. To the west it was separated from Arneguy's land by a channel some eighty feet wide, knee-deep and flickering with small trout shaped like miniatures of the island itself.

Père Arneguy hailed the farm. Marie-Claire came to fetch him with the punt, pulling herself across the channel by a slack and dripping cable which stretched between two little, stone landing stages—one beneath the farmhouse windows, the other on the riverbank.

It was a very wet and primitive method of ferrying. Père Arneguy had several times offered to install a running mooring instead of a single cable fastened to ringbolts. Marie-Claire, who was twelve years old and prided herself on being up-to-date, was all in favor. Her mother, Madame Ibarre, was not. She insisted that they would never feel safe in their beds if anyone could pull the punt back from the island.

Marie-Claire was excited by the news. Her island was to be the center of fascinating efficiency merely for the sake of a foot of water on the ground floor. Madame Ibarre, however, was incredulous, then tearful, then appalled. She imagined the dam emptying in a wall of water as high as itself. Arneguy considered they were both wrong, but long life as a fatherly bachelor had taught him that women found comfort in exaggeration.

Georges Dumont, at any rate, had been exact. Five large trucks appeared on the riverbank with a team of thirty men under the supervision of one of the contracting engineers. His first duty appeared to be public relations. He assured madame that the entire organization was at her service. She and her charming daughter would be spared all possible inconvenience and would be indemnified against any financial loss.

Even while he was talking, the farm as a human home began to disappear. The punt was unshackled and pulled on shore ready for loading. A timber ramp and rolls of wire netting went into the channel. The trucks began to cross and pull out again loaded with furniture, implements and animals. All breakables were carried up to the top floor, for there might be no time to pack them. Urgency was in the floodlights and in the still figure who sat on the bank with his walkie-talkie, continually in communication with the damsite.

Père Arneguy felt old. There was nothing for him to do, not even a haul for the powerful quarters of the Shah. It was no longer a neighbor's business to deal with emergencies. Trained men did it better. By ten o'clock the farm had been stripped, and madame and Marie-Claire were housed with relations in Achard. There was even a champagne supper laid out with the compliments of the dam contractors.

He went to bed with his clothes on—aware that it was no more than an old cuirassier's gesture—and slept soundly. Before breakfast he examined the river and its lifeless island. The water was discolored and had risen possibly an inch or two; but there was no sign of flood.

At half-past eight he was cleaning out the stable when he heard the whoosh of powerful rockets. One would have said it was the fourteenth of July. He approved of the technicians. That was the good old way to give warning—better than the telephone and their little wireless sets.

He strolled round the corner of the stable in time to see a wall of water higher than a man sweep down the bed of the river and break on the bows of the island, throwing up a curtain of spray which hid the trees. There were no rockets. The noise had been the rush of the wave.

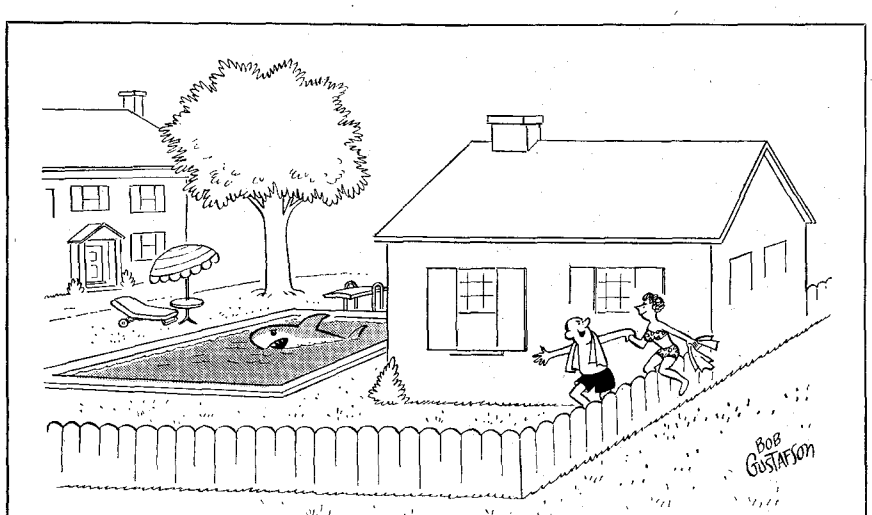
When the spray fell, the island was not there, only the farm and its buildings standing in a lake. Beyond them, over the pebbles and fields to the east, the river had risen to its fullest spring width. The current steadied. For second after second the water climbed the stubble on the lower slope of Père Arneguy's land. It would do no harm there. The Shah's rations for the year were already in the barn.

The shutters of a top-floor window flew open, and Marie-Claire came through onto the balcony. The lake which surrounded her again became a torrent as the water surged clear over the boulders and narrows at the lower end of the valley. The old cowshed upstream from the farmhouse crumbled and vanished.

Both banks were filling with the inhabitants of Achard—firemen, police, the mayor and a newsreel cameraman. As he ran to meet them, Père Arneguy looked, from force of habit, for the town band. The dam contractors had sent a powerful rescue squad in case of unforeseen emergency; men, ropes, an amphibious vehicle and a rubber dinghy. He waved to them, pointing to Marie-Claire. The thunder of the water made shouting useless.

They were fast, the engineers. No denying that. In two minutes they had launched their amphibian well upstream. Two minutes later she was hurled back into the shallows, riding at the end of her cable over Arneguy's stubble.

They tried again, attaching light lines to the crew of two and providing the boat with an anchor weighted by a block of concrete. This time her engines took her far enough out. The anchor went over-



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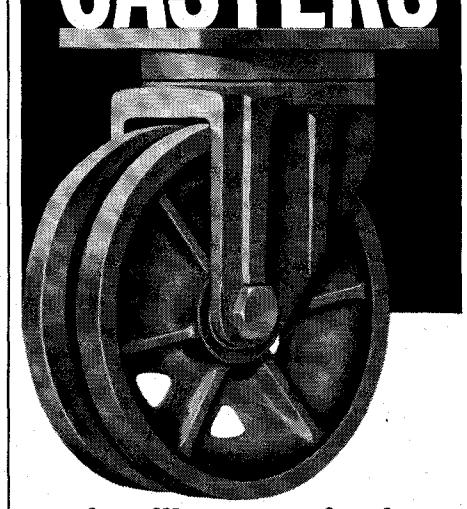

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BIKINIS, BEAUTIES AND A GRAND TRADITION. Although the Riviera's HOTEL CARLTON is a noted gathering spot for some of the world's most spectacular bikini presentations (for an example, see page 71) it is far more famed as an international resort for a glittering clientele, and the backdrop for the Cannes Film Festival.

PORNOGRAPHY IN LITERATURE. Clifton Fadiman offers some highly provocative thoughts on the Bedroom School of Writing in his Party of One space.

DANNY KAYE, TOO. This month Antic Arts visits the Emperor of Entertainment and finds that he is really a pretty serious guy.

Ogden Nash is up to his old (and wonderful) tricks as he celebrates the peculiarities of TRANSATLANTIC TRANSPORTS. Frank Schoonmaker, Holiday's wine expert, solves the mysteries of FRENCH WINE in the Holiday Handbook. Down East novelist Winston Brebner presents A WAYFARER'S GUIDE TO TRADITIONAL NEW ENGLAND INNS. Italian resident Alan Moorehead knowingly describes LIFE IN ITALY.

We round out the issue by going to Chile to photograph another in the series of THE WORLD'S MOST FASHIONABLE WOMEN; to PORTUGAL for our Place of the Month; to the beautiful ALHAMBRA in Spain; and to NORTH CAROLINA for a *Shunpike* Tour of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

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board and the crew payed out the cable, bringing her nearly into position under the balcony. But anchor and weight were rolling together down the bed of the river. The amphibian vanished. The crew was pulled ashore.

It was clear that in such a race, boats were as useless as Madame Ibarre's outstretched arms and the incoherent advice which she screamed across the water. Marie-Claire herself, now that rescue was on the way, seemed astonishingly self-disciplined. The poise of the fair head and school uniform impressed Père Arneguy. She belonged to the youth which knew so much. Perhaps she was right to be confident.

"But what happened, madame?" he asked. "I cannot conceive ——"

"She forgot her homework."

"You mean—for a damned exercise book?"

"But who would have thought it?" wept Madame Ibarre. "I wondered why she left so early for school. Who could have guessed what she intended? When one's home is destroyed, does one think of bits of paper carried up to the attic? She must have crossed from the other bank. She often does so at this time of year when she is too impatient to pull herself over in the boat. Good heavens! She jumped from shoal to shoal like a little deer! It used to delight me to watch her."

"But the warning, madame?" protested the smooth young engineer who had supervised the removal the night before. "Achard had ten minutes' warning."

"She was already on her way here. And I thought she was at school!"

"Tell madame there is no need to worry, Père Arneguy," whispered Georges Dumont. "She will listen to you. They have ordered up a helicopter."

"How long will it be, your helicopter?"

"Half an hour at the most."

The outbuildings upstream, which had been acting as bastion to the house, disappeared. There was not even a splash. The old gray mortar had quietly reached a limit of resistance as the water sucked at the dry holes where generations of lizards had hidden and bred.

Someone in the crowd hoisted a placard for Marie-Claire to read: HELICOPTER ON THE WAY.

The child waved and then turned in alarm as she felt the house shudder. The ground floor was divided by a wide archway where in old days the farm carts had been kept. Arneguy saw the great wooden doors which closed it give way. Immediately afterward there was a swirl at the downstream end of the house. The wall at the back of the coach house had gone. The top floor was nothing but a doubtful bridge over the current.

"We will try to catch her at the narrows," said the engineer.

He spoke into the machine on his back, asking his headquarters for a heavy steel net.

"Keep your men here!" Père Arneguy recommended. "They can help me."

"Your farm, I assure you, is quite safe."

The former cuirassier towered above him, pulling his mustache. Then he turned away and lumbered up to his cottage.

"They are amazing, these old peasants!" said the engineer and then shouted: "Ah, but here at last is Jean-Paul!"

Jean-Paul, a monstrous squat crane on six sets of tractor belts, rolled through the shallows. Jean-Paul turned, dropped the sixty-foot jib of his crane and roared straight for the island. He would be recovered when the flood went down. Meanwhile, if he could get far enough before the engine stopped ——

Jean-Paul stopped and rolled slowly over on his side. The driver jumped for it and was dragged ashore. The monster continued to wallow in the river until the crane jib jammed on the bottom.

To the onlookers it was a relief, after that colossal fall, to see Père Arneguy trotting down the slope of his land bareback upon the Shah, with his sword in his right hand and his great rake over his left shoulder. There was a ripple of nervous laughter.

"He has forgotten his helmet."

"What's he going to do with his one horsepower?"

"One would say, a Basque Quixote!"

He rode up to the engineer and delivered his orders. "You!" he roared, using the disrespectful second-person singular of the old army. "Occupy yourself with a cigarette! For five minutes I command here. After that, do what you like!"

His eyes crossed those of a gray-haired foreman who had volunteered for the amphibian and was still coughing the water out of his lungs.

"You—second in command! On your feet and take another glass! Lying down like that, you don't give the brandy a chance to mix with the water. Pick me the best of your men! A light line round the Shah here—pull him ashore if he's in trouble! The rope I take with me round my waist. Get your men to pay it out as soon as you see what is happening! Don't let them drag me back—understand? When I have the rope across, rig a loop to run on it and take your rubber boat over. It offers no resistance, that boat. One could do a Christopher Columbus with it. To work!"

"It's not possible, Père Arneguy," Dumont begged. "Don't get yourself killed for nothing! The helicopter will be here in a moment."

Arneguy leaned over the Shah's withers and tapped him affectionately on the shoulder.

"And then another moment when he comes down to borrow a spanner. You know what you can do with your helicopter, Georges?"

He wrapped the end of the rope round his body and rode the Shah over the familiar field until the water was up to his thighs. As he approached the old bank of the river he turned the horse's head to the current and edged him sideways. The water swirled against the Shah's great chest. The foreman, quick to see what was needed, led his men into the shallows as far as they could safely go and kept a strain on the line.

Père Arneguy reached down and began to rake the bottom far out to his left. Even Madame Ibarre did not see what he was up to. The racing surface of the water looked so permanent. It needed an effort of the imagination to recover a memory of what the channel had been a quarter of an hour earlier.

At last he raked up the ferry cable. It was still far from obvious what use that was. Neither man nor rubber dinghy could cross by it. The sheer weight of slack, waterlogged rope would drag them under.

He clung to the cable and let his rake go. There was no holding it without a third hand. He shouted:

"Tell the neighbors downstream! It is useful, my rake!"

Then he drew the full length of his sword twice across the cable and twisted a severed strand round his left wrist. He slipped off the Shah's back, sliced at the cable a third time, and then let his sword go. The cable parted, and the current had him.

At last on land they understood. "Pay out! Let him go!"

Père Arneguy, clinging to the long end of the severed cable, was hurled down and across the stream in a quarter circle, with the ringbolt on the island landing stage as its center. In twenty seconds the cable was taut, stretched parallel to the wall of the house and some six feet out from it.

He pulled himself upriver, yard by yard and hand over hand, until he was below the balcony.

The problem now was to pass up to Marie-Claire the end of the second rope which was round his waist. If she could haul it through the window and make it fast, the dinghy could, with luck, travel along the rope like the old punt.

But Marie-Claire was now, he saw, incapable with fear. These little ones! It took some time to make them understand the difference between what was real and the excitement of pictures they made for themselves. Useless to give her orders yet. If only she had been a man, a little army language would be just the thing to bring her to her senses.

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"Listen, Marie-Claire," he said gently. "Have you a pair of sheets or tablecloths or even strong cord?"

"No, no, no! Nothing!"

"Go and look, my darling! Go and look in the attic! There is plenty of time and no danger."

While he waited he lay on his back. Like that he seemed to plane easily over the rush of water which no longer piled up against mouth and nostrils.

She came back with an old carriage rein. He expected to find it rotten, but never mind! Once started on activity, she could go off and find something else.

"Good girl!" he said. "Take a turn round the balcony corner post! That's right! Now throw me the end!"

The leather seemed solid enough. Madame Ibarre, years before, must have stored it away well greased.

"There! I shall now tie this rope which is round my middle to the rein," he announced in the tone of a village conjurer. "No deception! You see that I have only one hand free. Therefore the knot will be poor. Pull it in quickly and gently and then tie the rope to a beam! Tie it well, for the lives of men depend on you."

Marie-Claire at last smiled. She hauled in the rope and vanished through the window with the end of it. Père Arneguy could see the excitement on the bank. The gray-haired foreman was up to his waist in the shallows, paying out the other end of the rope. Behind him were his men, rigging a block and pulley on the rubber dinghy.

But Marie-Claire returned, still with the rope's end. "I cannot reach the beam, Monsieur Arneguy."

"Stand on a chair, my darling."

"There is no chair. All the furniture and the chests have gone. There is nothing."

"What is in the room with you?"

"Only our crockery and our wine."

Père Arneguy let go the streaming ferry cable and tried to pull himself up to the balcony by the rein. He had not the strength. He looped the rein under his arms and rested. That, then, was the end of his plan.

"Could we not wait for the helicopter?" she asked.

He could feel through the leather the shuddering of the house. While they talked, a stone quoin had fallen from the corner.

Ah, well, the town band would have something to do after all. At sixty-three one couldn't feel cheated. And to rest when one was so tired—at the moment it was perfectly acceptable even if one had to rest forever. All the same, Marie-Claire wouldn't agree at all. At twelve, one hadn't nearly enough of one's own absurdities.

"If the wine is there, you might as well pass me a bottle, Marie-Claire."

"Willingly, Monsieur Arneguy. But I have no corkscrew."

"Never forget, my child, that there are very few tools necessary to the life of man. A corkscrew and a good blade are among them. I have both together in my pocket."

Marie-Claire showed no more sign of panic now that she had companionship. She lowered the bottle by means of a stick, her belt and a hair ribbon. Père Arneguy drew the cork and swallowed a quarter of the contents. He felt better. It seemed a pity not to let his last taste of wine rest on the palate. He drank a second quarter more slowly. His imagination revived.

"They are perfectly right," he informed Marie-Claire, "when they say that old men cannot change their plans in a hurry. I will return you to your mother in one third of a minute."

"I will do what you tell me, Monsieur Arneguy."

"Have you the courage to slip down the rein into my arms?"

"It doesn't need much to do that, Monsieur Arneguy."

"And then you must not struggle. Even if we are under water the whole way, we shall recover. They'll soon empty us out on the other side."

"I promise."

"Very well. Then since there is nothing in the house to which you can tie the rope, and the posts of the balcony cannot be trusted, it shall go round my middle again. How curious that neither of us has a waist! You are too young and I am too old. So pass me the rope's end, if you please, Marie-Claire."

Père Arneguy knotted the slack under his arms. He was now attached to the balcony by the rein and to the far bank by the rope. As soon as he cut the rein with his pocketknife, he would cross the channel exactly as he had gone before, sweeping down and across in a quarter circle with—this time—the foreman as its center.

"Down then, my little one!"

She hesitated. Only in a nightmare could mass move at the pace of those smooth tons of water. Even that kindly head and dripping mustache, like those of some zoo seal waiting for fish, could not take away the menace.

The balcony and its wall began a slow, hardly perceptible swaying. The moment had come to use the voice of the cuirassier.

"Quick!" he roared. "Quick, will you, for God's sake!"

Marie-Claire climbed over the balcony railing. Her hands slid down the leather held taut by Père Arneguy's weight. His knife notched the edge of the reins, and it ripped apart.

It was a worse journey than the first. There was no chance, for two, of keeping on the surface of such a battering of water. His last conscious thought was that all the trout must have been carried away and pulped in the rapids. They were the last two—but caught and held fast on the line by his second in command. A good type, that! He locked his fingers into Marie-Claire's hair.

It seemed to him that Madame Ibarre was trying to pry them loose. He held on tight. It was only when he felt without doubt Marie-Claire's smaller fingers among his own that he loosened his grip.

"Incredible!" he heard someone say. "And to think he had the coolness to down a bottle while he waited! We are not the men our fathers were."

"I am ashamed of myself," Georges Dumont confessed.

"What's that? What's that rubbish?" murmured Père Arneguy in the ghost of a roar. "No reason to be! It's not that you lack courage, Georges. It's that you have too much faith in machines."

My Friend Jesse Stuart (Continued from Page 33)

a few feet at a time. It was a well-worn, familiar world, one he and Naomi Deane had shaped through the years with their own hands. As spring came, he was able to move slowly around his own little valley. "I walked by the quiet waters in the little streams," he wrote. "I watched the world change from winter gray to light, tender green. I heard the bees mumbling their songs of busy hours while the squirrels barked on the ground among the hollow '*denning*' trees. Each day, somewhere, someplace, I heard a song. What a world I had rediscovered!"

By the time Jesse recovered he had a substantial gauge of his victory—a stack of manuscript about a foot high from which he later condensed a warmhearted book titled The Year of My Rebirth.

Jesse had done it again—had someway transmuted a misfortune into a new opportunity. But then, if he hadn't developed that knack early in life he would have grown up an unlettered hillbilly—perhaps a farm hand or a miner—instead of becoming a writer whose stories and poems about the Kentucky hills have been read around the world. Jesse's father—the Mitch Stuart of his stories—couldn't read or write, and his mother, Martha, had quit school after the second grade. By the time Jesse was fifteen he had attended country school for a total of only twenty-two months, all the time he could be spared from the tiny hill farm where the Stuarts scratched hard to make a living, a farm so deep in the shadowy hills and hollows that there was no road, just a footpath, leading to it.

I first met Jesse Stuart in Washington, D.C., when we both were nonflying officers in the wartime Navy's aviation training branch. Jesse was then in his mid-thirties and had come a long way from that farm. He had a university degree, had won many awards and had spent fourteen months traveling in Europe as a Guggenheim Fellow. One of his novels recently had become a best seller and his income was running more than $100,000 a year.

But Jesse Stuart still was basically a hard-fisted, softhearted mountain boy. He stood more than six feet tall, his shoulders could barely get through a doorway, and his bold features seemed to have been ax-hewn from a mountain oak. No matter how carefully he had his blue uniform pressed, it gave the impression of a pair of old overalls as soon as he put it on his muscle-bulging, 237-pound frame. He smoked a huge pipe, and his brass buttons and blue serge were dimmed by a constant drift of gray ashes. His laugh could make the windows rattle.

His Navy colleagues soon learned that Jesse's curiosity about people—all kinds of people—was unsatiable; he couldn't help asking everyone he met about their kinfolk, bloodlines, health, religion and politics. He regarded all fellow beings, even commanding officers, as friendly neighbors until they proved otherwise. When our skipper, an Annapolis man, called Jesse into his office, Jesse would remember to stand at attention for a minute or two, and then something would remind him of an anecdote which he would proceed to tell in his big, mountain-country voice, unconsciously sitting on the edge of the skipper's desk, waving that vast pipe in the skipper's face and scattering ashes over the skipper's papers.

The rest of us were fascinated by Jesse's tales of the world as seen through his mountain-boy eyes. His favorite yarns had to do with his days as a country schoolteacher, such as the time he made the mistake of wearing a new white suit when calling on a pretty schoolma'am who lived in another clan's hollow. While walking home in the moonlight, Jesse was ambushed by a jealous suitor. He realized what a fine target he made when bullets buzzed near his head. By ducking behind trees and boulders he managed to escape down the mountain—and resolved never to wear a white suit again.

We rolled on our desks in glee when country-boy Jesse told how he happened to smoke a couple of Winston Churchill's cigars. It seems that while on his Guggenheim Fellowship travels, Jesse was staying at a boardinghouse in Edinburgh, Scotland, when he received a note from London, inviting him, when next in the city, "to plan on staying with us." It was signed NANCY ASTOR. He jumped to the conclusion that the invitation was from some husband-hunting girl he had met along the way. He had no intention of being trapped, so he threw the note in the wastebasket. A few days later another note arrived, expressing surprise that he hadn't answered the first. He gave this the same treatment. Then a third, distinctly chilly, letter followed; Nancy Astor demanded to know whether or not he was coming to see her.

Genuinely worried now, Jesse showed the letter to his Scots landlady. She read it and gazed openmouthed at her guest.

"Just who are you?" she asked.

"Well," Jesse admitted, "I've written a couple of books, that's all."

"In that case," his landlady advised him severely, "you should know that this letter is from Lady Astor. She's not accustomed to people ignoring her invitations."

Jesse hurriedly wrote to Lady Astor, apologizing for his bad manners and accepting her hospitality. He had a fine time at the Astors', where he stayed several weeks, getting acquainted not only with the lord and lady but also with their dozens of servants, whom he quizzed with his customary thoroughness.

"Funny thing," he remarked, "the hired help around the Astors' were a bunch of specialists. A man that worked in the house wouldn't think of working in the yard." One day when Lady Astor asked Jesse if there was anything he didn't like about England, he said yes, he hadn't been able to find a decent cigar; whereupon she remarked that a friend of hers, Winston Churchill, had left a couple the last time he visited. She hunted them up and gave them to Jesse. "Right good ones, too—best I ever smoked," Jesse recalled.

I must admit—and Jesse would, too—that he wasn't a great success at writing Navy training booklets. He was just naturally too poetic. Whether the skipper put him to writing about bombs, torpedoes or life rafts, Jesse's copy came out with cadence, color and mood. He couldn't get the hang of the Navy's impersonal language. After a number of false starts, he was assigned to write a series of stories for the Naval Aviation News. These centered around a raffish hillbilly known as Uncle Kim Tussie and became quite popular.

Meanwhile I was happily absorbing Jesse's descriptions of his early life, which was far different from anything I had known. Born in 1907 in a one-room cabin on a ridge overlooking W-Hollow in Greenup County, Jesse came into the eighteenth, rather than the twentieth, century. The Stuarts knew nothing of plumbing or electricity. Their cabin was heated with a log fire. They raised much of what they ate and traded tobacco for what they had (*Continued on Page 81*)

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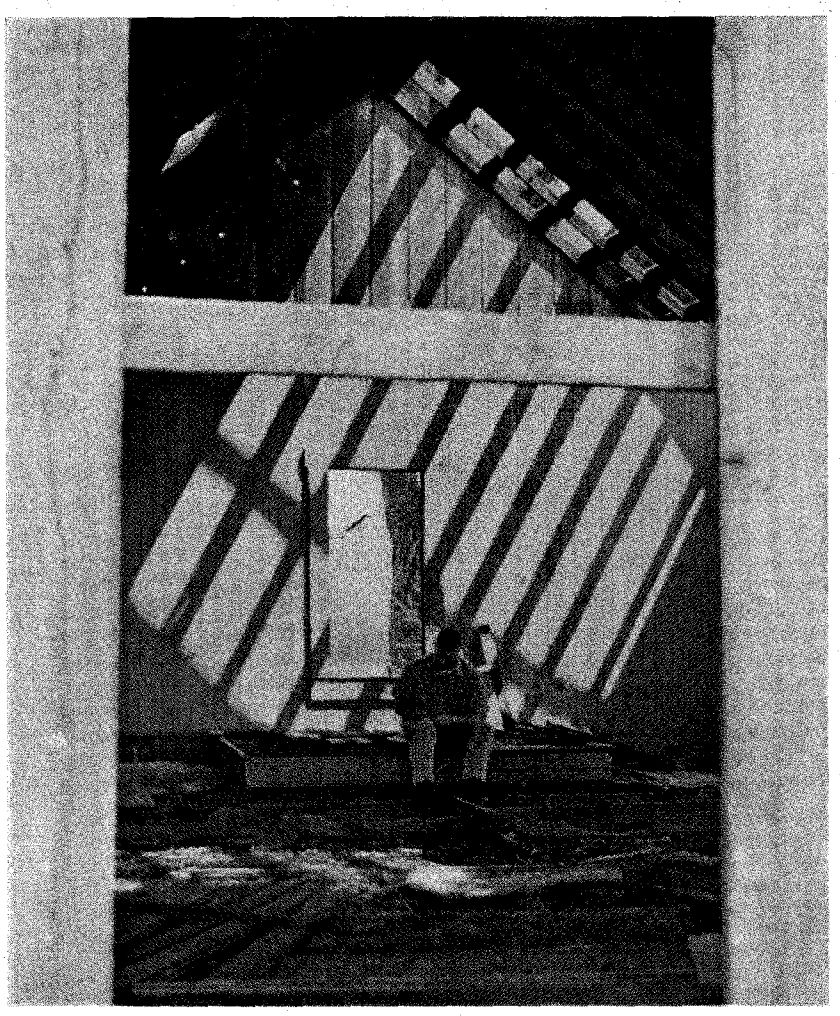
(*Continued from Page 79*) to buy. Their songs were old ballads that had been handed down for generations. Clan blood ties were stronger than law, and Jesse learned early that the Stuarts had deadly enemies—in fact, his Stuart grandparents had emigrated to W-Hollow from the Big Sandy River country along the eastern border of Kentucky because a feud with a rival clan had destroyed many of the Stuart menfolk.

During his childhood Jesse's parents were tenant farmers and had to change landlords frequently; his earliest memories were of his family packing their few sticks of homemade furniture into an ox-drawn sled to move to a new farm after a crop failure or an argument with the landowner. At times Jesse's father mined coal or walked over the hills to the Ohio Valley to work as a day laborer. It was a hard life; yet Jesse told me, "We youngsters never knew we were poor—we had a wonderful time. We ran with the wind. The whole outdoors was adventure. My folks knew nothing from books, but the earth itself was a beautiful book to them. On Sundays they would take us through the woods, where we played games, seeing how many trees, flowers and animals we could name."

When I admired Jesse's ability to remember, word-for-word any conversation he had ever heard, he explained that it was simply a knack common among hill people, who carried their family history, songs and stories in their memories. "Storytelling and singing around the fireside was our best entertainment of a winter evening."

As Jesse grew into a tall, tough-muscled teen-ager, he hired out as a farm hand and prided himself on the number of shocks of corn he could cut in a day. When he was fifteen he thought he was through with school and ready for man's work; he left home and landed a job on a construction crew that was paving the streets of Greenup, the county-seat town. In early September the concrete mixer was moved in front of a large brick building—a high school that seemed like a palace to Jesse. He saw well-dressed youngsters about his own age entering the building and suddenly decided that if they could go to such a magnificent school, he could too. "I told the boss to pay me off," Jesse recalls. "I walked over the hills to home and came back with my older sister, Sophia, and we applied for admission." Because their elementary education was so fragmentary, the Stuart youngsters had to take a country examination to qualify. Sophia passed, but Jesse failed by one point. However, the examiners were impressed by his eagerness and willingness to walk eight miles a day to attend school. They made an exception and admitted him.



It is most painful now as I
Schoolmaster once return to this;
Master of learning, all they had
Until they grew and went beyond.
This barn was dear to them and me.
Only the skeleton remains;
Parts of the roof, windows and doors
And master's desk and window panes
Are gone into oblivion.

The birds and bats now carry on,
Where elm trees have reached new heights;
Young winds blow over greened-up fields
That lie in all directions here
Where fields of grass run with the winds.
These friendly winds have not erased
The memories of what has been
From those who caught fire here that spread
The flame of learning to the world.

While being photographed in the ruins of Winston High School where he once was a schoolmaster, Stuart was moved to write the poem above. He is sitting on the platform where his desk stood.

High school was the turning point in Jesse's life. At first the town boys shunned the mountain youth as a roughneck who wore threadbare clothes, smelled of farm animals and was willing to fight at the drop of a nasty word. But an English instructor gave him a book of poetry by Robert Burns, and this set his imagination afire. In Burns' verses about the Scottish highlanders, Jesse saw his own kind of people. He wore out the book carrying it with him. His work at home suffered. His father caught him resting on the plow handles, reading from the book. "Just cooling the mule," Jesse explained.

He began writing poetry himself about the scenes and people around him. Whenever an idea struck him, he had to write it down. If he had no notebook, he scratched the words on a wrapper of plug tobacco. "The paper around a particular brand was just the right size for a sonnet, when smoothed out," he told me. He began to collect characters—the earthy, independent mountain men and women, such as Zeke Hammertight, Battle Keaton, Aunt Vittie and the carefree, music-loving Tussie clan. In fact, Jesse never was quite sure in his own mind where fact should end and fiction begin, a situation which was later to cause some tremors for his editors.

Several years ago a New York editor who had handled some of Jesse's books visited in W-Hollow and was walking over the nearby countryside with the author, who pointed to a hillside shack and said, "That's where Old Op lives."

The name was distinctly familiar to the editor. Not long before his firm had published a novel of Jesse's in which a likker-loving old squatter, Theopolis Akers, known as Old Op, was a central figure.

"What's the old gent's real name?" the editor asked innocently.

"Why, Op. Op Akers. He's the original; never anyone like him."

The editor gulped. "You mean you don't change the names of the old reprobates you write about?" he demanded.

"Not always," Jesse replied. "But shucks, don't let it bother you. Most of my characters can't read anyway."

When Jesse was graduated from high school, he dreamed of going to Harvard University—not that he knew much about Harvard except that it was supposed to be the best. Then reaction set in. The impossibility of Harvard, or any other college, for a penniless young man who still owed the money he had borrowed to complete high school, overwhelmed him. In a fit of despair he burned the few books he had collected. "They are deceitful things . . . they hurt the flesh," he wrote in anger—and ran away from home.

For a while he worked with a carnival, then landed a job in the blacksmith shop at a mill of the Armco Steel Corporation in Ashland, Ohio, operating a ten-ton air hammer. By fall he had his optimism back, had paid his debts and saved thirty dollars. He quit his job and hitchhiked across Kentucky, sleeping in haystacks at night, and applied at three colleges, where he was turned down because he couldn't pay tuition. At the fourth, Lincoln Memorial University near Harrogate, Tennessee, the dean of admissions was himself from the hills—"back where the hoot owls holler in the daytime," he said—and he gave Jesse a chance. Here, working half days on the university's farm and in the kitchen of the school cafeteria, Jesse managed to collect enough credits for graduation in three school years and two summer sessions.

He still hero-worships certain ones of his teachers at Lincoln Memorial who encouraged his writing without trying to beat him into a conventional mold. One professor of English, Harry Kroll, opened a new world to Jesse by displaying a check he had received for a short story. Jesse was deeply impressed; here was the world's most pleasant way of making a living. He flooded the mails with his poems and short stories, all of which were rejected. After graduation he walked back to W-Hollow, one of his suitcases filled with the hundreds of poems and stories he had written. He was, he said, "Back drinking lonesome water."

Lonesome or not, he had to make a living. While he was welcome to make his home on the fifty-acre farm his father had managed to buy by this time, farming offered no future for the first of the Stuart clan to achieve a college diploma. He was offered a job as teacher in a small country high school at Warnock, Kentucky, for $100 a month. Jesse, in his new worldliness, complained to his tall, pipe-smoking mother that it wasn't much money. She straightened him out, saying, "Son, it's more than anyone in this family ever made. It's big money."

So he became a teacher and loved it. He became convinced that it was the greatest profession in the world. In summer vacations he hitchhiked to Peabody College for Teachers in Nashville, Tennessee, to take courses that would help him become a better educator. Then he went on to become the principal of Greenup High School, the same one that had awed him so much not many years before. After a year he became convinced that he was underpaid and needed more education anyway, so he resigned to take graduate work at Vanderbilt University. There, with $150 of borrowed money, plus a job in the dormitory cafeteria for his meals, and four hours a day as janitor for room rent, he managed to get through the first semester in fairly fat style. Then the dormitory burned down—and with it, his cafeteria job, his clothes and his partly completed thesis. He starved through the rest of the school year on one meal a day, with one suit of clothes to wear. But when he hitchhiked home, there was a fine-sounding job waiting for him—superintendent of Greenup County schools.

The supposed security of a public payroll proved an illusion in 1932, when the local bank failed, freezing the county school funds and leaving Jesse and his

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teachers payless. This hard luck forced Jesse to try again to market his writing. He sold eggs from his mother's flock to raise postage and started sending his manuscripts around. Either his timing was better or his verse had improved; instead of rejections he began receiving small checks. Soon a New York book publisher wrote him, asking, "Do you have any other poems like those I have seen in the Virginia Quarterly?" Jesse fired back a reply—"Yes, seven hundred and three." Out of a bureau drawer came his collection of poems, wrapped in a towel. They were prefaced by a sonnet that had come into Jesse's mind one summer day while plowing; he had stopped his mule in the shade of two little poplars where his mother had her wash kettle, and had written on a scrap of paper:

Sir:
I am a farmer singing at the plow
And as I take my time to plow along
A steep Kentucky hill, I sing my song—
A one-horse farmer singing at the plow!
I do not sing the songs you love to hear;
My basket songs are woven from the words
Of corn crickets, trees and men and birds.
I sing the strains I know and love to sing.
And I can sing my lays like singing corn
And flute them like a fluting gray corn-bird;
And I can pipe them like a hunter's horn—
All my life these are the songs I've heard
And these crude strains no critic can call art,

Yours very respectively, Jesse Stuart.

The thick book of poems was published in 1934 under the title, Man With a Bull-Tongue Plow. Literary critics were enthusiastic about it, writing that Jesse Stuart was "an American original" and "a fresh regional voice."

Jesse's parents were far from sympathetic with his ambition to become a writer. To them, stories and poems were something to be told around a fire or at the supper table—free like the air. Teaching was different. "They knew what they had missed by not having an education," Jesse said. "They looked up to teachers." In summertime, when Jesse lived at home, his father still expected him to be up at four A.M. to help with the farmwork. When Jesse wanted to hole up in the smokehouse to write, his father complained, "Weeds is takin' the crops and you keep takin' days out, writing over everything in the place."

Then one day the mail brought a check for twenty-five dollars from Story Magazine for Battle Keaton Dies, a tale about a mountaineer who wanted to be buried in his shirttail. A few days later the American Mercury accepted another story—Three Hundred Acres of Elbow Room—for $125. Jesse rushed home from the post office with the money and showed it to his father, saying, "This is what I earned those days you tried to run me out of the smokehouse."

Now his banty of a father was impressed. "God almighty, Jess," he apologized. "You can stay in the smokehouse anytime you like. I'll hoe the corn."

But while his writing career was taking shape, Jesse's youthful zeal as a county superintendent was leading him into a dangerous political feud. He was appalled by conditions in the country schools and was determined to improve them. He found that children in the rural areas were getting a primitive, part-time education, while those in the town schools which had separate, independent districts, fared much better. The system of small country districts, with politically appointed trustees, made improvement virtually impossible. Still—"I couldn't understand why children born in the town should have a better opportunity to learn than those born in the valleys or hills," Jesse said. He advocated a "county-unit" plan, under which the trustee systems would be abolished and school taxes, teachers' qualifications and pay and length of the school term, all would be on the same basis over the whole county.

Local politicians in the county seat saw Jesse's crusade as a threat to their machine. They declared war on Jesse, branding him a wild-eyed radical. The first stage of the fight cost him his job as county superintendent; his friends on the county board of education told him that if they voted him another term, it would mean their defeat at the next election. He resigned—but before doing so recommended himself as principal of McKell High School in the far northwestern end of Greenup County, along the Ohio River. Here, from 1933 to 1937, he spent four of his best teaching years, trying out many of his ideas. He knew, for example, that many country schoolteachers in his county had never gone beyond grade school. He amended his high school's rules so that any person, regardless of age, could enroll if otherwise qualified. Soon he had pupils ranging in age from eleven to sixty-nine. When he was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship in the summer of 1937, he took leave of absence from McKell, which had become one of the outstanding high schools in Kentucky.

He came back in fourteen months to find that the county school system had become the center of another political fight, and the reactionaries had won the upper hand on the county board of education and had discharged most of his faculty at McKell. They also had disregarded Jesse's leave of absence and appointed a new, conservative principal. Jesse lined up a teaching job in a high school in Portsmouth, Ohio, but kept firing away at the Greenup County school system. When newspapers in his home county wouldn't print his articles and called him "The Pouting Poet," he started a paper of his own and poured most of his earnings into it.

Political quarrels still had a habit of becoming personal feuds in the hill country, and Jesse's life was threatened so often that he began carrying pistols whenever he returned to his home soil. He had a particularly attractive reason, in addition to his newspaper, for visiting Greenup in those days—a tall, pretty, serious girl named Naomi Deane Norris, whose books Jesse had carried in high-school days. The Norrises weren't particularly enthusiastic about their prospective son-in-law. It wasn't so much that he did odd things, such as writing stories about red-necked moonshiners and tobacco-tenants, or such as bringing their daughter sheaves of poems and bouquets of wildflowers—"percoons and farewell-to-summers," he called them. Rather, they feared Jesse had an extremely doubtful future. How else could they judge a young man who was always in political fights, who carried firearms even when he called at their home, and didn't dare stand under a porch light or in front of a window?

It wasn't long before their pessimism was justified. One day when Jesse stopped in the local drugstore to telephone Naomi Deane, a follower of the opposition sneaked up behind him and laid three skull-crushing blows on the top of his head with an iron-pipe blackjack. "That fellow meant to kill me," Jesse commented, "but didn't know how hard my head was." Jesse recovered, although troubled for some months with lapses of memory and for years with impaired hearing. His assailant was brought to trial in a courtroom where partisans of both sides were armed for battle, and was fined $200 for assault and battery.

At last Jesse was discouraged with his cause, which had cost him so much and gained him so little. He calculated that in his years as a teacher he had averaged just about $100 a month; his ideas for improvement of rural education had brought him nothing but trouble—and had kept him so poor he couldn't afford a wife. He borrowed $3800 and made a down payment on 300 acres of land in W-Hollow. He took Naomi Deane there one summer evening, showed her his land and told her he was settling down to farming and writing. They were married in October, 1939.

"Ah, I see you two have met."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Stuart home was a three-room log house, built more than a century before they moved into it. Bit by bit over the years they remodeled the old structure into a charming home that seemed to have grown there, like the trees on the hillside. As a wedding present, Mitch Stuart offered to put a new coat of clapboards on his son's house. He selected the best oak trees in the woods, felled them and let the logs season, and then, using an ancient iron implement called a froe, he rived the clapboards. The Stuarts landscaped their yard with flowering trees and shrubs that they collected in the surrounding countryside, and they filled the interior with simple, graceful antiques that Naomi Deane collected and refinished. Walls were lined with shelves for the books Jesse loved. For many years the house was heated with wood-burning fireplaces, and there were no electric lights or plumbing—it was a big event for the Stuarts after World War II when power lines came into the valley and these modern conveniences at last became possible.

A few steps up the little ravine behind the house, Jesse pulled together a former smokehouse and tool shed to make an office, where he turned out a prodigious flow of poems, short stories and novels. As his reputation grew, he was called on to give lectures before university and literary groups. His favorite topic was the need to strengthen education, to make teaching a better-paid, more respected profession, and to give every youngster, no matter where he lived, an opportunity for good schooling. Soon he was spending the fall and winter of each year traveling over the United States on lecture tours.

Yet, his most profitable trips were his short rambles around his own countryside, where he mined material out of the landscape and the earthy characters with whom he gossiped about "sperrits," cockfights, hangings, feuds and relatives. He explored half-forgotten burial grounds, studying old tombstones for names "that fall nicely on the ear," such as Cief, Anse, Lucretia and Sabrena. Dusty country courtrooms and auction rings also were rich sources of tales that his imagination could shape and garnish. He saw the power lines and hard-surfaced roads penetrating the hills and was anxious to get the individualism of his people down on paper "before life all becomes one big carbon copy."

These were the harvest years for the young Stuarts. A daughter, Jessica Jane, was born in 1942. With the responsibility of a family, Jesse tried to calm his impetuousness and quick-rising highland temper. He began receiving honors, such as the Academy of Arts and Sciences Award for his book, Men of the Mountains, the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Award for Taps for Private Tussie, and an honorary doctor-of-literature degree from the University of Kentucky.

Jesse's dreams often came true in unexpected fashion. He started Taps for Private Tussie as a short story about a shiftless mountain family and the fun they had spending insurance money they received when their G.I. son supposedly was killed. Naomi Deane advised him that it should be expanded into a novel, and he followed her advice; the resulting book sold more than 1,000,000 copies. After finishing this book he tried to enlist in the Army, pointing out that he was a genuine sharpshooter from Kentucky, but was turned down because of high blood pressure. He then tried the Navy, which accepted him, but put him in a

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writing job. After V-J Day he received an offer from Hollywood to write movie scripts, but never considered it, being too eager to get back to W-Hollow and some books he had in mind. One of these drew its theme and title from a game song he had heard mountain children sing during recess, something like London Bridge; it ran, "The needle's eye that doth supply the thread that runs so true." The book, The Thread Runs so True, is the story of his life as a mountain schoolteacher. He didn't expect it to become a best seller; he wrote it because he wanted to. It created very little splash when first published, but as the months passed, ripples of praise from teachers over the country boosted it to steady sales.

By 1954 Jesse Stuart had everything he had hoped for. He could sit on the porch of his W-Hollow home and see nothing but his own land; the valley was his, 780 acres of it, crest-to-crest. He had seen his own state adopt the kind of school system he had started advocating twenty years before. He had received three more honorary degrees. That year, he was named poet laureate of Kentucky by the state legislature. He was in constant demand over the United States as a lecturer at fees of $500 or more per talk.

And then his overworked heart gave out.

Last fall, when the woods of W-Hollow flamed with crimson and gold, I again visited Jesse there. He was the same old Jesse—a bit gray around the temples, more lines in his blockily carved face, more careful about how he made use of his strength and his time, but still filled with the sense of wonder of a six-year-old. Once again he proudly showed me around his hills—here was where his grandfather and he had cut the logs for the Stuart house—the first of their own—and Jesse, then a boy of fourteen, had asked, "What were the best years of your life, granpap?" The old man had replied, "Why, Jess, they was all good—but those between sixteen and seventy was the best."

He showed me the team of horses he had retired to a mountaintop pasture. "They worked for me; now they're old and can live here as long as they like—no glue factory for them." He admitted that his farm never makes any money. "My only profitable harvests off this land are stories and the joy we get from living here." He's a great conservationist; all of his once-scarred hillsides have been retired from soil-eroding crops and returned to healing grass and trees; he has planted hundreds of thousands of fine trees that won't be ready for harvest for many years to come, long after he's gone.

"Just as well," he says. "It hurts me to see a tree cut."

And last of all, we went to the little town of Greenup, where once many people hated Jesse for his newfangled school ideas and for the lighthearted stories which they suspected made fun of them. But now the town was full of smiles and friendly greetings. Standing in front of the courthouse, I tried to reconstruct in my mind the scene on October 15, 1955, when Greenup was the center of Kentucky's Jesse Stuart Day. There was a big parade with floats depicting the covers of Jesse's seventeen books. In the throng were dozens of the characters who had appeared in Jesse's more than 270 short stories and thousands of poems. There were high-school bands playing and speech making by the presidents of two universities. And in the courthouse square, just down the street from the drugstore where Jesse once was almost assassinated, a monument was unveiled.

Now we walked over to the monument. "My former students got the idea for this marker and helped raise the money for it," Jesse explained quietly. "I think that touched me most of all."

I studied the "marker" closely. It was a solid granite shaft, on top of which was a bust of Jesse Stuart as a young man—his jaw set firmly and his eager, inquisitive eyes, sheltered under a broad forehead, looking forever toward his own dark hills.

The Struggle to Get Hoffa (Continued from Page 30)

1953 he had tapped the phones in his Detroit office to check up on what his own business agents were saying during a Detroit grand-jury investigation. Now it accused him also of lying to it while it was investigating that charge. His attorney asked the committee to postpone questioning him—indictments, subpoenas and AFL-CIO accusations were "dropping around us like confetti at a county fair," the attorney said, and "frankly speaking, I am only one man." The committee agreed to wait.

Summarizing the hearings Saturday afternoon, McClellan accused Hoffa of thirty-three "improper activities" in addition to forty-eight he had listed after the first hearings. We have already noticed most of them. Looking back, Kennedy feels that the hearings had less impact than they should have. They involved complex financial transactions hard to understand—"people don't get as shocked at somebody stealing a half million dollars as they do at a mink coat." And the school-segregation crisis erupted at Little Rock in the midst of them, distracting public attention. But at least, Kennedy felt, the delegates to the convention knew the facts.

On the eve of the convention, Sunday, McClellan wired Teamster leaders in Miami Beach, saying that at least half the convention delegates might have been chosen illegally. Pressure was mounting from other directions. Editorialists denounced Hoffa. Hoffa's rival candidates claimed they were gaining strength. On Sunday a member of the Eisenhower cabinet, Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell, warned the delegates to weigh carefully the charges against Hoffa. On Friday a Federal court in Washington, ruling on a suit brought by thirteen dissident rank-and-filers who charged that convention delegates had been illegally elected, granted a temporary injunction against the election. Hoffa hurried an appeal. On Saturday the Federal Appeals Court set the injunction aside. The dissident thirteen appealed to the Supreme Court. On Tuesday, with the convention already under way, Chief Justice Warren refused to stop the election.

Hoffa himself regards the events just before the convention as a conspiracy against him engineered by Kennedy. "They indicted me for perjury in New York. They had hearings. They tried to intimate that racketeers were at the convention. They had investigators in the hotel lobbies and on the convention floor. They subpoenaed my people. The books were being seized. They done every damn thing they could to dictate who would be president. It's a very dangerous thing for this country, in my opinion."

In Miami Beach the big, brassy hotels on the ocean front were full of Teamsters. Hoffa had a campaign headquarters in the Eden Roc lobby, where his aides passed out literature, buttons, and pens labeled WIN WITH JIMMY HOFFA. Harold Gibbons, of St. Louis, managed Hoffa's campaign, putting out a campaign paper and keeping track of delegates. Thomas J. Haggerty, of Chicago, had a headquarters next door at the Fontainebleau, stocked with liquor and pretty girls. Hoffa's headquarters had no girls or liquor. Hoffa's wife carried his banner through the lobbies. Late one night Hoffa went to Dave Beck's suite, where Beck and three or four others were conferring; he squatted on the floor against the wall, tired, saying nothing, and after a while Beck said, "You've got a hard week coming up—you'd better take some aspirin and go to bed." Hoffa did. A man who was present recalls, "Beck seemed like a father to him."

In an atmosphere of tension and uncertainty, Dusty Miller of the Southern Conference of Teamsters called the convention to order at 10:30 A.M. on Monday, September thirtieth. He has recalled, "That was the hardest day of my life. There were three thousand people sitting out there, and I didn't know what's going to happen. I didn't know if somebody was going to get up and say, 'You dirty louse, what's this I read in the paper'—or what." But everything went smoothly. After an invocation and greetings from the governor and mayor, Dave Beck made his last presidential address. Beck attacked "politicians" and others who pilloried labor leaders and their families "for selfish reasons" and without regard for fair play, constitutional guarantees or the

... ...

Sky Cottage

By Herbert Merrill

Hard by the edge of earth, along the shore
Of sky itself I lived with my true love,
Where winds came foaming up a valley floor
Or broke in clouds upon the blue above.
It was a foolish place for us to be,
Two lovers on the brink of all that far
Illimitable waste of restless sea
That touched at once our cottage and a star.
We had no wall, no dike, to hold it back,
No boat to reach the highlands of the sun,
And when the night came rising, cold and black,
Our days together suddenly were done,
And I was left upon the beach of dawn,
Searching, bewildered, where my love had gone.

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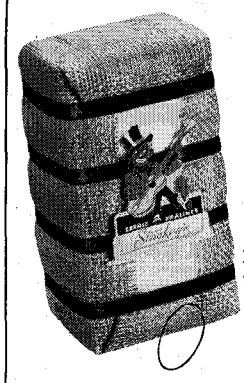

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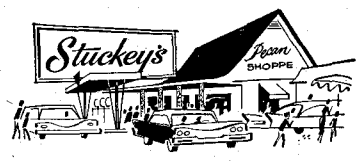

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fundamental principle that men are innocent until proved guilty. During his five years in office, he declared, the union had grown constantly and its net worth had increased by $12,500,000. As he departed after serving the Teamsters for more than thirty-one years, he said, he asked only one thing: "I am going to ask you to judge me as I would judge you. . . . I only ask you to try, if you possibly can, just here and there, somewhere along the line, to see if you can't find something that I have done that is perhaps just a little bit over on the credit side—just a little."

On the third afternoon the report of the AFL-CIO Ethical Practices Committee was read. The convention noisily and defiantly struck it from the record. On Friday morning the convention elected officers.

It had been reported all week that delegation after delegation was getting aboard the Hoffa bandwagon. A Chicago delegate nominated Tom Haggerty. Then the aged secretary-treasurer, John English, who in the minds of many stood for decency in the union, arose and said, "We are here today at the most crucial time in the history of the Teamsters Union. We are being watched by everybody all over the country. Yes, they have people here to our left and right from the FBI, the Senate Rackets Committee and probably the American Federation of Labor-Congress of Industrial Organizations watching what we do. I am standing here today, telling you that we are going to place in nomination the name of James R. Hoffa, the champion of the Teamsters' movement. . . . We don't care what other people think, we are nominating Hoffa for what he has done for the organization. . . . There may be a little trouble going on here and there, but he will take care of that."

After English took his stand, there was no longer any question that Hoffa would be elected. Hoffa got 1208 votes, Bill Lee of Chicago, 313, and Haggerty, 140. A man who was there recalls, "When Hoffa was elected, he stood up, and there was thunderous applause. Then he called Jo up"—his blond wife—"and kissed her and put an arm around her, and there was more thunderous applause. She was in tears." The convention re-elected John English secretary-treasurer unanimously. It elected Hoffa's entire slate of thirteen vice presidents and three trustees. Then Hoffa rose to deliver his acceptance speech, a stocky little black-haired man of forty-four at a microphone.

He began: "Brothers, brother Teamsters, one and all. I want to express from the bottom of my heart my thanks. . . . I am going to read to you a speech. Because of the emotion I have, I cannot at this time make a speech, as I would normally do to you, other than read it. . . . I appreciate deeply this vote of confidence. I want to promise you here and now I will devote myself and all my energies to serve you honestly and sincerely. And with God's help, I pledge to do all in my power to lead you and this organization to a position of respect and honor in the eyes of the rank and file of labor; in the eyes of the nation; in the eyes of the world."

He said he felt deeply about the charges made against him. "To say that it has not been tough would be untrue. I am a family man. I have a wife and children." Sam Gompers, Dan Tobin, William Green, Phil Murray and others had been "investigated and persecuted," but "they kept fighting." And, "I propose to continue that fight as long as I live." The Teamsters Union was under "the most vicious attack" ever made on a union. The McClellan committee had misused its power to attack him personally. People were convicted by newspapers, not courts. Americans "begin to find fault" with the Bill of Rights.

Moreover, the labor movement itself was in part responsible. The Teamsters would never leave the AFL-CIO voluntarily. "Only antilabor forces will profit from a split within the house of labor. . . . But I say to you that if certain forces succeed . . . in forcing the Teamsters out of the federation, and attempt to raid our organization, mark my words, and mark them well, we will be ready to defend ourselves with every ounce of strength we possess. . . . As brothers, we may fight among ourselves. But we shall present a united front against any attack from the outside and we shall never surrender our birthright—to fight against all odds in the service of our Brotherhood."

That night in the plush Pompeii Room of the Eden Roc hotel, Hoffa and his adherents held a victory celebration still remembered. At a final session Saturday night, Beck swore in the new officers, invoked divine guidance for them, and said, "Good night, good-by, God bless you." The Teamsters Union, fifty-four years old, had its fourth president. And as Beck warned in his closing remarks, its "time for testing" might well be near.

Senator McClellan, Secretary of Labor Mitchell and editorialists denounced Hoffa's election. The McClellan committee declared it had been rigged. The dissident thirteen filed a lawsuit attacking its legality. On December fifth the AFL-CIO convention met in Atlantic City, a cold, dark day, the boardwalk wind-whipped and snow-covered. Its gravest problem was the Teamsters. The Teamsters, biggest union of all, paid more than $800,000 a year to the AFL-CIO. No other union nearly so big ever had been expelled. It was a crisis for the labor movement.

Even the opening invocation seemed to hit at the Teamsters. So did President Meany's keynote speech and Secretary of Labor Mitchell's address—President Eisenhower would propose legislation to the next Congress to protect workers from "crooks and racketeers." On the morning of the second day the convention faced up to the problem—heard a committee report recommending expulsion of the Teamsters.

Jimmy Hoffa was not there—he was in New York, on trial for wire tapping—but he had sent men to present the Teamsters' case. Einar Mohn, the circumspect vice president who resembles a banker, read a carefully prepared defense. Everybody, he said, was against sin, and corruption was sinful. But the Teamsters could not be dominated by corrupt influences or any one group of men—it was too big, too fragmented. "Big business" and its press were seeking to arouse the public against labor. McClellan was helping them. Proposed legislation was aimed not at the Teamsters alone but at all labor. This was no time for "the dismemberment of this federation." There was little response.

Alex Rose of the Hatters Union, prominent in New York liberal politics, spoke for expulsion. He considered himself "a friend" of the Teamsters—they were helping his own union right now in a strike. He was not condemning the Teamsters; he was condemning "a system" which worked not for the benefit of the union but for "the benefit of Dave Beck and Jimmy Hoffa." It was not enough for a labor leader to avoid conviction of crime; he must merit on moral grounds as well the "trust" and "honor" reposed in him. The Teamsters had had and would continue to have opportunity to clean up their own union. McClellan's motives were not the issue. His committee had hurt labor. But had not the Teamsters' "defiance" of public opinion hurt it more? This was a "historic decision." On it depended not only the fate of America's workers but also the "good name" of the country and the image it presented to the world. "The organized-labor movement in every single modern civilized country stands in the forefront in fighting for social betterment. They are not merely an economic group, confirmed to their own economic interests. The labor movement is a moral force, must be a moral force, and it needs the co-operation and the good will of people outside the ranks of the organized-labor movement in order to prevail."

Others joined the debate. Then John English, the aged Teamster, arose. Many here had known him for years. Einar Mohn had spoken from the platform; English grabbed a microphone on the crowded floor, a tall, bald, crusty old Irishman. "Let me tell you something," he said. "Regardless of what you or anybody says, deep down in your hearts you know there is not a union connected here that is better than the Teamsters Union. For fifty years every time you came to us we helped you. . . . When you were on strike and when you couldn't get it from anybody else, when you knocked at the Teamsters' door they helped you." When John L. Lewis took his CIO out of the AFL, it had been Dan Tobin of the Teamsters and Bill Hutcheson of the Carpenters who saved the AFL.

"Why should you condemn our union for two or three fellows who have gone wrong? . . . We are on the chopping block now, but who is going to follow us? When you do, be judged by what you do here today and don't come weeping on our shoulders. . . . Dave Beck is on trial in Seattle. That means nothing to me. Jimmy Hoffa is on trial in New York. That's their business. That has nothing to do with me or our international union. We are on trial in Washington today over our election. . . . Are you going to expel us today while our case is on in Washington? Do we deserve that from you after fifty years?"

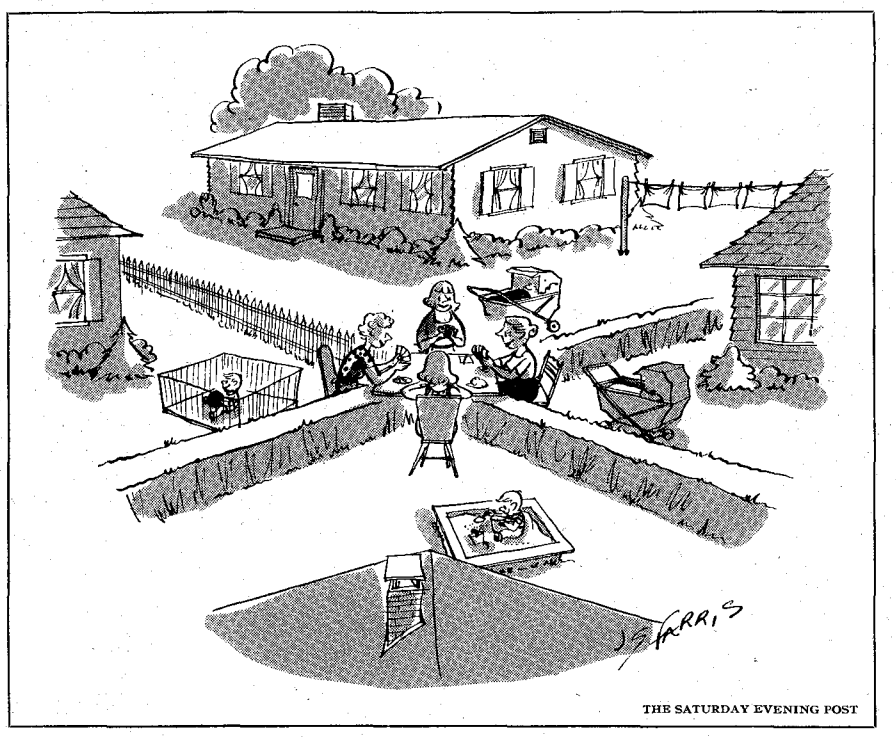
He was an old man, remembering the days when the employer paid him nothing for the time he spent before dawn saddling up his team. He was a symbol of old-fashioned trade-unionism that fights for "more and better," for hours, wages, working conditions—a direct contrast to Alex Rose, concerned with ethics, social objectives, world affairs. He was giving them "Teamster talk." (Jimmy Hoffa has said, "He put his whole life into the AFL, and they had no right treating him like that. His speech came right out of here," touching his chest.)

English's voice rasped and roared; he shook his white head. He said, "You sit here and you see us get whaled. Well, your turn is next, my boys, as I said before. It's all right. There are some men sitting up on that platform there, and if it hadn't been for Dan Tobin they wouldn't be there. . . . Then you sit up there and you are ready to vote against us. Don't forget, Mr. Meany, you never had a better friend than Dan Tobin, and you never had a better friend than the Teamsters. I have been with you all my life, Gompers, Green, and you. The Teamsters stood by you. What are you going to do for us?"

He was not asking for sympathy, he said. "Thank God, we have one and a half million men and let me tell you, and let me tell you the truth, we had thirty thousand new initiations last month, and that was a short month." The delegates laughed explosively. The Teamsters had $40,000,000—"and I wish to God we didn't have it, because when we only had a dollar and a half we never had any trouble." Now "these lawyers" were taking the money. "How in the hell did we run our organization when there weren't any attorneys?"

He came back to his main point: "We ask for one year. After giving you fifty years, giving you all our time and our money, we ask for one year to clean up our house. Beck is gone, [Frank] Brewster is gone and [Sidney] Brennan is gone. There is only one man—Jimmy Hoffa. And Jimmy Hoffa has done more for our international union than anybody connected with it, including myself. How in the hell can we kick him out? . . . My friends, the penalty is too severe. . . . Oh, it makes my blood run cold. I am coming near the end of my days. I never thought I would live to see this. . . .I say to you, my friends, the Teamsters Union will get along. We won't forget our friends. Teamsters never forget their friends. As far as our enemies are concerned, they can all go straight to hell."

He invited them to look at the Teamster delegates, standing in a corner of the big hall; what union had better? "I am a Teamster. I am afraid I might talk the Teamsters' language when I look at all those birds up there. They have all got their minds made up to give us a hosing. Well, let me (*Continued on Page 86*)



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(*Continued from Page 84*) tell you, you will weep before we will. You can take it any way you want to."

He appealed to his friends in the hall. "Don't let them tell you about the Teamsters Union. We are loved by all. You fellows in here love us, and you know they are giving us a bum deal. Are you going to stand for it? Those of you who help us, I promise you in the name of the international union, we will never forget you. Thank you very much."

Two other delegates spoke, both against expulsion. Then Meany spoke, his voice high and harsh, his hands chopping the air, a tough speech. He was "for the Teamsters," the rank-and-file members, but against "this corrupt control." The door for a cleaned-up Teamsters Union would remain open. There would be no war against the Teamsters.

The secretary called the roll. After the result was announced, the Teamster delegates walked silently out of the convention hall.

There was no doubt that the Teamsters were expelled because of one man, Jimmy Hoffa. It didn't seem to bother Hoffa. Nor did his other problems. His New York trial for wire tapping ended in a hung jury. At a second trial he was acquitted. As for the perjury case before it came to trial, the United States Supreme Court ruled that wire taps procured by state law-enforcement officers could not be used as evidence in Federal courts, however obtained. So the perjury case against Hoffa was dismissed. During the New York trials Hoffa had run into Bob Kennedy in the courthouse. Hoffa recalls, "I said, 'Hello, Bob, how you getting along?' He'd give me that silly smile and go on about his business." And now Hoffa was free to go about his own business. He set about consolidating his position within the union and making plans to extend its power. He had confounded his enemies; he had triumphed.

And the McClellan committee itself was in trouble. As early as March, 1957, Sen. Barry Goldwater and other Republicans on the committee had said the committee ought to look into the long, bitter strike of Walter Reuther's United Auto Workers against the Kohler Company in Wisconsin. In their opinion, Reuther represented at least as great a danger to America as Beck or Hoffa. Bob Kennedy didn't want to get into the Kohler controversy—"it would be a question of charges and countercharges; it wouldn't add up to anything." But he had sent an investigator to Wisconsin. Then a news story said the committee was not going into Kohler because Bob Kennedy was eager to protect Walter Reuther, who, he hoped, would support his brother, Sen. Jack Kennedy, for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1960. Republican senators denounced Bob Kennedy. Senator Kennedy demanded that the Republicans hold the hearings or stop talking about them. Senator McClellan sought to iron things out. It was the worst crisis in the committee's life. Bob Kennedy suggested to McClellan that an assistant committee counsel, Jack McGovern, be given charge of the Kohler investigation. McGovern had been put on the staff by the Republicans to look after their interests. McClellan assented.

McGovern spent several months on the job. Kennedy's administrative assistant, Kenny O'Donnell, has said, "McGovern was very secretive. He told us nothing. We had to reinvestigate every witness he'd come up with. Half of them didn't hold up." Investigators began investigating other investigators. The plots and counterplots became fantastic. Once, Kennedy is convinced, Jimmy Hoffa, seeking to exploit the split in the committee, tried to plant a lying witness on the committee—a man who would say untruthfully that he had been sent to Kohler by the UAW as a goon. A Teamster spokesman gibed gleefully at the committee and the AFL-CIO—a year ago Meany and Reuther had been cheering the committee on, but no longer. (McGovern says that he had insufficient help, that he kept McClellan informed, and that he was relieved of responsibility for the investigation before the hearings began.)

The hearings were noisy. McClellan allowed the other senators free rein. They questioned many witnesses themselves, often quarreling with them. Goldwater questioned Reuther at great length. Once when Carmine Bellino, the committee's chief investigative accountant, testified that the Kohler Company had bought guns, Senator Goldwater attacked Bellino. Testimony wandered in all directions. At last the agony ended. Sen. Pat McNamara, elected with Reuther's support, and long out of sympathy with the committee, resigned from the committee.

Hoping to restore the committee's damaged prestige, Bob Kennedy now held hearings on the Teamsters in Philadelphia, the butchers' union, the carpenters' union; and then he opened an ambitious new series of hearings on the connections between organized crime and labor and management. For four days the committee heard testimony about the Mafia. Commissioner Harry J. Anslinger of the Narcotics Bureau said that the 1000-odd Mafiosi are not welded into a single unit, but are so closely interwoven by blood or marriage that any one of them can telephone another and arrange a murder anywhere. He termed the notorious 1957 meeting at Apalachin, New York, a "Mafia gathering." The Mafia, he said, has a monopoly in narcotics and "deep roots" in "certain waterfront labor organizations" to facilitate its narcotics smuggling. A Los Angeles police captain recommended that Congress enact legislation to create a new Federal agency or use an existing one to assemble information on syndicate criminals. (Some policemen feel the FBI has been so preoccupied with subversives that it has neglected gangsters.)

The committee heard testimony about men called The Shadow and The Hawk. It read letters written by Mafiosi in a strange ritualistic code. It heard about such celebrated murders as those of Albert Anastasia of New York, James Ragen of Chicago, and Willie Moretti of New Jersey. It heard tales of Las Vegas and Havana gambling, of Miami hotels and barbershops where the Mafiosi hung out, of an international narcotics trail leading through Turkey and Sicily and France to the United States.

The men who attended at Apalachin took the Fifth Amendment. The committee would not let them say merely "the same answer," but made them repeat each time the complete formula invoking the Fifth. And it insisted on respect—"I respectfully decline," not merely "I decline." Senator Mundt suggested that those who attended Apalachin and who were aliens might be deported, and resolved to seek to tighten up the immigration laws; and McClellan, angered by the refusal of one to testify, said, "We should rid the country of [these] characters." Senator Mundt, aroused by a Fifth Amendment witness who once had been paroled, attacked the parole system—"this is nonsense." Sometimes the senators seemed mad at everybody. And sometimes they seemed a little apprehensive: Once McClellan warned a New York detective not to testify too freely—"I don't want anything divulged that will cause somebody to get murdered." In the end the Mafia seemed wholly incomprehensible and dangerous.

The Mafia hearings had turned up a few direct links between underworld leaders and unions. But they seemed to have more bearing on immigration and police legislation than on labor legislation. They produced headlines for the committee and helped restore its prestige. But was any of this their purpose? It seems more likely that their real purpose was to bring indirect pressure to bear on Jimmy Hoffa: Kennedy must have reasoned that Hoffa was close to the underworld and that putting heat on its leaders would convince them that Hoffa must go, that so long as he remained head of the union the heat would be on them.

Thus Kennedy, unable to dislodge Hoffa by direct attack, was trying a devious flanking movement. And at the same time the Mafia hearings, coming early in the summer of 1958, provided the backdrop Kennedy wanted for the third set of Hoffa hearings he was preparing. For immediately after Hoffa had been elected president, Bob Kennedy had told Carmine Bellino, his chief investigative accountant, to resume the investigation of Hoffa.

Hoffa was riding high. He announced large organizing drives. He traveled the nation, speaking to Teamster meetings. In Seattle he said, "I will tell you when the bitter editorials chastising labor unions will end and when screaming headlines vilifying labor officials will end. . . . When you disappear. And then the employer will be happy."

Kennedy has said, "A lot of people felt we shouldn't have Hoffa back the third time. The members of the committee get tired of Hoffa. Newspapermen too. But I'm not harassing him. This is an important thing. The only way to get people to do the job—the courts, the Justice Department, the Congress—is to keep the pressure on. And keep it on *him*. This is not maybe the purpose of a congressional committee. But I think he's a very evil influence in the United States, a tremendous power, and I just think that something has got to be done about it. If no one else is going to do it, we will. And I want Jimmy Hoffa to know we're still in the ball game."

Hoffa had defeated the committee's every effort. On what did Kennedy now pin his hopes as he prepared for the third hearings? Grinning boyishly, he says, "I felt a little like 1864, when Grant took over the Union Army to go back into the Wilderness—to go back slugging it out."

On a Saturday three days before hearings were to start on August 5, 1958, Pierre Salinger, a committee investigator, following up a tip, telephoned a man in a remote section of Michigan who once had owned a Detroit laundry. The telephone connection was bad, but Salinger understood him to say that Detroit laundrymen once had made a pay-off to Jimmy Hoffa to get a union contract on their own terms. Never had Kennedy been able to prove a pay-off to Hoffa himself. Over the weekend Salinger and Kennedy raced to Michigan, obtained an affidavit from the man, subpoenaed records and witnesses, and on Tuesday Kennedy opened the third Hoffa hearings with the case. But on the witness stand the laundryman was not sure that the pay-off had been made to Hoffa himself. And other laundrymen called as corroborative witnesses said it hadn't been.

It so happened that Hoffa had run into some of the laundrymen at the airport and had talked to them on the plane coming to Washington for the hearings—but this odd coincidence, Hoffa and the laundrymen agreed, had nothing to do with their testimony. Kennedy's proof had collapsed. Hoffa himself denied the pay-off flatly. Once more Kennedy had hit a stone wall.

Next week Mr. Martin presents the strange disclosures of the grim third hearing and its frustrating outcome. —THE EDITORS

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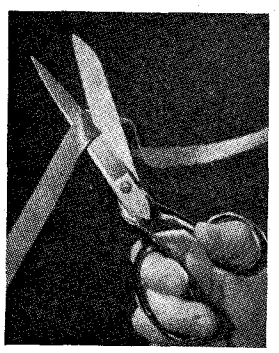
Allstate cuts sales costs—passes savings on to you.

If you ever have an auto accident, you'll be even happier with Allstate Claim Service than you were with the low rates you got when you bought the policy. Allstate has over 4,000 claims people strategically located throughout the U. S. and Canada to give you help in a hurry. Usually these men have the authority to settle claims right "on the spot."



Allstate cuts red tape to pay claims faster

Fast claim settlement is one reason why Allstate's rates are low. By paying claims fast, Allstate cuts down on costly paper work. Savings are reflected in Allstate's low rates.

Low selling costs—another reason for Allstate's low rates. You buy Allstate insurance the relaxed, modern way: over the counter at the Allstate booth at Sears, or at an Allstate Insurance Center, or an Agent will call at your home. Allstate keeps selling costs low—passes savings on to you.

How much can you save? As you'd expect, savings depend on where you live and how your car is used. It's common for Allstate policyholders to save 20%, compared with rates of most other companies. (Standard rates in Texas where eligible policyholders have always saved through dividends.)

With auto insurance rates rising, wouldn't you be wise to investigate and compare values before your present policy is up for renewal? Simply look up "Allstate" in your phone book. Then stop in or call the location nearest you. *May we help you?*

You're in good hands with

ALLSTATE®
INSURANCE COMPANIES
AUTO • PROPERTY • ACCIDENT AND SICKNESS • LIFE*

Founded by Sears, Roebuck and Company with independent assets and liabilities. Home Offices: Skokie, Ill.

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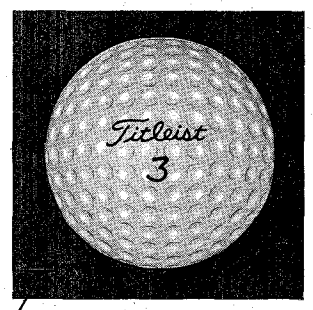

TRADEMARK

Yes, even a Titleist will end up in the rough if you slice it enough. But if you hit it square—brother, it goes straight and f-a-r!

The top golfers know this. That's why for ten years in a row more pros and amateurs have played Titleist in the big money tournaments than any other ball. That's a pretty fair recommendation for you to play Titleist, too, isn't it?

ACUSHNET

GOLF BALLS

Sold Thru Golf Course Pro Shops Only

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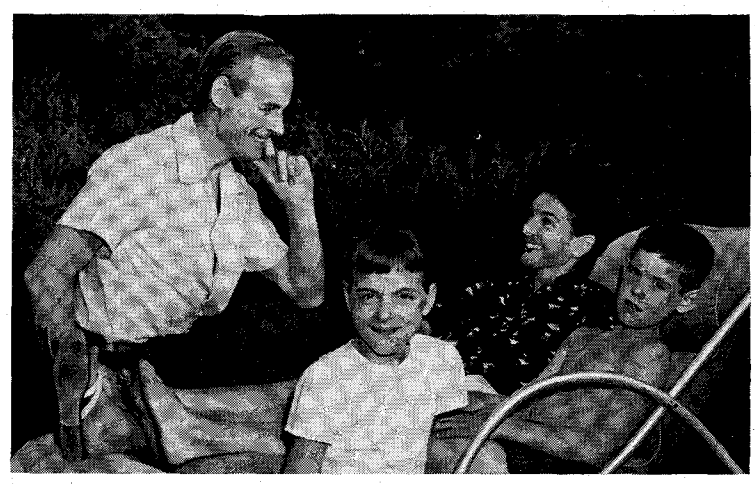
Yolande.



Illustrator Pete Stevens, his wife Dinie, and their young people.

Illustrator's Triumph

That picture in color, reproduced from an illustration for **Hugh Cave's** story, The Mission, in the March fourteenth Post, has been a record breaker for popularity. Our art department reports that no other illustration has rivaled it for amount, duration and enthusiasm of reader reaction. The painter was **Peter Stevens,** who also has an illustration on page 16.

Stevens feared he could not convey the necessary spiritual quality of "Yolande," the unforgettable little Haitian girl in Cave's story, who brought goodness into the life of everyone she met; but this proved to be an inspired collaboration of author and painter. Although Stevens did have an American model, his visual Yolande was largely his own creation. Soon the glowing letters began arriving from all over everywhere. "They brought me such deep satisfaction," the artist reflects.

Pete Stevens was born in London in 1920; his American father and English mother are painters. At the Royal Academy Schools he met another student painter nicknamed Dinie (Diana), who eventually became Mrs. S. and the mother of daughter Gillian and son Brandon. Pete and his parents moved to the United States when World War II began, and presently Dinie, making a hazardous freighter trip from Africa where her mother was living, came to marry her man. The groom then went into the United States Air Force and the bride joined the WAC. Today the three Stevens generations are living in, and reconstructing, an old farmhouse near New York. Pete designs theater scenery, stages marionette shows, is a pianist and composer and a licensed pilot. Apparently he has no time for other hobbies.

The Bell Rings Twice

When the National Education Association recently announced its annual School Bell awards for outstanding service to education, The Post was honored in two important publication categories. Did you read Don't Stop Criticizing Us Teachers, by Earl H. Hanson, superintendent of the Rock Island, Illinois, public schools, in the April-eleventh Post? That was adjudged the best single article on education published during the 1958–1959 school year by a weekly or biweekly general-circulation magazine. The other Post feature that rang the bell—"for distinguished interpretation of education through a cover illustration"—was Norman Rockwell's June-sixth painting of a college graduate. At the annual NEA convention in St. Louis the awards were accepted by author Hanson and by Post associate art editor Frank Kilker, who represented Norman Rockwell.

Still another Post success was recorded when photography editor Doug Borgstedt accepted a Freedoms Foundation honor medal at Valley Forge, won by our Face of America series for furthering "a better understanding of the American way of life."

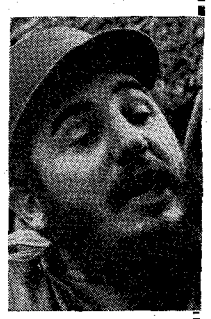
Mr. and Mrs. H. Allen Smith.

Life on Waikiki

One day **H. Allen Smith** was loitering on the beach at Waikiki, looking at Diamond Head looming across the water and sometimes at beautiful women—including his wife—and suddenly he became seriously ill with Polynesian paralysis. The chief symptom of this disease, which sometimes is called Waikiki pip, "is a mad craving, a screaming desire to not work." For several days the only thing Smith could force himself to do was sit on the beach and strive to make up his mind how far it was from the tip of Diamond Head to the tip of his outstretched foot. Then one afternoon along came **Frank J. Taylor,** a friend who also is a Post writer, and Smith, explaining what he had been busy at, said he had decided that the distance was slightly under six miles. "Six!" Taylor exclaimed. "It happens to be three." So Smith had to confess that he has weird ways of estimating distances, none of which apply to Hawaiian seascapes. "I see that you have the pip," said Taylor. "You can cure it by writing up this distance business for the Post. Go to your typewriter at once." Smith obeyed and the fun is on page 18.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"CAN CASTRO SAVE CUBA?"



Will he achieve drastic reforms peacefully or does Cuba face new chaos? First-hand report by a Post editor.

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